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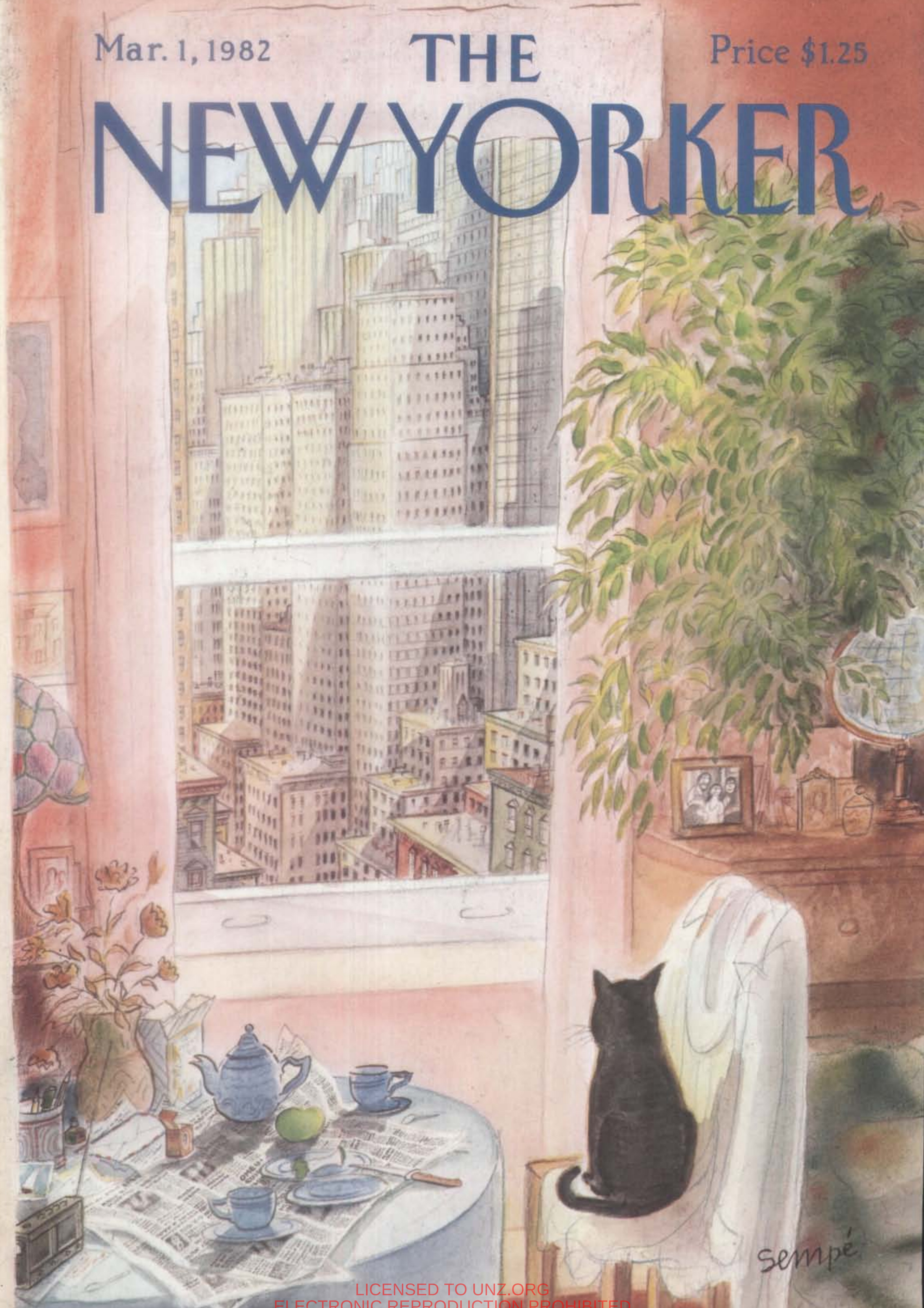

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/15/81.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

The Caretaker—A revival of the Harold Pinter play, with F. Murray Abraham, Anthony Heald, and Daniel Gerroll. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 24. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

La Chefa—A play by Tato Laviera about a Puerto Rican family living on the lower East Side. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 28.)

Chucky's Hunch—A monologue that becomes an anatomy of failure. A middle-aged man who has failed as a painter, a husband, a philanderer, and now as the live-in son of his ancient mother, speaks aloud imaginary letters to the second of his three wives as he gulps down gin. Rochelle Owens is a clever writer who should be writing dialogue; her Chucky, even in a strong, imaginative performance by Kevin O'Connor, is never entirely credible as a solo turn. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. No performances Wednesday through Saturday, March 3-6.)

Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean—A play of numbing incompetence by Ed Graczyk, starring Sandy Dennis, Cher, and Karen Black, and directed by Robert Altman. The light of day ought never to have dawned upon it. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The cast consists of Mia Dillon, Mary Beth Hurt, Lizbeth Mackay, Tim Choate, Tom Stechschulte, and Sharon Ullrick. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Shea, Pippa Pearthree, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Dreamgirls—Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dresser—A superlatively entertaining play about an old actor-manager and his devoted body servant, played to the hilt by Paul Rogers and Tom Courtenay. The author is Ronald Harwood. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—Aristophanes' comedy **lysistrata** is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 28. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

How I Got That Story—Don Scardino plays an American reporter in Vietnam, and Bob Gunton plays everybody the reporter runs into in Amlin Gray's bitter and cleverly written comedy. Both actors are excellent. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, March 7: **the grand duke.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Lullabye and Goodnight—Elizabeth Swados's self-designated "musical romance" about whores and pimps in New York is a disappointment. (2/22/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Lydie Breeze—A play by John Guare, directed by Louis Malle. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 24. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 25. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-9350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Mass Appeal—Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe play a successful, middle-aged, and rather cynical priest and an aspiring seminarian;

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COVER: *J. J. Sempé*

DRAWINGS: *Donald Reilly, Al Ross, Frank Modell, Bud Grace, Lee Lorenz, Barney Tobey, Warren Miller, Arnie Levin, Dana Fradon, Joseph Farris, Jack Ziegler, Charles Barsotti, Stan Hunt, James Stevenson, Mick Stevens*

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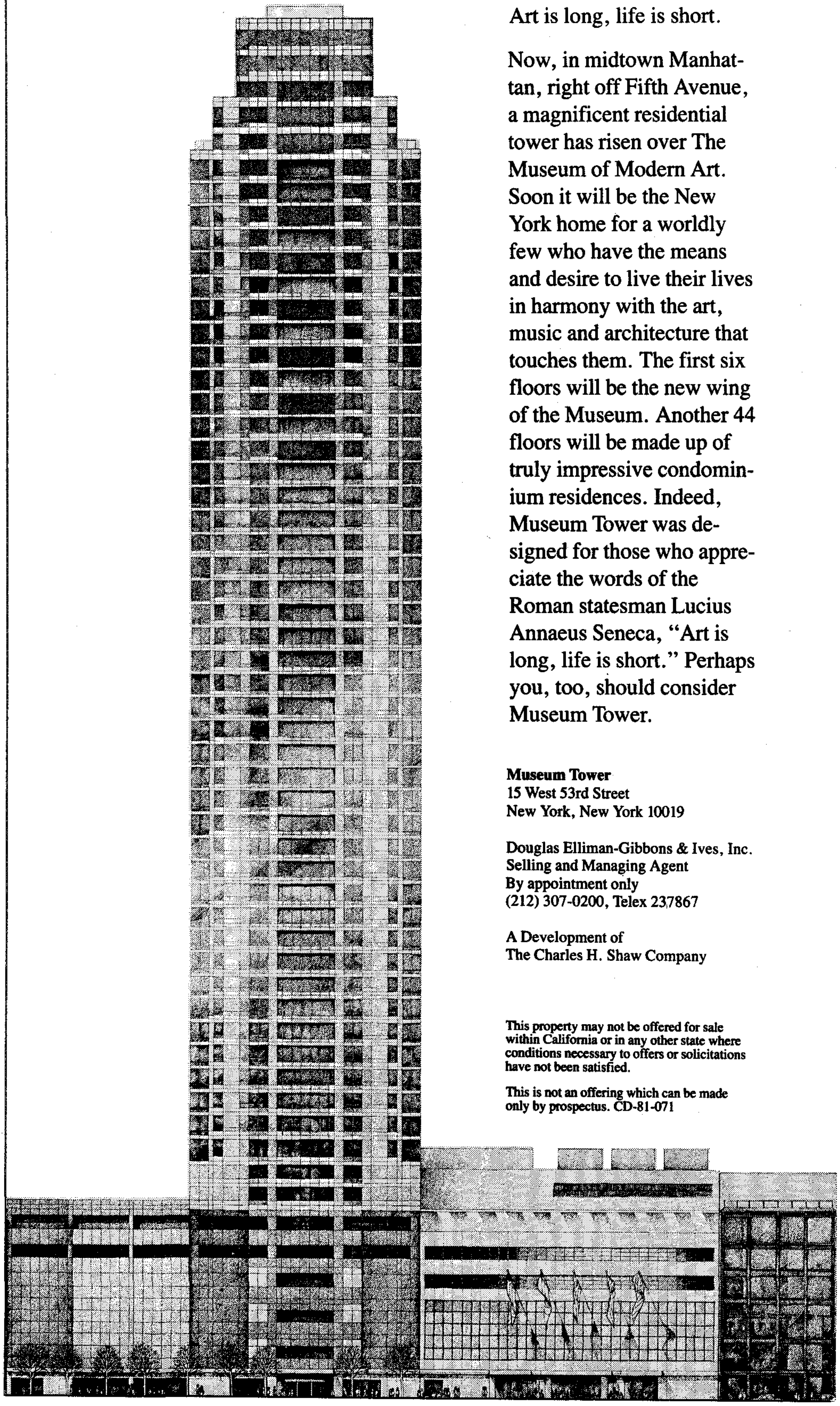

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their debate is often humorous and sometimes sad. The playwright is Bill C. Davis. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Miss Julie—The Strindberg play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 14.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays, except Feb. 27, at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except Feb. 27, at 3 and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 2.)

Othello—James Earl Jones makes an awesome figure of the Moor and Christopher Plummer is perhaps the finest Iago that we will ever see. (2/15/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Potsdam Quartet—David Pinner's often funny comedy about an English string quartet whose emotions unravel during an intermission in their performance for Truman, Churchill, Attlee, and Stalin. (2/22/82) (Lion, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 28.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sally and Marsha—A two-character comedy by Sybille Pearson. With Christine Baranski and Bernadette Peters. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 21.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tomfoolery—A musical entertainment adapted from the music and lyrics of Tom Lehrer by Cameron MacKintosh and Robin Ray. With MacIntyre Dixon, Joy Franz, Jonathan Hadary, and Donald Corren. Directed by Gary Pearle and Mary Kyte. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. His performance is stylish and very good, and he is ably supported by, among others, Estelle Getty, as his mother on a visit from Miami, and Matthew Broderick, as a street kid he is trying to adopt. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30.)

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Trespassing—A theatre work created and presented by members of The Winter Project. Joseph Chaikin is the director. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, March 21.)

The Unseen Hand—A revival of Sam Shepard's astonishing, marvellous comedy. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork—A quasi-musical, in what appears to be a quasi-autobiographical form, written and directed and starred in by Melvin Van Peebles, who, gifted as he is, has been too easy on himself. (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The West Side Waltz—Katharine Hepburn in a role tailored to her age and fame and not to her talents. Dorothy Loudon is adroitly comic in the chief supporting role. (11/30/81) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 13.)

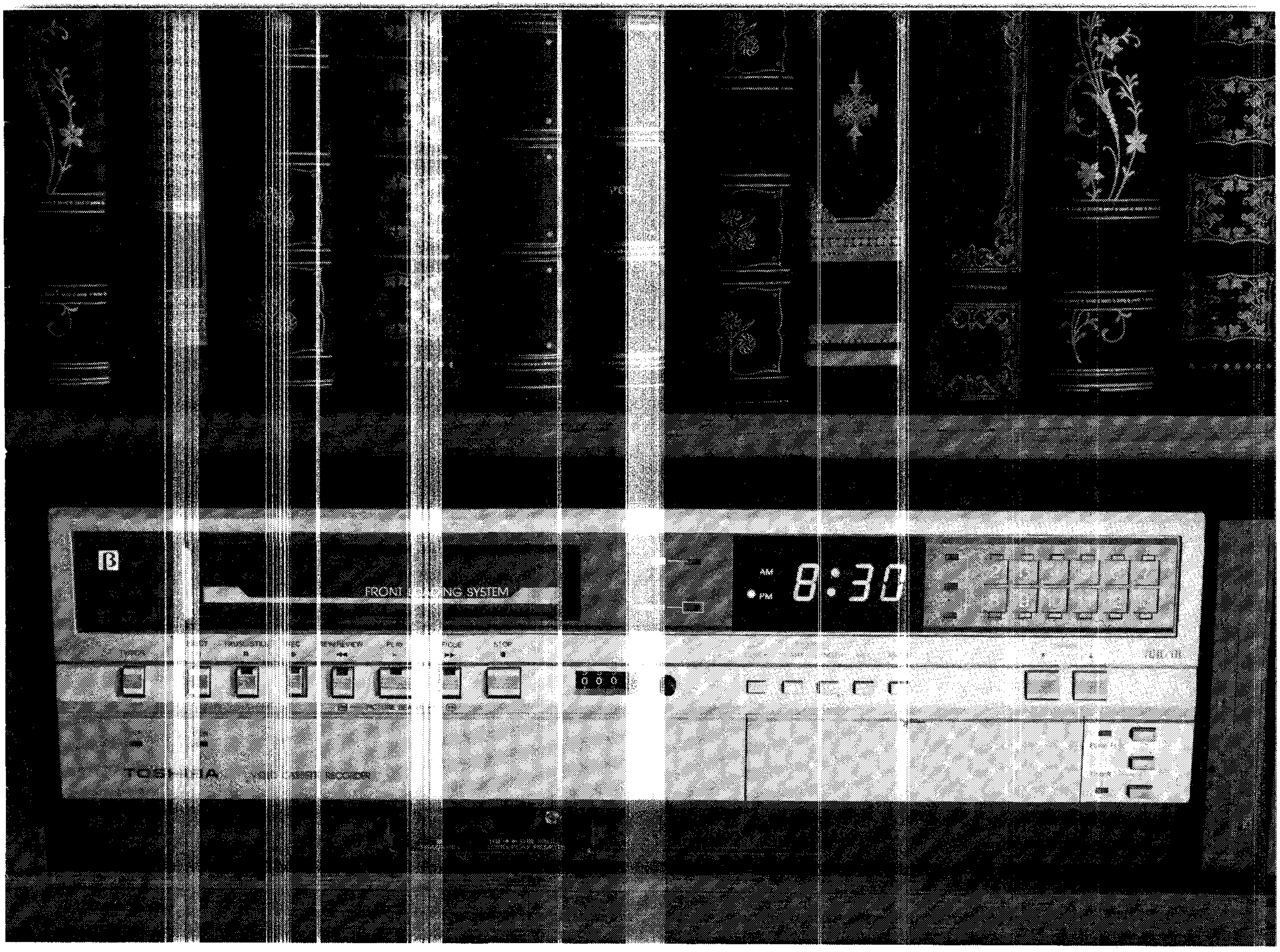
Who Loves the Dancer—A play by Rob Penny, about a boy who wants to be a dancer despite opposition from his family. Opens Thursday, Feb. 25, and will run through Saturday, March 13. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Wonderland—A play by Margaret Keilstrup. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 24, and will run through Sunday, March 21. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The World of Sholom Aleichem—Jack Gilford in a show made up of some not very dramatic Jewish short stories. One of them is about a dim-witted peasant unable to distinguish the sex of a goat. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zastrozzi—The great Czech actor Jan Triska in a murky drama. (2/1/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 28.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. John Wood plays the villainous Salieri, and Peter Firth plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. Mike Burstyn has the title role. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,080 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **KEY EXCHANGE:** A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their



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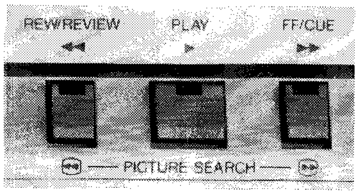

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performances Tuesday through Thursday, March 2-4.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

NOËL AND GERTIE—A London revue by Sheridan Morley, based on the plays and songs of Noël Coward and on the correspondence between him and Gertrude Lawrence. A benefit for the Eugene O'Neill Theatre Center, in Waterford, Conn. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. Monday, March 1, at 8. For tickets, call 246-1485.)

COMIC BOOK THEATRE COMPANY—Two musical plays: "The Pied Piper," by Ralph Falco and George Linsenmann, and "Chicken Little," by Valerie Owen and Michael Earl. With Danny Jacobs. (Smith's Chapel Theatre, 656 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. 869-4645. Saturdays and Sundays at 11 A.M. and 12:30 P.M.)

DANCE

MEREDITH MONK AND COMPANY—Final performances of the full-length work "Specimen Days." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 28.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by three companies. **BILLY SIEGENFELD & DANCERS:** Thursday, Feb. 25, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 27-28, all at 8. . . . **MEL WONG DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, March 3, and Friday, March 5, at 8, and Sunday, March 7, at 2. . . . **DANIEL LEWIS REPERTORY DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, March 4, at 8; Saturday, March 6, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 7, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

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ISADORA DUNCAN COMMEMORATIVE DANCE COMPANY—"Slow March," "Schmidt Waltzes," "Impressions of Russia," and other works. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

1,000 YEARS OF JAZZ AND TAP—Performers will include musicians Andrew Blakeney and Floyd Turnham, dancers Lon Chaney and Jimmy Slyde, and vocalist Deborah Woodson. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 28, at 2.)

ANDREW DEGROAT AND DANCERS—A program of modern dance. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 674-7200. Saturday and Sunday, March 6-7, at 8.)

DANCE INTERVIEWS—Heather Watts being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, March 1, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will head up a trio; on Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, pianist **DANNY MIXON'S** trio will occupy the bandstand. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A new dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Clarinettist **BUDDY DE FRANCO** and his quartet perform through Sunday, Feb. 28; on Tuesday, March 2, trumpeter **CLARK TERRY** will bring in his quartet. The music begins at ten. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Friday, Feb. 26, Beaver Brown; Saturday, Feb. 27, a program of TV commercials with Paul Dooley as master of ceremonies; Monday and Tuesday, March 1-2, the Waitresses; Thursday, March 4, guitarists **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and **RALPH TOWNER;** Friday, March 5, California folkie **ROGER MCGUINN** and veteran folkies the **DILLARDS;** Saturday, March 6, singer and guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** a hard-bop sideman and composer (he wrote a classic, "Freight Trane") and Ella's accompanist for years, works with a bassist through Saturday, Feb. 27; on Monday, March 1, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will arrive with bassist **CECIL MC BEE.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard Wednesdays through Saturdays.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BARBARA COOK,** who sings in a wonderfully clear, ringing soprano, performs with her pianist, Wally Harper, Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** whose solos epitomize delicacy and whose sets epitomize brevity, is performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

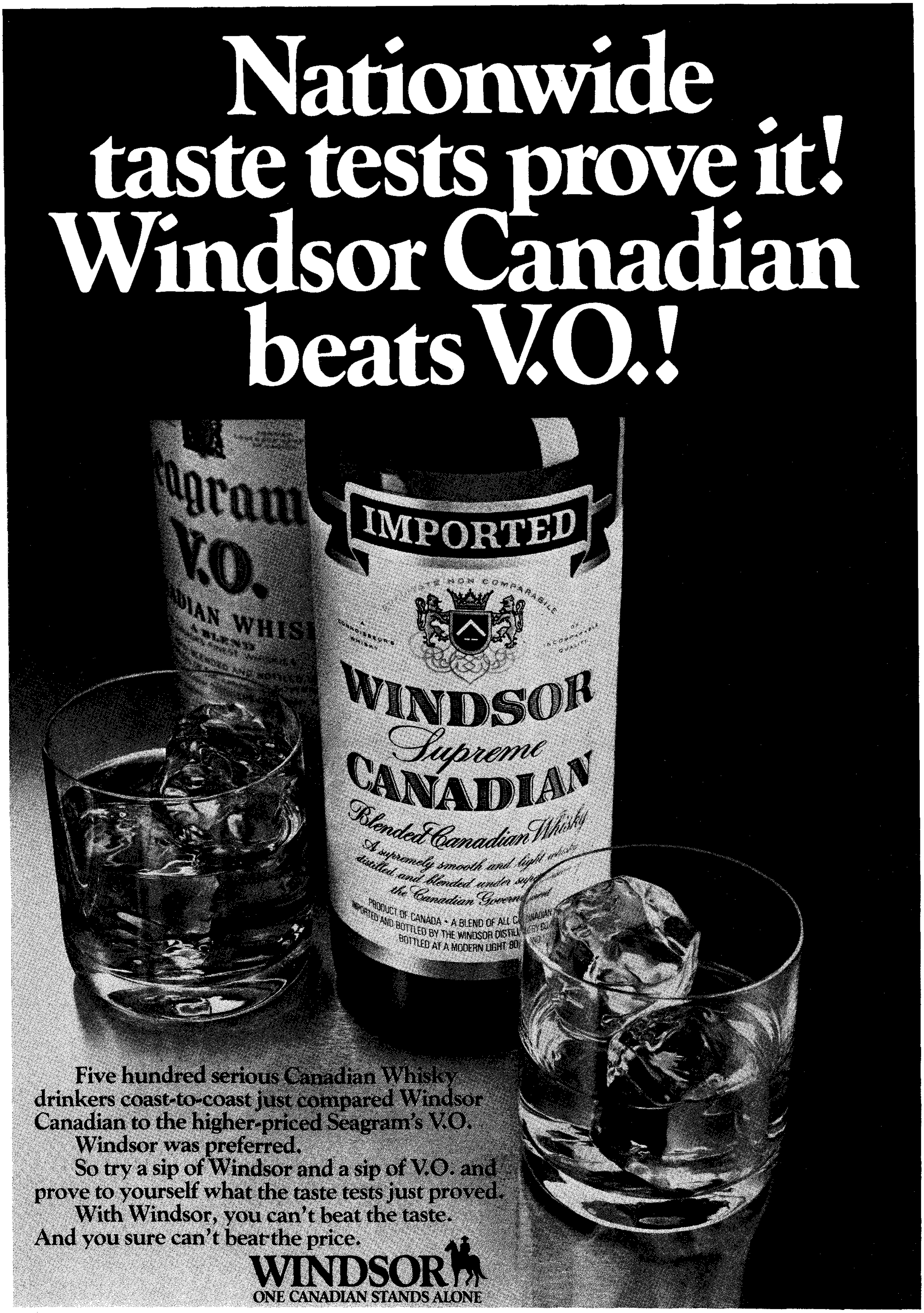
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Feb. 24, Lemmy Caution, the Vipers, Bopster, and the Schemers; Thursday, Feb. 25, Hardcore, the Undead, False Prophets, and Heart Attack; Friday, Feb. 26, the Raybeats; and Saturday, Feb. 27, V Effect and Sonic Youth. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Arthur Tracy, a street singer, is singing here nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven. On Sundays singer, pianist, and composer **ARTHUR SIEGEL** is given to doing a slew of medleys—medleys of show tunes (his "New Faces" medley includes "Monotonous" and "Love Is a Simple Thing," which he wrote for the 1952 show), medleys of songs with the word "love" as a pivot, medleys of Jerome Kern songs, and Depression medleys. His sets, at nine and eleven, are warm, intelligent, and, all in all, charming. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, Feb. 24, Dan Milner and Paul Friedman; Thursday, Feb. 25, Steve Uhrick and Steve Garcia; Saturday, Feb. 27, **LAUGHING HANDS,** a quartet comprising guitarist **RUSS BARENBERG,** fiddler **MATT GLASER,** mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN,** and bassist **MICHAEL GOLD;** Sunday, Feb. 28, guitarists Danny Kalb, Bob Zaidman, and Ari Eisinger; and Wednesday, March 3, Johnny Cunningham. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays and



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Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 28, trombonist **WAYNE ANDRE'S** quintet, which will feature trumpeter **MARVIN STAMM**, pianist **PAT REBILLOT**, and bassist **JAY LEONHART**, will perform from about nine-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. Drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his portable graduate school for up-and-coming musicians, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS**, are on hand through Sunday, Feb. 28; on Tuesday, March 2, Michel LeGrand, the Gallic Henry Mancini, will arrive to play piano and sing. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

GINGER MAN, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—A small room in the back of a sprawling Lincoln Center restaurant is home base for the **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM**, guitarist **AL CASEY**, bassists **JOHNNY WILLIAMS** (on Thursday and Friday) and **AL HALL** (on Saturday), tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE**, pianist **GENE RODGERS**, trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS**, and drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**—which performs forty-, fifty-, and sixty-year-old music with verve, skill, and humor Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 25-27. Music from nine.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 24-27, blues and ballad singer **DAKOTA STATON**; Monday, March 1, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, and saxophonist Bobby Watson; Tuesday, March 2, singer Lorna Warden & Survival; Wednesday and Thursday, March 3-4, singer Etta Jones and saxophonist Houston Person; and Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, singer Maggie Swank. On Sundays, a band called Kenia performs Brazilian music. Sets run Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from ten-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** plays stride piano and sings from five to ten, and Mondays through Saturdays pianist Don Golson is on hand from seven to ten.

GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFÉ, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bebop pianists, works with a bassist from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** plays just about everything that crosses his mind in a seamless stride style Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. Vinson Hill mans the keyboard on Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. **MARTY NAPOLEON** plays piano and leads a trio for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Bob Curtis alternates with them after nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A jazz loft for jazzmaniacs, Brazil nuts, and good old regular, everyday, mild-mannered people. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** gigs with pianist **HILTON RUIZ**, drummer **WALTER PERKINS**, and bassist **MIKE FLEMING**; and Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, will be given over to the Errol Parker show and some jazz and samba dancers. On Thursdays, the eight talented young musicians who make up the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**—a tenor saxophonist-flutist, a trombonist, an electric guitarist, an electric bassist, a trap drummer, two additional drummers (one plays a Brazilian version of a tomtom, the other a Brazilian drum that looks like a portable kettledrum slung on a strap over his shoulder), and a flamboyant, Type A percussionist—assemble themselves on the bandstand. They light right into wild, swirling, manic sambas with such fervor that one might suspect they've just marched in a parade during Carnaval. Music after eight-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays following the regular sets—which ought to be about one in the morning—Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.

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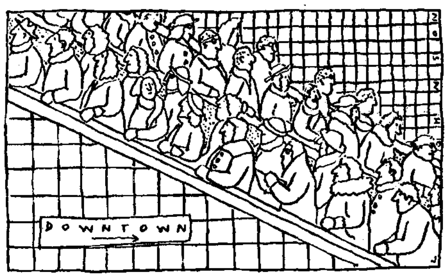
JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it *under the leadership of trumpeter* Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to some worthy piano-bass duos: **DON FRIEDMAN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** through Saturday, Feb. 27; **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **RUFUS REID** beginning Tuesday, March 2; and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** every Sunday and Monday. Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 24, Johnny Paycheck; Thursday, Feb. 25, Kinky Friedman; Sunday, Feb. 28, Pousette-Dart; Monday, March 1, Chicago-blues harmonica player and singer **JAMES COTTON**; Tuesday and Wednesday, March 2-3, Bobby Bare; and Thursday, March 4, Mitch Ryder. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A new jazz club—not particularly opulent (thank heavens) but definitely lively, and even though it's only a few weeks old, it has an established, exciting feel to it. **AIR**—saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL**, drummer **STEVE MC CALL**, and bassist **FRED HOPKINS**—the avant-garde trio that on occasion plays red-hot ragtime, winds up its visit on Saturday, Feb. 27; Monday and Tuesday, March 1-2, will belong to jazz critic-cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER** and to singer **DARYL SHERMAN**; and on Wednesday, March 3, tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON** will bring in his quartet. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one nightly. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—This singer's room has a view of a garden and, through Saturday, Feb. 27, a view of singer Johnnie Ray, whose recordings of "The Little White Cloud That Cried," "Broken Hearted," and "Cry" resulted in the three most lachrymose hits of 1951. On Monday, March 1, **MEL TORMÉ** will begin a month-long stint in this intimate setting. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.



MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is working here with bassist **BRIAN TORFF** through Saturday, Feb. 27; on Tuesday, March 2, Steve Allen will begin performing at one piano and his associate, Allan Login, will be at another. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 24, Dave Tofani's quintet; Thursday, Feb. 25, Cathy Rose Salit; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, **HUGH MASEKELA'S** quartet; and Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, R. & B. guitarist **ERIC GALE** and his reggae band. Music from ten to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. The current roster: Wednesday, Feb. 24, Fred Willard; Thursday and Friday, *Feb. 25-26*, **KENNY RANKIN**, *the pleasant* pop-jazz folkie; Saturday, Feb. 27, the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL**; and Tuesday and Wednesday, March 2-3, folkie Jim Dawson. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Sundays (at ten and eleven-thirty) are claimed by jazz singer **CHRIS CONNOR**, and Mondays a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (*355-3000*)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Many patrons on the dance floor have given up the Peppermint Twist for the Slam, which looks like something linebackers might learn at football training camp. The rock and roll: Wednesday, Feb. 24, the Rousers and the Rattlers; Thursday, Feb. 25, Certain Generals and Khmer Rouge; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, Richard Hell & the revived Voidoids. Music from round about midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his **SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely uplifting and irresistible music to lindy to through Sunday, Feb. 28. On Tuesday, March 2, drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** will bring along his orchestra. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, ice-cream-parlor curled-cast-iron chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The lineup: Thursday, Feb. 25, Pablo Moses; Friday, Feb. 26, the Rockats and Kim Larsen; Tuesday, March 2, Moonbeam and Lordz; Thursday, March 4, **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his **SAVOY SULTANS**; and Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, U.K. Subs and Anti-Nowhere League. Shows after midnight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, a tribute to Jerome Kern is under way. It features a cast of four: Chris Groenendaal, Judy Kaye, Armelia McQueen, and Ken Page. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at

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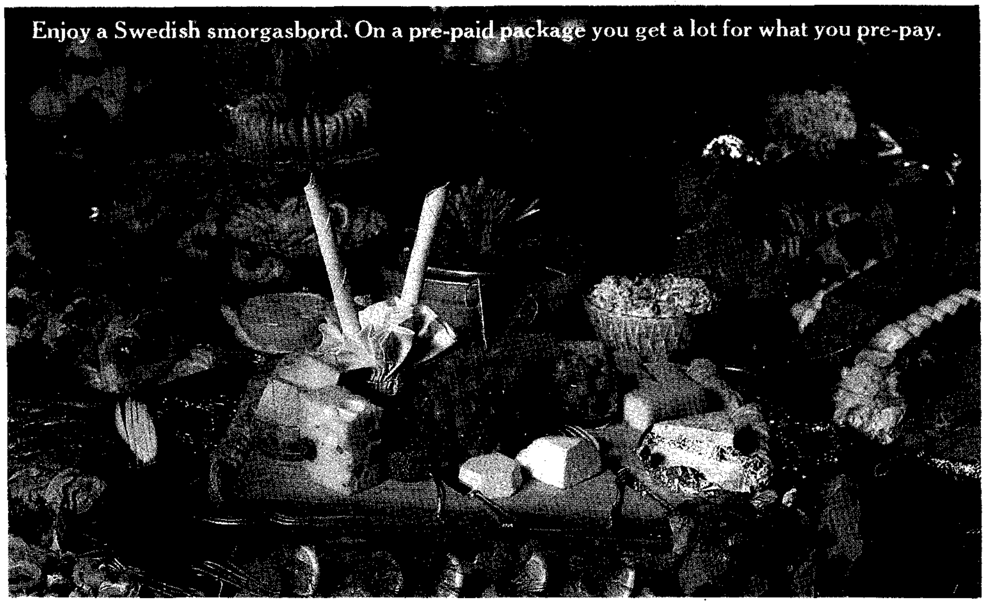
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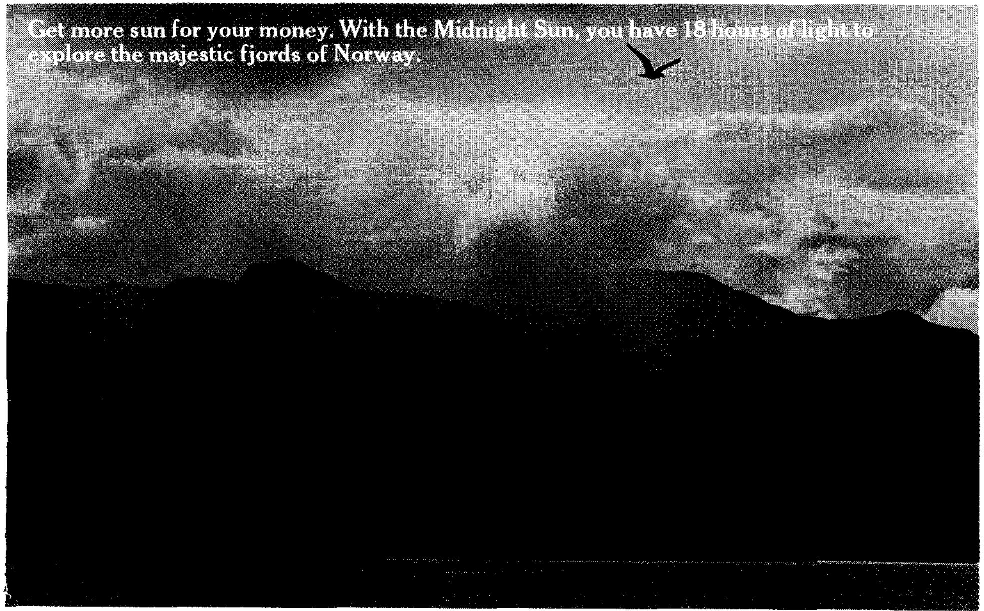
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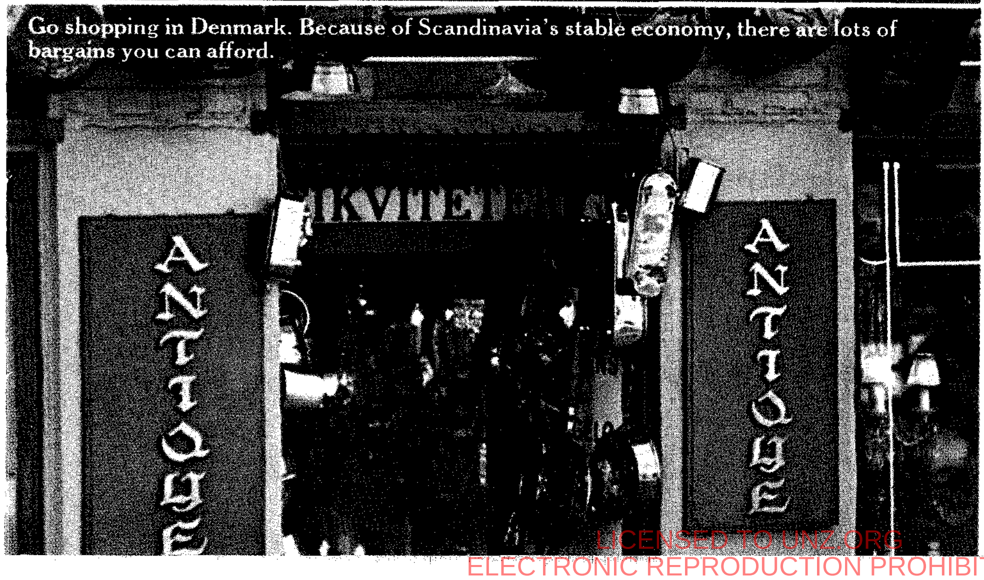
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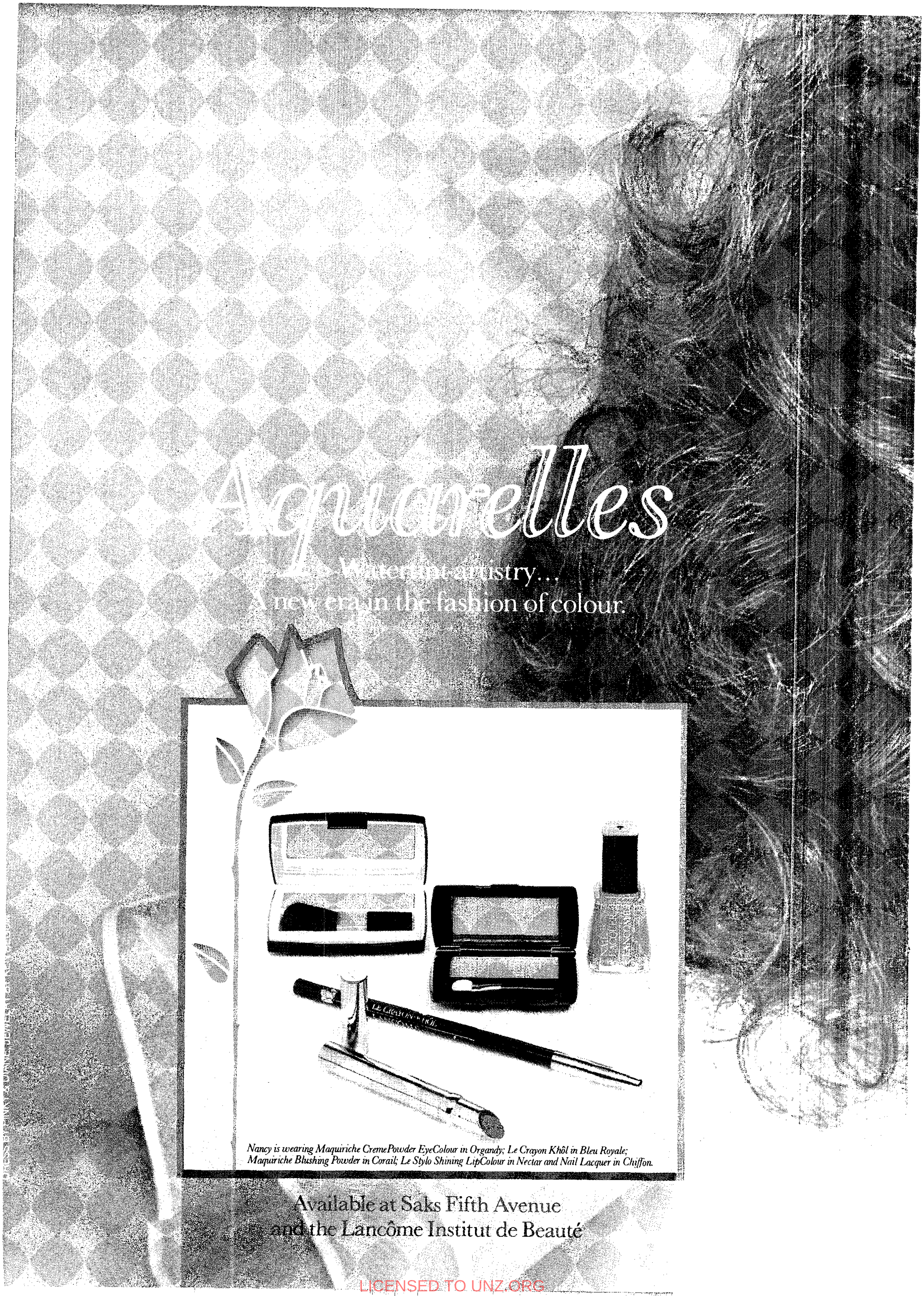

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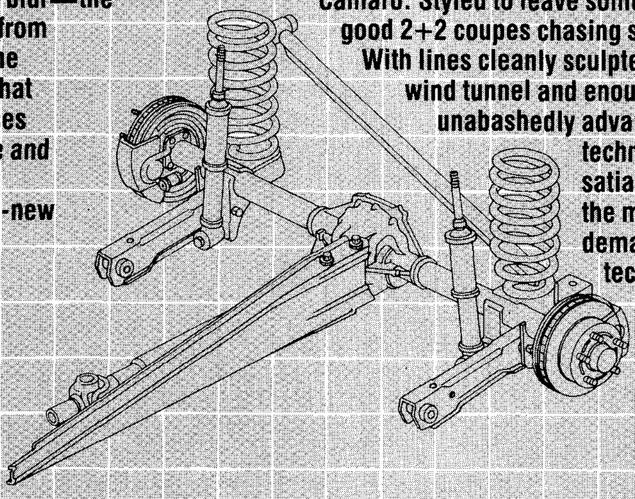

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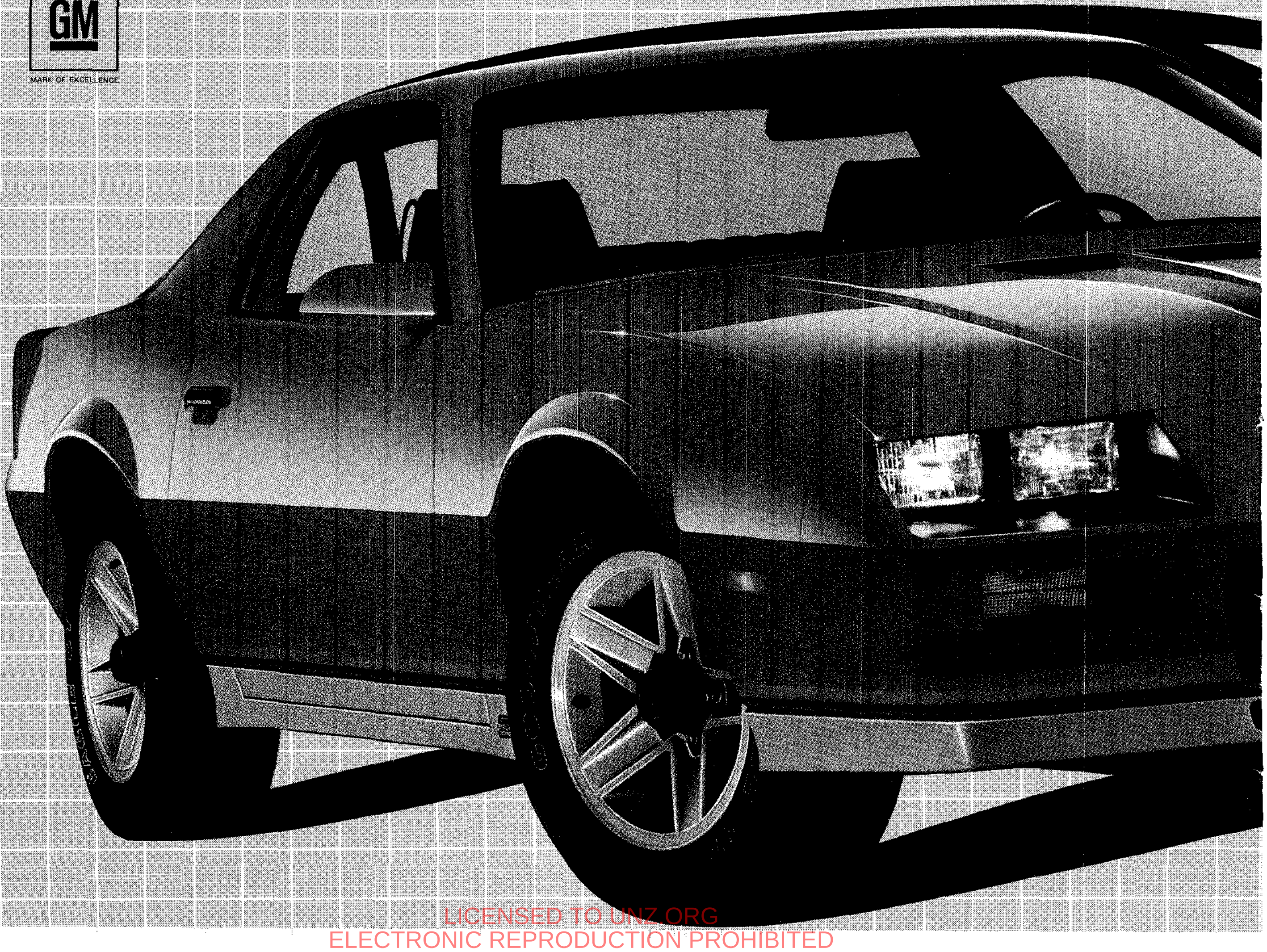

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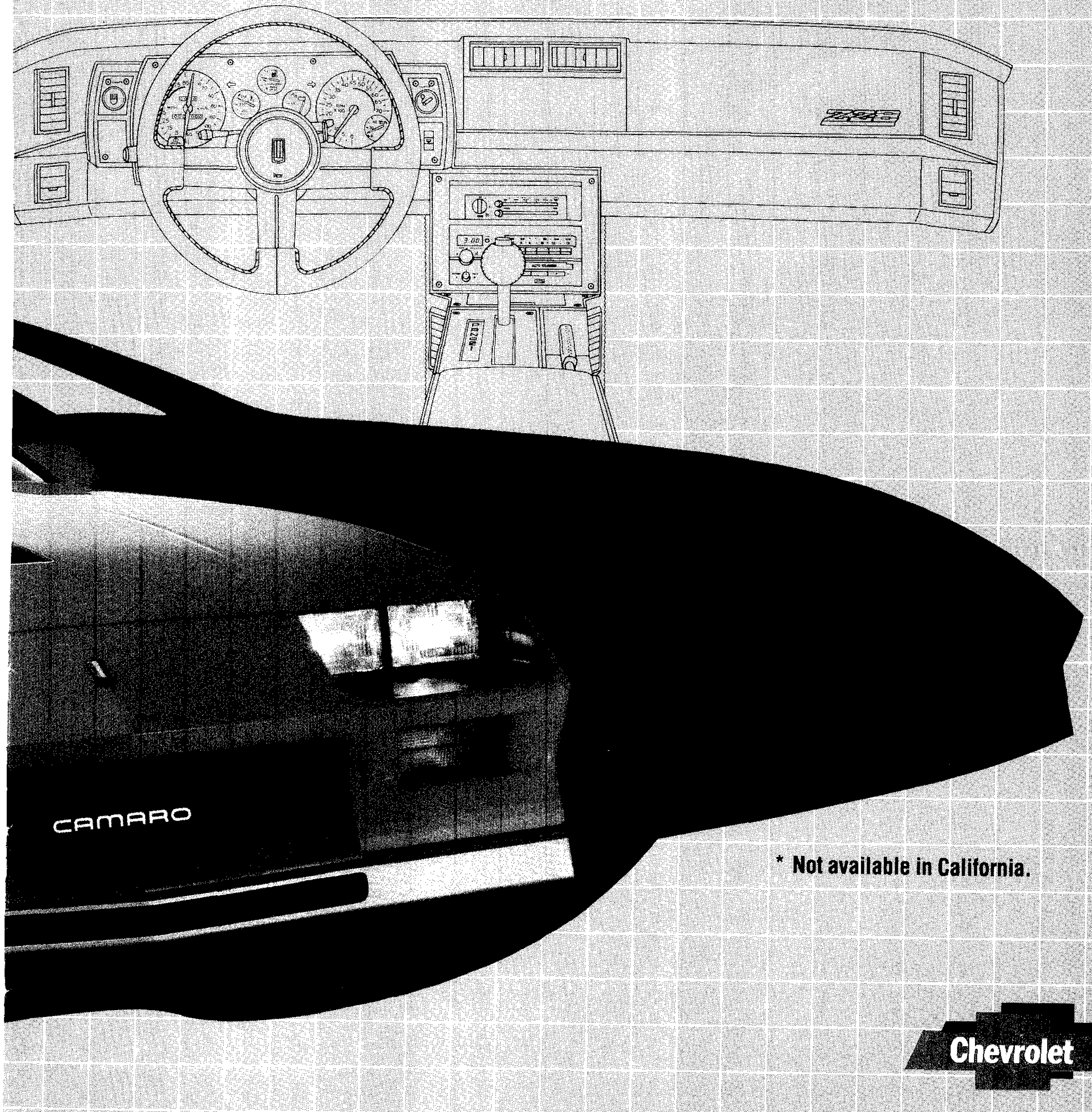

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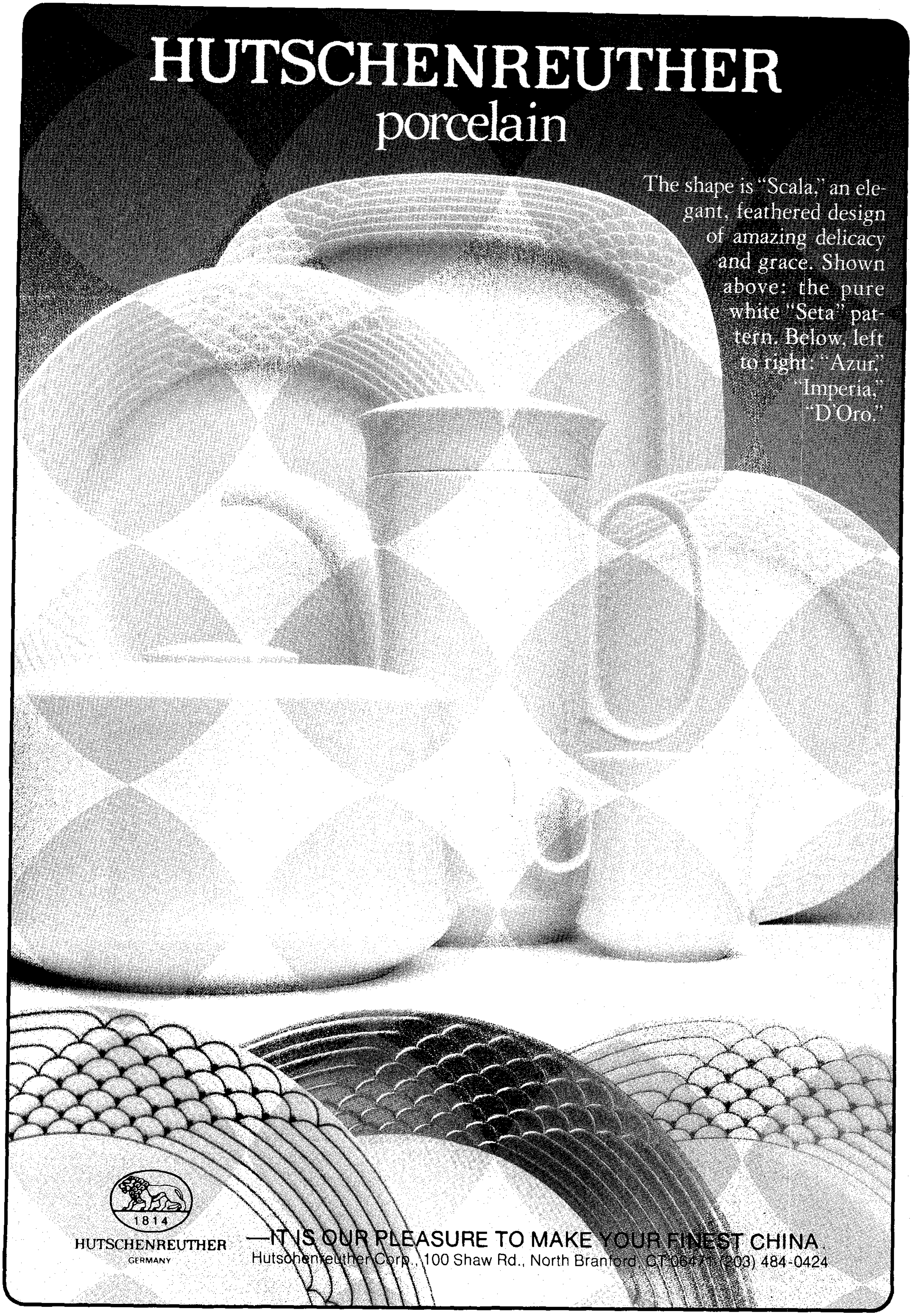
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: Wednesday, Feb. 24, Chin Suzuki; Thursday, Feb. 25, singer Janet Lawson; and Sunday, Feb. 28, Latin-jazz pianist **JORGE DALTO.** Music from nine-thirty.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, nicely appointed room with very good weekend music. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, bassist **ART DAVIS** will bring in a duo, and on Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** will lead a trio. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. High-tech tenor saxophonist **EDDIE HARRIS,** who plays solid-state, gizmo-reliant reed and keyboard solos and sings bluesily, too, heads a combo through Saturday, Feb. 27; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 28-March 1, drummer **JIMMY MADISON** will lead a quintet that will feature pianist **KENNY BARRON** and trumpeter **TOM HARRELL;** and on Tuesday, March 2, flugelhornist **ART FARMER** will arrive with his quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae club. Right now (Wednesdays through Saturdays) **OTIS RUSH,** one of the most exciting Chicago-blues singers and guitarists around, has taken over the premises with his band. On Sunday, Feb. 28, **LUTHER ALLISON,** another fine Chicago bluesman, will drop in; and on Monday, March 1, the stage will belong to Sugar Ray & the Bluetones. On Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a local basic-blue octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights from about nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Feb. 24, Sighs Five and Hardbeats; Thursday, Feb. 25, Redline and Dick Wagner & His Rock'n'rolmantics; Friday, Feb. 26, Fitz and Lightnin' Harry Dee; Saturday, Feb. 27, Heaven and the Jon Paris Band; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 28-March 1, **FINN & THE SHARKS,** a limber rockabilly band from Nyack; and Tuesday, March 2, guitarist **KELVYN BELL** and singer **CLARICE TAYLOR** and their avant-garde R. & B. quartet. Music after eleven. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the big, barnlike downstairs room is the site of salsa concerts, which begin after nine; on March 1, there will be two bands, Fajardo and Angel Canales y Sabor, and one guest soloist, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN.** On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. **ELVIN JONES,** the athletic drummer, is here with his quintet through Sunday, Feb. 28; and on Tuesday, March 2, the **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND**—pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER,** drummer **KENNY WASHINGTON,** and bassist **REGGIE JOHNSON**—will perform the music of Charlie Mingus. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Esther Blue on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Tony Regusis Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Two of the greatest of ex-Basie trombonists—**DICKY WELLS** and **BENNY POWELL**—share the bandstand through Sunday, Feb. 28. On Wednesday, March 3, trumpeter Franc Williams will come in with his quartet. Tuesdays are reserved for the great drummer **JO JONES.** Music every night from nine.

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JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Gary U.S. Bonds—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8.

Cavalcade of Stars—Roy Ayers, Jean Carn, Patrice Rushen, Stanley Turrentine, and Lenny White. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8 and 11.)

Barbara Cook—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 7.

Salsa Concert—Celia Cruz, Eddie Palmieri, the Conjunto Clasico, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 5, at 8:30.)

Connie Francis—Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, March 6, at 8.

Renaissance—With special guest Leo Kottke. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, March 6, at 9. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

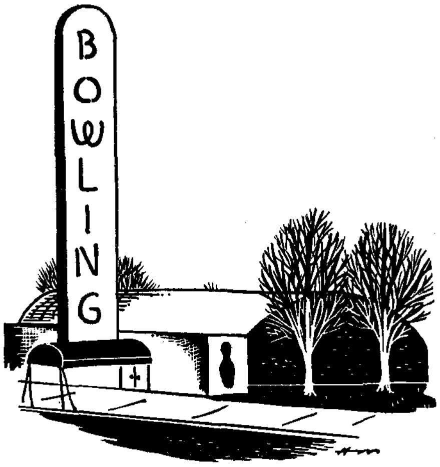
Enrico Macias—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 6, at 8, and Sunday, March 7, at 7.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 24-25, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Woody Shaw quintet, with Bobby Hutcherson. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Walter Davis, Jr., quintet. . . . ¶ Sundays at 9: Pé-De-Boi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 3, at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 4, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Roy Burrows quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Sonny Fortune quartet, with Nat Adderley. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Thursday, Feb. 25, at 9: James (Blood) Ulmer and Eric Gale. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, at 10: Mink DeVille. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 4, at 10: Sugar Hill Gang. . . . ¶ Friday, March 5, at 10: Orchestral Maneuvers in the Dark. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 9: Razzy Bailey. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Friday, Feb. 26, at 9:30: Vortex. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 9:30: Rachel Faro. . . . ¶ Friday, March 5, at 9: Rhys Chatham, Charles Moffett, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 9: Arthur Rhames. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

Benefit Concert—The Paul Winter Consort and Pé-de-Boi in a concert for the benefit of Save the Children Foundation and the Living Music Society. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 662-2133.)



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Maureen Connor—Delicate constructions combining organdy, caning, and straw. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Robert De Niro—Lively, colorful new semi-abstract works in oil and in charcoal, including a self-portrait and several landscapes of the Bernal-Heights area of San Francisco. Through March 13. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Stephen Edlich—Abstract paper collages. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St.)

Harmony Hammond—New work. Through March 20. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944)—Color and black-and-white woodcuts, dated 1911, done while the artist was living in Munich. Through March 27. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St. A larger exhibition of Kandinsky's work is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—Ninety linoleum cuts designed by Matisse in the early forties and printed for the first time last year. Through March 16. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 84th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Motherwell—Recent paintings and works on paper. Through March 11. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Howard Newman—Cast-bronze sculptures and charcoal or crayon drawings, mostly of the human torso reduced to simple planes. Through March 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Kenneth Price—Six new ceramic cups by this sculptor, plus a group of drawings, some of them bawdy. Through Wednesday, March 3. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Maria Scotti—Earthy drawings and paintings of human figures and beasts, derived from the artist's studies of Etruscan art in Italy. Through March 13. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Marina Stern—Gothic-looking New England barns painted in various conditions of sunlight. Through Saturday, March 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Richard Thompson—Figurative paintings with emblems of pioneer life—campfires, log cabins, and wagon trains. Through Wednesday, March 3. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Gérard Titus-Carmel—A series of large watercolors, drawings, and prints inspired by a purple caparison, which this French artist found on the street, evidently lost by a careless horse which had worn the ornamental covering while pulling a hearse. Through March 13. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Bram van Velde (1895-1981)—Abstract paintings. Through March 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Adja Yunkers—Large abstract works, most of them incorporating strands of cordage across a field of soft color, by this veteran artist, now eighty-two. Through March 17. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

James Zver—Collages made of painted paper or tinctured fibre glass. Some of the latter are cutouts, which hang on the wall unframed. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Payson-Weisberg, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Among the high spots in the current show are the Queen of Sheba as imagined by Rouault, the scene at Ascot by Dufy, a figure appropriate to the Valentine season by Picasso, and a flying eagle by Derain, who very seldom chose such subject matter. Through March 20. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER,** 167 E. 69th St.: Mostly sculptures, but also drawings and photographs, one each by twelve artists, among them Janet Fish, Robert Stackhouse, and Italo Scanga. Through March 9. . . . **STONE,** 48 E. 86th St.:

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Paintings by John Parks, constructions and collages by Reginald Case, and sculptures by Bruce Pollock. Through Saturday, Feb. 27.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Gilles Aillaud—Paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Arlen—Serpentine wall sculptures cast in clear polyester in which strips of colorful plastic and infusions of dyes are embedded. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Austé—Macabre landscapes dotted with elongated figures, painted in bold colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Luis Cruz Azaceta—Self-portraits treated as fantasy; e.g., the artist depicts himself as a horseman of the Apocalypse. Through Saturday, March 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Mersad Berber—Contemporary-looking figures set against richly ornamental Old World backgrounds by a Yugoslav painter showing for the first time in this country. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ann Chernow—A series of paintings and drawings depicting, for the most part, women grouped together in the manner of Busby Berkeley chorus girls. Through March 20. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Corey—Paintings. Through Friday, March 5. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Stuart Diamond—Painted-wood constructions. Through Saturday, March 6. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joellyn Duesberry—Landscapes of the Hudson River and Martha's Vineyard. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Norris Embry (1921-81)—A memorial exhibition of works in mixed mediums on paper and board by the figurative Expressionist. Through March 13. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Maurice Freedman—Expressionist landscapes and still-lifes done over the past fifty years on the Mediterranean, in Maine, and in various other parts of the world. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Michael Gillen—Freestanding abstract sculpture cut out of heavy-duty sheet steel and painted either black or red. Through Saturday, March 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Grillo—Sword swallowers, acrobats, jugglers, lion tamers, and other circus performers portrayed on both sides of large canvas scrolls. Through March 26. (Lumbard, 38 E. 57th St.)

Dieter Jung—Abstract paintings that have to be looked at for some time before the content becomes visible—misty horizontal stripes, for instance, in a pale spectrum of colors. The artist is German. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Other paintings by the same artist, plus drawings and holograms, are now on exhibit at Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Elsie Manville—Still-lifes, mostly of ceramic jugs and bowls, done in oil on canvas and sometimes on paper. Through Saturday, March 6. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bruce Monteith—Humble architectural details (a back porch, a side entrance to a house, a clapboard wall with a window) done in miniature and encased in viewing boxes. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Margaret Pomfret—Abstract paintings on raw linen canvases to which perpendicular Plexiglas panels—in related shapes—have been affixed. Through March 13. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Books, catalogues, portfolios, and other printed matter, dated 1915-74, with their respective "manuscripts" (which often include three-dimensional objects); early cut-paper collages; and graphics. Through March 13. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Martial Raysse—Episodes in a sylvan paradise depicted by a French artist who has invented a mythology of his own and developed a singularly personal way of painting it, in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Edda Renouf—Recent abstract paintings on linen, and pastels on paper. Through March 13. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Judy Rifka—Large youthful figures drawn in silhouette and seemingly racing along (on handball courts, in discos, at work) at about eighty m.p.h. Through Saturday, March 6. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Larry Rivers—Recent works (oils, collages, drawings) crowded with random sketches, private jokes, bits of ribaldry, family snapshots, doodles, and, here and there, flashes of this artist's virtuoso draftsmanship. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

François Rouan—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, March 6. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Small abstractions of the human figure (in bronze) and self-portraits (in pastels). . . . ¶ In another room at the gallery, there are masks, religious statues, and examples of decorative architecture (veranda posts, palace doors) from the Yoruba people of southwestern Nigeria. Both shows through March 20. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Susan Shatter—Panoramic views, in oil, of the Grand Canyon and of the rocky coast around Prouts Neck, Maine. Through March 17. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles G. Shaw (1892-1974)—Abstract and semi-abstract paintings and constructions by this literary and art-world figure, who was one of the founders of American Abstract Artists and an early contributor of fiction pieces to *The New Yorker*. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Paintings from the sixties, and an earlier construction. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.) Both shows through March 13.

Group Shows—At **aaron berman**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by thirty-eight women artists from New York and from Florida: Fish, Nevelson, Krasner, and Sleigh are among them. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. . . . **borgenicht**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: "The Gloucester Years," a show of sixty paintings by Milton Avery, Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, Edward Hopper, and John Sloan, who recorded their impressions of that seaside town from about 1915 (Sloan) to 1956 (Avery). Through Saturday, March 6. . . . **de nagy**, 29 W. 57th St.: Large abstract drawings with architectural elements by Andrea Blum; landscapes of Ireland, with cutout figures, by Patricia Patterson; abstract paintings by Colin Thomson; and two totemic structures about six feet tall by Clyde Connell, a Texas artist in her eighties. Through Wednesday, March 3. . . . **emmerich**, 41 E. 57th St.: New monotypes by Sam Francis, Precisionist drawings by Jeannette LeRoy, and paintings by Simon Hantaï. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. . . . **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: Small paintings and drawings by American artists who were included in exhibitions mounted by the curator Dorothy Miller at the Museum of Modern Art in the forties, fifties, and sixties. Kline, Pollock, Rothko, and Johns are some of the artists. Through Saturday, March 6. . . . **galerie st. etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century European and American folk artists, including Edward Hicks, Henri Rousseau, and Grandma Moses. Through Saturday, March 6. . . . **pearl**, 29 W. 57th St.: "American Figurative Expressionism 1950-60" has paintings by Willem de Kooning, Lester Johnson, Grace Hartigan, and others. Through Thursday, March 4.

Sea Breeze
MOTEL
NO VACANCY
CLOSED FOR THE SEASON

GALLERIES—SoHo

Arnold Bittleman—Large freehand drawings of tangled limbs, vines, tree trunks, and assorted brambles, in which every twig is given its just attention. There is also a similarly painstaking self-portrait of the artist. Through Wednesday, March 3. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Bruce Boice—Nonobjective, impasto paintings and the pencil studies for them. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Louis Cane—Expressionist paintings of women. Through Saturday, March 6. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Rosemary Cove—Colored drawings and small sculptures based on the female body, which in some representations here takes on the qualities of a landscape. Through Wednesday, March 3. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Deborah French—Life-size sculptures of skeletal women. Through March 11. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Joan Gardner—Oils on wood of people and animals arranged in dreamlike tableaux, plus prints. Through March 13. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Michel Gerard—Wall sculptures made of rag paper with steel filings in the pulp, plus a dozen steel pieces of widely different abstract forms, each forged from an eight-and-a-half-inch cube of steel. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Michael Hurson—Portraits and abstract compositions done in this artist's own cheerful brand of Cubism, with various mediums—pastel, Conté crayon, pencil, gouache, ink. Through Saturday, March 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Patrick Ireland / Jean-Pierre Pincemin—A new wall painting and related drawings. / Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Madeleine Kaufman—Paintings and collages. Through March 11. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon, at 1 Sundays.)

Mario Merz—Six oils and two metal-and-glass sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Donald Newman—Photographic blowups worked over with paint and charcoal. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Gladys Nilsson / Christina Ramberg—Watercolors depicting caricatured figures. / Totemic acrylics. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Anne Flaten Pixley—Leaves of handmade paper dyed in solid colors and racked up in a slotted frame, like punch cards around a time clock. Through March 10. (Stewart Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Anne and Patrick Poirier / Christian Boltanski—Pagodas and pyramids represented in gilded wood. / A photographic installation. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Randall Schmit—Large compositions of kaleidoscopic intricacy painted for the most part in broad strokes of color straight out of the tube. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Mira Schor / Joseph Santore—Abstractions from nature; the medium is dry pigment on rice paper. / Small-scale abstract oils and ink drawings. Through Saturday, March 6. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Nora Speyer—Large, tired-looking figures and a few landscapes painted in thick oil strokes, plus preparatory drawings for several of the figures. Through Wednesday, March 3. (Land-

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mark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

Robert Straight—Large, abstract, shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Michelle Stuart—Segmented works, combining photographs and earth-colored squares, which refer to a particular site, such as the Nazca lines in Peru. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Michael Tracy—Sculptured tablets on which the Stations of the Cross appear in multicolored abstractions, done in relief. Through Wednesday, March 3. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Selina Trieff—Full-scale self-portraits, mostly in company with pigs and goats who were among the artist's acquaintances on Martha's Vineyard. Through Wednesday, March 3. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Claude Viallat—Painted canvas pieces, including a large tent (one may enter) and unstretched, irregularly shaped wall works. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Anna Goth Werner—Thirty-odd paintings of interiors that have a special architectural interest—new exhibit spaces at the Metropolitan Museum, for instance. Through Wednesday, March 3. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

John T. Young / Kevin Franke—A slender granite crag nearly fifteen feet tall, plus lesser sculptures in granite held together by steel cables. / Vast painted enlargements of flowers that the artist finds in everyday decoration—the sofa fabric, the kitchen linoleum, inlaid furniture. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **CONCORD**, 451 Broome St.: Works by a dozen artists, among them Elaine Reichek, Italo Scanga, and Stephen Chapin. Through Saturday, March 6. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: The first installment of a two-part fifth-anniversary exhibit, which consists in total of a hundred and seventy-four of the artists whose work has been featured here. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **MEISEL**, 141 Prince St.: Photo-Realist watercolors by C. J. Yao, paintings of cows on a grid by John Roy, and large abstract pastels by Evelyn Ellwood. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. . . . **SOHO 20**, 99 Spring St.: An all-gallery (twenty members), all-paper work in this feminist establishment. Through Wednesday, March 3. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Thomas Bang—Wall objects in black and red wax and in cast iron; also floor pieces and stencilled-graphite drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

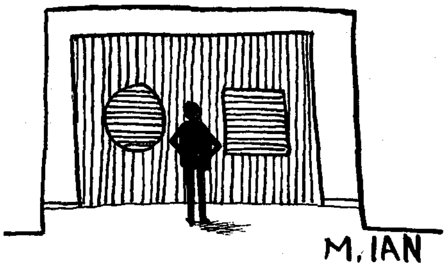
Cynthia Carlson and Betty Woodman—A collaborative, room-environment undertaking in a room upon whose walls are mounted large-scale paintings and three-dimensional latex wall works by the former, and works in clay by the latter. Through April 9. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

E. E. Cummings (1894-1962)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Saturday, Feb. 27 (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Jean Le Gac / John Mendelsohn—A series of eight paintings in which this French artist indulges himself by copying and elaborating on illustrations in children's books. / Two large nudes painted in a stylized manner. Through Saturday, March 6. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Lou Myers—Drawings by an artist whose work is often seen in these pages. Through April 1. (International Typeface, third floor, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, 866 Second Ave., at 47th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

Women Artists—Occasioned by the national conference of the Women's Caucus for Art, shows of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by more than three hundred participants are currently on display throughout the city. The following is an arbitrary selection of some of the galleries: **CADEN**, 180 Duane St.: Self-portraits (Pat Lasch, Bonnie Lucas). Through March 14. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **CITY GALLERY**, 2 Columbus Circle: Berenice Abbott, Elsie Driggs, Charmion von Wiegand, Claire Zeisler, Elizabeth Gilmore Holt, and Katharine Kuh. Through Friday, March 5. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEVER HOUSE**, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: Polychrome sculptures (Joyce Kozloff, Barbara Schwartz). Through March 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **MARYMOUNT MANHATTAN COLLEGE**, 221 E. 71st St.: Realist paintings (Suzanne Osterweil, Mary Joan Waid). Through Saturday, March 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 9 to 5.) . . . **NOHO**, 542 LaGuardia Pl.: Rebecca Cooperman, Kate Millet, Anne Wysoker, and twenty-two others. Through March 14. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)



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Small Works Competition—Dealer Nancy Hoffman judged this sixth annual show of art works that measure under a foot. Through Friday, Feb. 26. (80 Washington Square East Galleries, New York University.)

Group Shows—At the **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL**, 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: "Lower Manhattan from Street to Sky," a show mounted by the Whitney Museum, has thirty-eight paintings, drawings, and prints (by, among others, George Bellows, Robert Indiana, Reginald Marsh, and Max Weber) of the Brooklyn Bridge, the Woolworth Building, and other downtown landmarks. Through April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by six New York artists: Tom Butter, Tom Evans, John Fekner, Judith Hudson, Peter Julian, and Cheryl Laemmle. Through March 25. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **PARSONS SCHOOL OF DESIGN**, 2 W. 13th St.: Landscapes, still-lifes, and figures by Leland Bell, John Heliker, and Paul Resika. Through Saturday, March 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.) . . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Preparatory works for Precisionist paintings by Sheeler, Lozowick, Ault, and others. Through Friday, Feb. 26. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lois Conner—Large-format platinum-palladium prints. Through March 12. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Andreas Feininger—Photographs: examples of photojournalism, nudes and portraits, architectural studies, abstractions. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Mark Feldstein—Photographs of urban places. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Castelli Photographs, 4 E. 77th St.)

Evelyn Hofer—New work, including color portraits of Saul Steinberg and Diana Vreeland. Through March 13. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Les Krims—Photographs of interiors that are inhabited by nude people. Through March 13. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Werner Mantz—Architectural photographs of Germany during the twenties and thirties. Through Saturday, March 6. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

P. H. Polk—Portraits of Alabama blacks by Tuskegee Institute's official photographer. Through Saturday, March 6. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Cervin Robinson—Black-and-white photographs of notable buildings (Rockefeller Center, the Waldorf) that have not been designated as landmarks. Through March 11. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

Sy Rubin—A series of recent documentary photographs entitled "14th St." Through March 21. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

W. Eugene Smith (1918-78)—A few obscure photographs paired with such well-known works as "Walk to Paradise Garden." Through Saturday, March 6. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Suzanne Szasz—Children are this photographer's most frequent subject. There are also some adults in the selection, including Edward Steichen at ninety. Through March 13. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Avant-Garde Photography in Germany, 1919-1939," two hundred works by Herbert and Irene Bayer, T. Lux and Andreas Feininger, and about fifty others. . . . ¶ Prints by turn-of-the-century pictorialist Heinrich Kühn. Through March 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: An inventory of photographic techniques is provided in an exhibit of the work of eleven contemporary women photographers. Through Saturday, Feb. 27. . . . **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: The works of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographers have been mounted topically and in pairs for the purpose of illustrating different approaches to similar subjects; for example, Doris Ulmann's portrait of two lovers entitled "South Carolina" is displayed alongside Brassaï's "Couple d'Amoureux dans un Petit Café." Other photographers being compared include Stieglitz, Weegee, Cartier-Bresson, and Callahan. (See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Michael C. Rockefeller Wing houses the permanent collection of traditional objects from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas in grand, newly constructed first-floor galleries that occupy nearly an acre of space overlooking Central Park to the south. Among the almost two thousand items (given largely by Nelson Rockefeller in memory of his son) are a Peruvian gold-and-shell nose ornament, which would mask the lower half of the face, and nine twenty-foot-high carved ancestor poles collected by Michael Rockefeller on his final expedition to New Guinea. . . . ¶ Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Edouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints from the permanent collection. Starts Friday, Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art—The museum will be closed for a few months for construction work.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Munich: 1896-1914," the first of three exhibits planned by the museum (to be held at two-year intervals) to follow the artist's development as influenced by the various cities where he lived. Most of the nearly three hundred works assembled here (paintings, works on paper, furniture and ceramic designs, books) are by Kandinsky himself, most are on loan, and all are intended to show the interrelation between the artist and the city where he arrived, at the age of thirty, to begin the formal study of art. Through March 21. A complementary show is at the Carus Gallery, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St. . . . ¶ A fluorescent-light sculpture by Dan Flavin. Through March 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of small sculptures and project drawings by Robert Smithson (1938-73), who is best known for monumental earth-art sculptures, two of which ("Cayuga Salt Mine Project" and "Gravel Mirror with Cracks and Dust") are also reconstructed here. Through April 18. . . . ¶ Musical notations and graphics by the composer John Cage. Included among the former are scores for "Etudes Australes" and "Atlas Eclipticalis"; examples of the latter include two lithographs and one silk-screened Plexiglas work from 1969, and recent etchings. Starts Thursday, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ A show of paintings, drawings, and prints, selected from a bequest by Katherine Schmidt Shubert, which includes works by such artists as Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Peggy Bacon, John Sloan, and the donor herself. Through April 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Brooklyn Before the Bridge: American Paintings from the Long Island Historical Society," sixty oils and watercolors chronicling Brooklyn's halcyon days as an independent city—shipwrecks on Coney Island, rapid transit (a coach and ten horses, East River ferries), and fireworks displays at the opening of the bridge in 1883. Through May 31. . . . ¶ New Testament paintings by James Tissot in a show that coincides with his show of Old Testament paintings at the Jewish Museum. Through April 30. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—Nineteen winners of crafts competitions showing their current works in metal, glass, fibre, and so forth. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Eight Dynasties of Chinese Painting," a show of sixty paintings—hanging scrolls, hand scrolls, album leaves, and fans—on silk and paper and dated from the eighth century to the eighteenth. Through Sunday, Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and sculpture (from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain), selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. Starts Friday, Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than a hundred original drawings (plus furniture, silver, and ceramics) by the Scottish architect Robert Adam (1728-92), as well as some by those who were influenced by his neoclassical style. Through April 11. . . . ¶ About seventy award-winning drawings by eighteenth-century architectural students who entered annual competitions held by the National Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. Not necessarily intended as veritable construction proposals, the entries have titles like "Design for a Royal Palace in a Villa for Three Important Persons," or "Project for a Church to Be Erected in Gratitude for a Victory." Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A tribute to James Joyce on his centennial. First editions of the author's major works (including even his first published book, "Chamber Music," from 1907) are displayed alongside working manuscripts and related correspondence. Also, copies of the serial installments of "Ulysses" which appeared in the *Little Review*, including the four that were banned by the United States Post Office in 1920, and Joyce's cable of congratulations to Bennett Cerf after the successful trial which brought about the novel's first American publication in 1934. Through April 17. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of Asian art from the collection of the Idemitsu Museum of Art, Tokyo, centering on Japanese paintings and ceramics; a Yüan-dynasty cobalt-glaze jar stands out. The Nanga school, the Ukiyo-e school, and the painter Sengai Gibon are well represented. Through March 14. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A display of paintings of Old Testament scenes by James Tissot, the late-nineteenth-century French painter and etcher who devoted his later years to illustrating the Bible. (His New Testament paintings are on view at the Brooklyn Museum.) Through May 9. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The many worlds of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (a.k.a. Lewis Carroll), the focal point of which is the original 1864 manuscript (with drawings) of the prototypical "Alice's Adventures Under Ground." Also, five illustrations by John Tenniel for "Wonderland" (which appeared the following year); holographic poems and riddles; photographs; and correspondence. Through April 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5: Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Thirty-three recent additions to the museum's permanent collection, which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them furniture (an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary), nineteenth-century paintings (portraits; a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory), folk sculpture (a decorative carving entitled "Man in a Top Hat with a Cane"), and miniature mourning pins. Starts Thursday, Feb. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

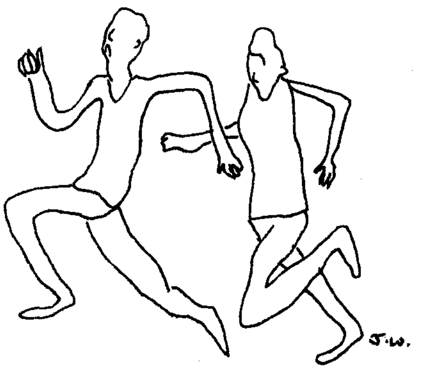
EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Larry Fuente's sculptures, both freestanding and hung on the walls, which incorporate familiar objects (bottle tops, coins) as decorative elements. . . . ¶ Portraits by fourteen artists, Duncan Hannah, Lucas Samaras, and Jolie Stahl among them. Both shows through Saturday, Feb. 27.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Narrative works combining photographs and sculpture, by Gretchen Bender, David Cabrera, Ronald Jones, Jeff Koons, and David Robinson. . . . ¶ Installations by Stephen Lapthisophon and Stephen Miller. Both shows through March 27.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Theatre for Your Mother (performance), Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:30; Jan Fabre (performance), Thursday, March 4, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A group show by conceptual artists, among them Komar & Melamid and Chris Burden. Through Saturday, March 6. . . . ¶ Russian Samizdat (underground press) book art from the past two decades. Through April 17.



The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Richard Baim (performance), Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8:30; Steve Kramer (performance), Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:30; Paul McMahon (performance), Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A display of photographs and videotapes derived from pictures made at the Goddard Space Flight Center. Through Saturday, Feb. 27.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Paintings and works on paper in a show (one of many here) in which eight art critics personally invited artists to exhibit work. Lynda Benglis, Michael McClard, and Catherine Porter-Scully are some of the sixty-six selectees. Through March 14.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 24: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Pablo Elvira, and Rockwell Blake; conducted by Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 25: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Julia Migenes-Johnson, Giuliano Ciannella, and Brent Ellis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 26: "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Ermanno Mauro, and Louis Quilico; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 27: "Così Fan Tutte," with Pilar Lorengar, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, Lenus Carlson, and Donald Gramm; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 27: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Pablo Elvira, and Rockwell Blake; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 28: Tatiana Troyanos and Placido Domingo in a concert of operatic excerpts, with James Levine conducting the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-6067.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 1: "Così Fan Tutte," with Pilar Lorengar, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, Lenus Carlson, and Donald Gramm; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 2: "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Ermanno Mauro, and Louis Quilico; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 3: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Cornell MacNeil; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 4: "Così Fan Tutte," with Pilar Lorengar, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, Lenus Carlson, and Donald Gramm; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 5: "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bini, and Louis Quilico; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 6: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Cornell MacNeil; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 6: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Pablo Elvira, and Rockwell Blake; Andrew Davis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, May 2—Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8: Antonio de Almeida conducting the New York City Opera Orchestra and Chorus in a concert version of Wagner's "Die Feen" (American première), with Penelope Daner, June Anderson, John Alexander, Frederick Burchinal, and Herbert Eckhoff (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 26, at 8: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Joseph Evans, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2: "Carmen," with Judith Forst, Marianna Christos, Riccardo Calleo, and Marc Embree; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8: "La Bohème," with Pamela Myers, Inga

Nielsen, Jerry Hadley, and Charles Long; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 28, at 1: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Joseph Evans, and Richard Fredricks; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 28, at 7: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Elizabeth Hynes, Samuel Ramey, and William Stone; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 3, at 8: "La Bohême," with Pamela Myers, Inga Nielsen, Jerry Hadley, and Charles Long; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 4, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Elizabeth Hynes, Justino Díaz, and William Stone; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, March 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Marianna Christos, Riccardo Calleo, and Marc Embree; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Gianna Rolandi, Gail Gilmore, Frederick Burchinal, and Henry Price; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 8: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Joseph Evans, and Dominic Cossa; Brian Salesky. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Final performances of Thea Musgrave's "The Voice of Ariadne," conducted by Ainslee Cox and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Wednesday, Feb. 24, and Friday, Feb. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Hermann Goetz's "The Taming of the Shrew," conducted by Bruce Ferden and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Feb. 25, and Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 28, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802.)

Bel Canto Opera—John McCauley conducting the first two of four performances of Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," staged by Nelson Sheeley. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, March 6, at 7:30, and Sunday, March 7, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Charles Dutoit conducting—Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8; Friday, Feb. 26, at 2; and Tuesday, March 2, at 7:30: A Haydn-Franck-Stravinsky program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 4, at 8; Friday, March 5, at 2; and Tuesday, March 9, at 7:30: A Honegger-Bartók-Roussel program, with Yefim Bronfman, piano.

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—Pinchas Zukerman conducting two all-Mozart programs, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3, with Mr. Zukerman, also violin. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 3, at 8, with Mr. Zukerman, viola.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting a program of music by Japanese composers Kiyoshige Koyama, Maki Ishii, Teruyuki Noda, and Akio Yashiro. With Hiroko Nakamura, piano, and Paul Zukofsky, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing Orff's "Carmina Burana," and a-capella works by Ginastera, Mendelssohn, and Schoenberg. With Rita Shane, soprano; Douglas Robinson, tenor; and Alan Titus, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, March 1, at 7:30.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Wagner's "Rienzi" in concert form, with Elisabeth Payer, soprano; Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano; William Johns, tenor; and the Boys of St. Thomas Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 3, at 7:30.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a program entitled "Clarion Re-Calls," which consists of works presented by this group during the past twenty-five years. With Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 3, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs, this one entitled "Music + Words: Choral Theatre Festival." With the Schola Cantorum and four other choruses. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, March 4, at 8. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 636-4120.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	1	2	3	4	5	6

Mannes Orchestra—Sidney Harth conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, March 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Elly Ameling, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 6, at 8, and Sunday, March 7, at 5:30.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier conducting a program that includes Beethoven's Mass in C, Randall Thompson's "Frostiana," and Leonard Bernstein's "Chichester Psalms." With Lila Deis, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Douglas Perry, tenor; David Evitts, bass-baritone; and Owen Renfroe, boy soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

RECITALS

Vladimir Ashkenazy, Itzhak Perlman, and Lynn Harrell—Piano, violin, and cello, in an all-Beethoven program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Music from Ravinia—The second in a series of three programs of vocal and instrumental music, this one performed by Kathleen Battle, soprano; Maria Ewing, mezzo-soprano; Philip Creech, tenor; John Cheek, bass; Ray Still, oboe; and James Levine, piano and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Rogeri Trio—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Boris Pergamenschikow—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—Contemporary chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Mozartean Chamber Players—An all-Haydn program, celebrating the composer's two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday. With Steven Lubin, fortepiano. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Arved Kurtz and Claude Coppens—Violin and piano in an all-Franck program, with assisting artists. (Lotus Club, 5 E. 66th St. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Jupiter Symphony Chamber Players—Jens Nygaard conducting an all-Mozart program, with Cho-Liang Lin, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Ida Kavafian and Jeffrey Swann—Violin and piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8. Admission is free, but seating is limited, so it would be wise to arrive early.)

Judith Alstadter—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 2:15.)

Bella Davidovich—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3.)

Frederica von Stade—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, in the second in a series of three recitals, this one a concerto program, with Marielle Nordmann, harp, and the Philharmonia Virtuosi. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Richard Killmer and K. David Van Hoesen—Oboe and bassoon, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Thomas Suarez and Diana Wan—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

William Doppmann—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 1, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—The first in a series of three programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday and Tuesday, March 1-2, at 8.)

Dorian Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Monday, March 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Paul Schenly—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 2, at 8.)

Amadeus String Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 2, at 8.)

Leontyne Price—Soprano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Wednesday, March 3, at 8.)

Eastman Trio—An all-Brahms program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 3, at 8.)

Yuval Trio—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 3, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Marya Martin, Lee Luvisi, and Laurence Lesser—Violin, flute, piano, and cello in an all-Haydn program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 4, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of vocal and instrumental music called "The Hapsburg Heritage." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 4, and Saturday, March 6, at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—A program called "Wolpe and His Influence," with Ronald Anderson, trumpet; David Holzman, piano; Sue Ann Kahn, flute; Mark Shuman, cello; and others. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Thursday, March 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8.)

Sylvia Lindenstrand—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8.)

Alexander Peskanov and Mark Peskanov—Piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 5, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Kristine Ciesinski, soprano; Carol Wincenc, flute; Ida Kavafian, violin; André-Michel Schub and Kenneth Cooper, piano; and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 7, at 2.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—A program devoted to American women composers. With Constance Beavon, soprano, and Elizabeth DiFelice, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8.)

Otto Luening—Flute, in a program of his own music, with Max Pollikoff, violin, and Danielle Woerner, soprano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5690. Friday, March 5, at 6.)

Beth Levin—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 6, at 2:30.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Monday, March 1, at 8, an all-Vittorio Rieti program, with Heidi Lehwalder, harp, and Jonathan Feldman, piano. . . . ¶ St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, March 6, at 8, with Fred Sherry, cello.) For information about tickets to both concerts, call 943-0950.

Festival Trio—David Singer, clarinet; Benjamin Hudson, violin; and Patricia Michaelian, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 6, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Historic Women Composers—A program of music by such composers as Clara Schumann, Lili Boulanger, Fanny Mendelssohn, and Cecile Chaminade, performed by Betty-Jean Hagen, violin; Ellen-Zoe Hassman, cello; Pamela Sklar, flute; Rosario Marciano, piano; and Karin Tripp, mezzo-soprano. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 759-5165.)

Continuum—A program of twentieth-century music demonstrating the influence of the Orient on composers Colin McPhee, Henry Cowell, John Cage, Bruce Gaston, and others. With Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Marilyn Dubow, violin; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Daniel Druckman and Gordon Gottlieb, percussion; and Joel Sachs, pianist-conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

An Evening of French Opera and Song—A benefit for the Pierre Bernac Award Fund. The participants: Marvis Martin, soprano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; and Thomas Grubb, piano. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 4, at 8. For tickets, call 749-2802, Ext. 502.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Portland, Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Diego, Tuesday, March 2, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, March 4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, March 6, at 8:05. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland, Friday, Feb. 26, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Sunday, Feb. 28, at 4. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, March 3, at 7:35.

Gymnastics—American Cup Gymnastics Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday and Sunday, March 6-7, at noon.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Calgary Flames, Wednesday, March 3. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Saturday, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Calgary Flames, Tuesday, March 2. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, March 4. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, March 6. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Lucky Draw, Wednesday, Feb. 24; the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 27; the Next Move Handicap, Sunday, Feb. 28; and the Swift, Saturday, March 6. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 12. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 27, and the John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 6.

Track Meet—U.S.A./Mobil Indoor Track and Field Championships Grand Prix Finals. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 26, at 7:15.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 3. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—Ned O'Gorman reading from his own poetry. (Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 7. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Claire Bloom in a dramatic reading entitled "These Are Women: A Portrait of Shakespeare's Heroines." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 1, at 8.) . . . ¶ David McCullough and Ring Lardner, Jr., reading from their own prose. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, March 1, at 8.) . . . ¶ John Irving, Edward Albee, and Derek Walcott reading from their own works. A benefit for *Columbia: A Magazine of Poetry and Prose.* (Grace and St. Paul's Lutheran Church, 123 W. 71st St. Wednesday, March 3, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 27-28, from 9 to 7.)

Flower Shows—The Spring Flower Show in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5. . . . ¶ The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Saturday and Sunday, March 6-7, noon to 6.

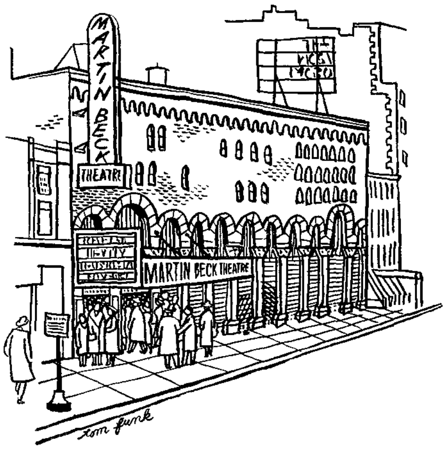
Auctions—At **sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 25, at 10:15: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, March 3-4, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, March 5, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, together with American decorative prints. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 25. . . . **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 1 to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, Feb. 25, at 2: Chinese snuff bottles. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese jades and other works of art. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2: English furniture, decorations, and clocks. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 2: Nineteenth-century drawings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 24, at 2:30: Twentieth-century Chinese paintings. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 26, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century paintings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 3, at 10 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 27.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—First league games here—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, April 6 and 8 (both day games). . . . ¶ Chicago, April 9 (night) and April 10-11 (d). . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, April 13-15 (all day games).

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **madison square garden:** March 9 (Utah), March 13 (Washington), March 16 (San Antonio), March 20 (Atlanta), March 23 (Cleveland), March 30 (Indiana), April 1 (Cleveland), and April 8 (Boston). . . . ¶ The Nets at **byrne meadowlands arena:** March 10 (Phoenix), March 12 (Boston), March 14 (Seattle), March 17 (San Antonio), March 27 (Detroit), March 28 (Knicks), March 31 (Cleveland), April 2 (Washington), April 7 (Philadelphia), and April 10 (Indiana).



Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden. March 19.)

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 8-11.)

Hockey—The Rangers at **madison square garden:** March 8 (Detroit), March 10 (Philadelphia), March 14 (Washington), March 17 (Philadelphia), March 21 (St. Louis), March 29 (Islanders), and April 2 (Pittsburgh). . . . ¶ The Islanders at **nassau coliseum:** March 20 (St. Louis), March 23 (Washington), March 25 (Montreal), March 27 (Hartford), and April 3 (Philadelphia). . . . **stanley cup playoffs:** Start Wednesday, April 7.

Racing—At Aintree, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, April 3.

Tennis—Avon Championships. (Madison Square Garden. March 24-28.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: April 5-June 16.

Music—**metropolitan opera** (580-9830): The season continues through April 17. . . . **avery fisher hall** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 12. . . . ¶ American Philharmonic Orchestra, March 15. . . . ¶ Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano, March 19. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, March 21. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classical guitarist, March 21. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, March 28. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, April 5. . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, March 7. . . . ¶ André-Michel Schub, piano, March 8. . . . ¶ Minnesota Orchestra, March 12. . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, March 14. . . . ¶ Arminda Canteros, piano, March 18. . . . ¶ St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, March 19-20. . . . ¶ Misha Dichter, piano, March 21. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, March 22. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 23. . . . ¶ Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, March 24. . . . ¶ Syracuse Symphony Orchestra, March 25. . . . ¶ Ana Maria Trenchi de Bottazzi, piano, March 28. . . . ¶ Toronto Symphony Orchestra, March 29. . . . ¶ Maurizio Pollini, piano, March 30. . . . ¶ Ravi Shankar, sitar, April 1. . . . ¶ Horacio Guttiérez, piano, April 5. . . . ¶ Warsaw Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra, April 6. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Radu Lupu, piano, March 11. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 12, 14, 28, 29, and 30, and April 9-11. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, March 17-18. . . . ¶ Peter Serkin, piano, March 21. . . . ¶ Jupiter Symphony, March 25. . . . ¶ Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, April 1. . . . ¶ New Calliope Singers, April 2. . . . ¶ New York Renaissance Band, April 3. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, April 5. . . . **kaufmann concert hall,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Leo Brouwer, classical guitarist, March 10. . . . ¶ Ivan Moravec, piano, March 13. . . . ¶ Peter Frankl, piano, March 15. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, March 16-17. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, March 20-21. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, March 21. . . . ¶ Edmund Battersby, piano, March 24. . . . ¶ Shura Cherkassky, piano, April 3. . . . **grace rainey rogers auditorium,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Lucy Shelton, soprano, March 11. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, March 12. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, March 26. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 27-28. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, April 1.

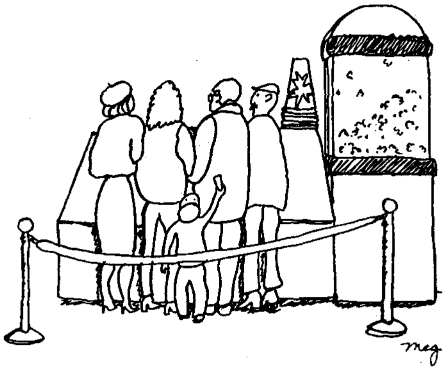
Dance—At the City Center: Merce Cunningham Dance Company, March 16-28. . . . ¶ Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, April 7-11.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A new play by John Pielmeier, "Agnes of God," set in a convent. With Lee Remick, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. . . . ¶ Donny Osmond will have the title role in a revival of the 1904 George M. Cohan musical, "Little Johnny Jones." . . . ¶ "Is There Life After High School?," a musical based on Ralph Keyes' novel of the same name. The book is by Jeffrey Kindley and the music and lyrics are by Craig Carnelia.

Other Dates—St. Patrick's Day is Wednesday, March 17. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 20. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, March 31-May 31. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 11. . . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1981 and estimates for 1982 are due Thursday, April 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	1	2	3	4	5	6

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 27.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171, theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Feb. 28: "Dialogue with a Woman Departed" (directed by Leo Hurwitz), a four-hour documentary.
From March 2: "Cattle Annie and Little Britches" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 25: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†); and "Why Would I Lie?" (Larry Peerce), with Treat Williams and Lisa Eichhorn.
Feb. 26-March 4: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†) and "Airplane!" (†).
From March 5: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 4: "The Border" (†).
From March 5: To be announced.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Reds" (†).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Shoot the Moon" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 25: "Absence of Malice" (†). From Feb. 26: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.
Theatre 3: "On Golden Pond" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Ragtime" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 25: "Over the Edge" (1979; Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon.
From Feb. 26: "Atlantic City" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Personal Best" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Pia Zadora.

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Ragtime" (†).
Theatre 2: "Reds" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Feb. 27: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
From Feb. 28: "Sleeping Dogs" (1977; Roger Donaldson; a New Zealand film), with Sam Neill and Warren Oates.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Three Brothers" (Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Michel Placido.
Theatre 2: "Shoot the Moon" (†).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 25: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D. From Feb. 26: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through March 4: "The Border" (†). From March 5: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Missing" (Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek.

LOEWS NEW YORK 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 25: "Absence of Malice" (†). From Feb. 26: "The Seduction" (David Schmoeller), with Morgan Fairchild and Michael Sarrazin.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through March 3: "One from the Heart" (†).
March 4: Theatre closed.
From March 5: "I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can" (Jack Hofsiss), with Jill Clayburgh and Nicol Williamson.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 25: "Pennies from Heaven" (†).
Feb. 26-March 4: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).
From March 5: To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 4: "The Border" (†).
From March 5: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 25: "Vice Squad" (Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson. From Feb. 26: "The Seduction" (David Schmoeller), with Morgan Fairchild and Michael Sarrazin.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. 1 AND 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 25: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D. From Feb. 26: "Evil Speaks."

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through March 2: A program of fourteen new animated shorts by American and Canadian independent filmmakers. From March 3: "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" (directed by Dick Fontaine and Pat Hartley), a documentary with James Baldwin.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 26: "Rockers" (1980; Theodoros Bafaloukos; a Jamaican film in Jamaican patois), with Leroy Wallace. Feb. 27-March 1: "Loulou" (1980; Maurice Pialat, in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand. March 2-3: "Contract" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish). March 4-6: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 25: "Absence of Malice" (†). From Feb. 26: "Why Shoot the Teacher" (Silvio Narizzano), with Bud Cort and Max Brown.
Theatre 2: "Shoot the Moon" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Personal Best" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 25: "Ticket to Heaven" (†). Feb. 26-March 4: "Four Friends" (†). From March 5: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 4: "Pennies from Heaven" (†). From March 5 (tentative): "Missing" (Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek.
Theatre 4: Through March 4: "Pixote" (†). From March 5 (tentative): "Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Pia Zadora.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Feb. 25: "Night Crossing" (Delbert Mann), with John Hurt and Jane Alexander.
From Feb. 26: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Quest for Fire" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Everett McGill.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through March 4: "Atlantic City" (†).
From March 5: "I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can" (Jack Hofsiss), with Jill Clayburgh and Nicol Williamson.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Feb. 25: "Love and Money" (James Toback), with Ray Sharkey and Ornella Muti.
From Feb. 26: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"She Dances Alone" (Robert Dornhelm), with Kyra Nijinsky and Bud Cort.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Circle of Deceit" (Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Feb. 25: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).
From Feb. 26: To be announced.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One from the Heart" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Ugo Tognazzi and Anouk Aimée.
Theatre 2: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: Through March 4: "Arthur" (†). From March 5: "Love and Lies" (Ilya Frez; in Russian).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 25: "Over the Edge" (1979; Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon. From Feb. 26: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 4: "Shoot the Moon" (†). From March 5: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through March 4: "Pennies from Heaven" (†). From March 5: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through March 4: "Absence of Malice" (†). From March 5: To be announced.

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 25: "Four Friends" (†). Feb. 26-March 4: "Why Shoot the Teacher" (Silvio Narizzano), with Bud Cort and Max Brown. From March 5: "Evil

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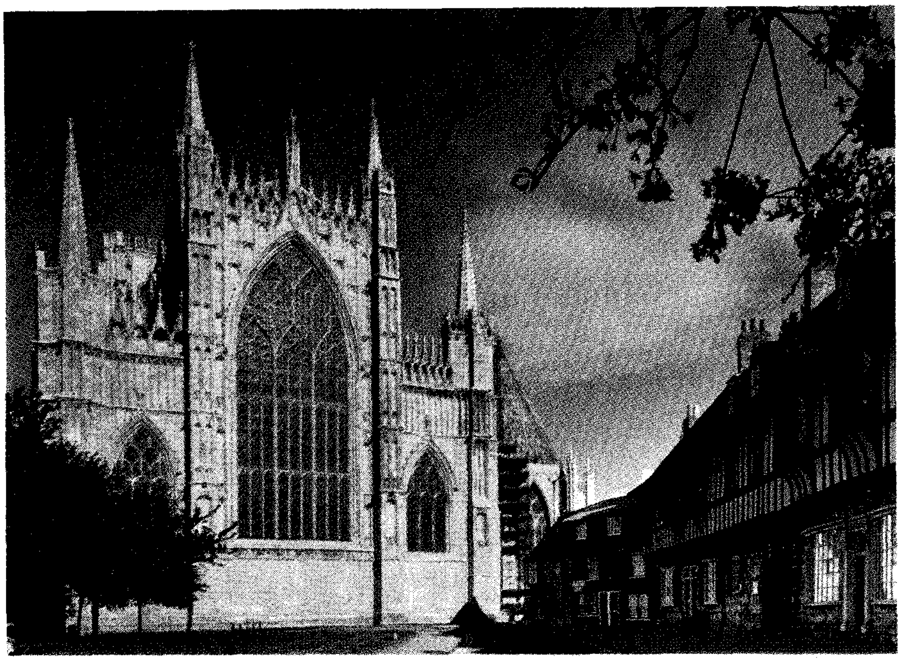

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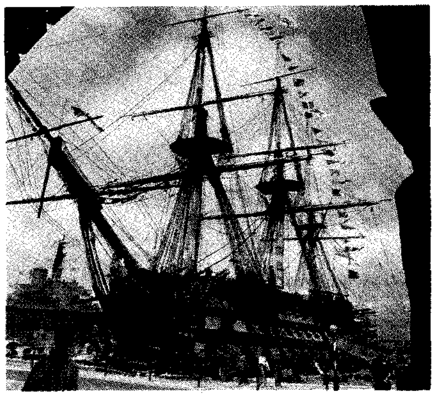

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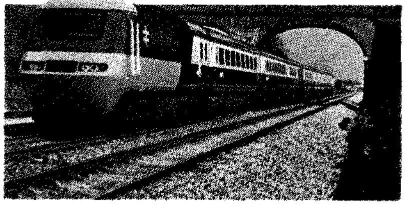

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Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.
Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Border" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 4: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†). From March 5 (tentative): "Missing" (Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek.
Theatre 3: "Arthur" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 25: "Pennies from Heaven" (†). From Feb. 26: "Together."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Making Love" (directed by Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.
Theatre 2: "Shoot the Moon" (†).
Theatre 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
Theatre 4: "Absence of Malice" (†).
Theatre 5: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.
Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ragtime" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 25: "Return of Bruce." From Feb. 26: "Vice Squad" (Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson.
Theatre 4: "Venom" (Piers Haggard), with Sterling Hayden and Klaus Kinski.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Reds" (†).

LOEWS STATE I AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 25: "Vice Squad" (Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson. From Feb. 26: "The Seduction" (David Schmoeller), with Morgan Fairchild and Michael Sarrazin.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Personal Best" (†).

RIVOLI I AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through March 4: "The Border" (†). From March 5: "Missing" (Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek.
Theatre 2: Through March 4: "On Golden Pond" (†). From March 5: "Evil Under the Sun" (Guy Hamilton), with Peter Ustinov.

R.K.O. CENTURY CINERAMA I AND 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 25: "Over the Edge" (1979; Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon. From Feb. 26: "Evil Speaks."

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 24: "This Man Must Die" (1969; directed by Claude Chabrol; in French), with Michel Duchaussoy and Jean Yanne; and "La Femme Infidèle" (1969; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet.
Feb. 25: "Saint Jack" (1979; Peter Bogdanovich), with Ben Gazzara; and "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman.
Feb. 26-27: "The Bride Wore Black" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "Mississippi Mermaid" (1970; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve.
Feb. 28: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and "The Buddy Holly Story" (1978; Steve Rash), with Gary Busey in the title role.
March 1: "Oblomov" (1981; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.
March 2: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "The House of the Sleeping Virgins" (1968; Kozaburo Yoshimura; in Japanese).
March 3: "Being There" (†) and "A Report on the Party and the Guests" (†).
March 4-6: "David" (1982; Peter Lilienthal; in German); and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Perspectives on French Cinema," a program of new films, all in French with English subtitles:
Feb. 24: "Prends 10,000 Balles et Casse Toi" (Mahmoud Zemmouri), "La Fille Prodigue" (Jacques Doillon), and "Les Fourberies de Scapin" (Roger Coggio). Mr. Doillon will be present at 7:15.
Feb. 25: "L'Ombre Rouge" (Jean-Louis Comolli) and "Prends 10,000 Balles et Casse Toi." Mr. Comolli will be present at 7:45.
Feb. 26: "Ambara Dama" (Jean Rouch and Germaine Dieterlen), "Chronique Indienne" (Bernard Mazauric and Antoine Sabarros), "After Pink Splash," eight short animated films by Paul Dopff, "Une Histoire d'Amour" (Gilles Béhat), and "Le Sang du Flamboyant" (François Migeat). Mr. Migeat will be present at 6:25.
Feb. 27: "After Pink Splash," "Chronique Indienne," "Ambara Dama," "La Fille Prodigue," and "Les Fourberies de Scapin." Mr. Doillon will be present at 8.
Feb. 28: "Buffet Froid" (Bertrand Blier), "Le Jardinier" (Jean-Pierre Sentier), and "Prends 10,000 Balles et Casse Toi."
March 1: "Le Jardinier" and "Buffet Froid."
March 2 at 7:30: "The Mother and the Whore" (1973; Jean Eustache; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun.
March 3-6: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 25: "1900" (Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
Feb. 26-27: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971; Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Sally Kellerman, and Tom Skerritt.
Feb. 28-March 2: "To Be or Not to Be" (†) and "The Great Dictator" (†).
March 3-4: "End of the Road" (†); and "Accident" (1967; Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant.
March 5-6: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke

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Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Badlands" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Feb. 25: "McVicar" (1980; Tom Clegg), with Roger Daltrey and Adam Faith.

From Feb. 26: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with The Band.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Feb. 28: "At the Circus" (1939) and "Go West" (1941), both films directed by Irving Brecher, with the Marx Brothers.

March 1-3: Theatre closed.

March 4-6: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (1965; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Joseph Cotten.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Feb. 28: "The Night Porter" (1974; Liliana Cavani), with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling.

March 1-3: Theatre closed.

From March 4: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton) and "Thunderball" (1965; Terrence Young), *both James Bond films with* Sean Connery.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Feb. 24: "A Woman of Paris" (1923; Charles Chaplin; a silent film), with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller; and "Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, and Margaret Livingston.

Feb. 25-27: "Blonde Bombshell" ("Bombshell;" 1933; Victor Fleming), with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, Frank Morgan, and Una Merkel; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

Feb. 28-March 1: "Lady Sings the Blues" (1972; Sidney J. Furie), with Diana Ross, Billy Dee Williams, and Richard Pryor; and "Funny Girl" (†).

March 2-3: "Two Women" (1961; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

March 4-6: "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Little Foxes" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Feb. 24: "Greed" (1924; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Gibson Gowland, ZaSu Pitts, and Jean Hersholt; and "The Crowd" (1928; King Vidor; a silent film), with Eleanor Boardman and James Murray.

Feb. 25: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Peter O'Toole, Anthony Quayle, Omar Sharif, and José Ferrer.

Feb. 26-27: "The Bottom Line" (1976; Georges Lautner; in French), with Pierre Richard and Miou-Miou; and "The Return of the Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1976; Yves Robert; in French), with Pierre Richard.

Feb. 28: "The Day After Trinity" (1981; Jon Else), a documentary about J. Robert Oppenheimer; and "Women in Arms" (1981; Victoria Schultz), a documentary.

March 1: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Fail Safe" (1964; Sidney Lumet), with Henry Fonda, Dan O'Herlihy, Walter Matthau, and Frank Overton.

March 2: "The Beginning or the End" (1947; Norman Taurog), with Robert Walker, Tom Drake, and Audrey Totter; "The War Game" (†); and "El Salvador: Another Vietnam" (1981; Glenn Sibler and Tete Vasconsellos), a documentary.

March 3: "Men Must Fight" (1933; Edgar Selwyn), with Diana Wynyard, Phillips Holmes, Lewis Stone, and Robert Young; and "The War at Home" (1980; Glenn

Silber and Barry Alexander Brown), a documentary.

March 4: "The China Syndrome" (†); and "We Are the Guinea Pigs" (1981; Joan Harvey), a documentary.

March 5-6: "The Memory of Justice" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 24: "The Man I Love" (1947; Raoul Walsh), with Ida Lupino and Robert Alda; and "The Hard Way" (1943; Vincent Sherman), with Ida Lupino and Dennis Morgan.

Feb. 25: "Charlie Chan in Rio" (1941; Harry Lachman) and "Charlie Chan in the Meeting at Midnight" (1944; Phil Rosen), both with Sidney Toler as the detective.

Feb. 26-27: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

Feb. 28: "Auntie Mame" (1958; Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne; and "Travels with My Aunt" (†).

March 1: "Lady in the Lake" (†) and "Night Must Fall" (†).

March 2: "Dressed to Kill" (1946) and "Terror by Night" (1946), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

March 3: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

March 4: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

March 5-6: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (1965; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Joseph Cotten.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A video installation by Michael Smith, including a twenty-five-minute videotape starring Smith, directed by Mark Fischer, Mr. Smith will be present on Thursday, Feb. 25, at 2. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Feb. 24 at 8: "Three Songs About Lenin" (1934; Dziga Vertov; in Russian, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 8: Three French films by Jean Vigo. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 8: "L'Atalante" (1934; Jean Vigo; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 2: Video works by Skip Blumberg. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 8: A program of works by John Sibley Watson and Melville Webber, James and John Whitney, and Andy Warhol. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 8: "The Chelsea Girls" (1966; Andy Warhol). . . . ¶ March 2 at 8: A program of four films by Kenneth Anger. . . . ¶ March 3 at 8: A program of five films by Kenneth Anger. . . . ¶ March 4 at 8: A program of five films by Bruce Baillie. . . . ¶ March 5 at 8: A program of films by Jordan Belson and Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ March 6 at 2: A video program by Deans Keppel. . . . ¶ March 6 at 8: A program of thirteen films by Robert Breer.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in June.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Absence of Malice—A well-paced newspaper melodrama that queries journalistic practices. Sally Field is the insensitive, eager-beaver Miami reporter who snaps up a false story leaked to her by the head of a federal strike force (Bob Balaban). The federal man's purpose is simply to stir things up by putting pressure on an honest businessman who has Mafia relatives. Paul Newman is the victim who turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them. The script is by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, the director is Sydney Pollack, and the film is moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue. Except for the intensity of Newman's sly, compact performance and the marvellously inventive acting of Melinda Dillon in the role of an achingly helpless, frightened woman, and the character bits by Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and John Harkins, you could get it all by reading an article. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/4/82.) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York, and Waverly; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 4.)

Airplane! (1980)—If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (9/1/80) (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 26-March 4.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through March 4.)

Atlantic City—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does, the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Festival; through March 4. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Feb. 26.)

Badlands (1973)—Probably we've all seen those convicted killers in prison documentaries on TV who sound uninvolved and mechanical when they talk about their crimes; Terrence Malick's début picture extends that uninvolvement to the whole culture. Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girlfriend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. With Warren Oates; art direction by Jack Fisk. The music is by Carl Orff and Erik Satie. (Cinema Village; March 5-6.)

Being There (1979)—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel. The picture, which has gained depth and character because of Hal Ashby's thoughtful direction, is frequently comic, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 3.)

The Border—In this impressive muckraking movie, Jack Nicholson plays a United States border patrolman whose job is to shove Mexicans back to their side of the Rio Grande. He hates his work because most of his colleagues are in cahoots with the American businesses that hire wetbacks, and the patrolmen make their big money by closing their eyes to vans full of workers earmarked for their business partners. Working from a script by Deric Washburn, Walon Green, and David Freeman, and with the cinematographers Ric Waite and Vilmos Zsigmond, director Tony Richardson is able to encompass so much in the wide-screen frame that he shows how the whole corrupt mess works. Nicholson tries to help an unspoiled young Mexican girl (Elpidia Carrillo), who is the opposite of his giggly sexpot wife (Valerie Perrine), and has to go through hell to do it. Nicholson is completely convincing as a man who has been living in dung up to his ears and feels he has to do one decent thing before it covers his head. With Harvey Keitel, Warren Oates, Shannon Wilcox, and Jeff Morris. (2/1/82) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Gemini, U. A. East, and Rivoli; through March 4.)

Cattle Annie and Little Britches—An unusual Western with a tip-top cast. The movie is based on the lives of two adolescent girls in the late nineteenth century who became infatuated with the outlaw heroes they'd read about in Ned Buntline's stories and ran off to join them. The girls (Amanda Plummer, who is excitingly, weirdly lyric in her movie début, and the fastidious young actress Diane Lane) find the mangy, demoralized remnants of the Doolin-Dalton gang, led by the aging Bill Doolin (Burt Lancaster), and try to inspire them to live up to the legend created by Buntline. Scott Glenn, in long sideburns and a mustache, is Bill Dalton, and the gang also includes John Savage. The director, Lamont Johnson, has a warm, honest touch that the actors respond to. He even manages to hold down Rod Steiger, who plays the beady-eyed U.S. marshal chasing Doolin, and the result is one of Steiger's best performances in years. Though the script, by David Eyre and Robert Ward, from Ward's book, doesn't seem to build, and the film isn't as explosively funny as it should be, most of the incidents have a neat, dry humor, and Burt Lancaster's Doolin is a magnificent, sagging old buffalo—a charmer. The cinematography (with crisp, intense color) is by Larry Pizer. (6/15/81) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting March 2.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, Lincoln Plaza, and Criterion Theatres.)

The China Syndrome (1979)—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells. She has been used by TV for her looks, and has endlessly talked brightly about trivia while serious things are going on around her. She gets her chance to be as committed as she wants to be when she learns that a nuclear power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who discovers the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (Thalia; March 4.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic and a childlike comic spirit. The version playing now is called "the Special Edition;" Spielberg has reëdited the film—he has made some trims, put in some outtakes, and shot a few new bits. The action is swifter, and the central character, played by Richard Dreyfuss, is easier to understand, but you may miss some of the scenes that have been cut, and find that the outtakes that Spielberg has substituted for the scenes you remember keep jarring you. With François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, Bob Balaban, and Cary Guffey. (11/28/77 and 9/1/80) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 3-6.)

End of the Road (1970)—The John Barth 1958 novel is about a triangle in an academic setting, and the best scenes in the movie are the quiet ones that are closest to the spirit of the book. But most of the time the director, Aram Avakian, and his co-screenwriters, Dennis McGuire and Terry Southern, feverishly pound us with shock effects and apocalyptic messages. Gordon Willis's camerawork is often beautiful, the optical effects are sometimes elegant, and the sets and details are often remarkably fine, but the absurdist point of view has too self-congratulatory a tone. Guns and American flags are the running shticks of the movie, and the performers (Stacy Keach as the catatonic hero, Dorothy Tristan, Harris Yulin, and James Earl Jones) are intercut with mushroom clouds, atrocities, and a moon shot. (Cinema Village; March 3-4.)

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Four Friends—Arthur Penn goes laboriously, painfully wrong in this story about the friendship of three boys and the girl whom each of them loves at some time—a friendship that spans the American social changes of the sixties and takes the four through adolescence (in Indiana) to maturity. The script is Steve Tesich's semi-autobiographical account of the arrival in this country of a Yugoslavian youth, Danilo, who comes with a heavy, symbolic trunk—it seems to be full of solid values. There's a wholesome, beefy moralism in Tesich's writing, and Penn brings out its hearty bouquet. The film combines the worst of the Freudianism and the self-pity of the William Inge-Elia Kazan "Splendor in the Grass" with the worst of the immigrant theme of Kazan's "America America." The characters are always learning life's important lessons, and the movie carefully spells out which side it's on. The colorless quartet is made up of Craig Wasson as Danilo, Jodi Thelen as the girl, and Jim Metzler and Michael Huddleston. Also with Miklos Simon, Reed Birney, Julia Murray, James Leo Herlihy, and Lois Smith. (1/4/82) (New Yorker; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; Feb. 26-March 4.)

The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (St. Marks Cinema, and Cinema 3; through Feb 25. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through March 4. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Feb. 26-March 4.)

Funny Girl (1968)—A bravura performance by Barbra Streisand. As Fanny Brice, she has the wittiest comic inflections since the comediennes of the thirties; she makes her written dialogue sound like inspired improvisation. As the shady gambler Nicky Arnstein, phlegmatic Omar Sharif appears to be some sort of visiting royalty, with a pained professional smile to put the common people at their ease. But Streisand's triumphant talent rides right over the film's weaknesses. William Wyler directed, with musical sequences staged by Herbert Ross. With Walter Pidgeon, Kay Medford, and Anne Francis. Screenplay by Isobel Lennart, from her play; songs by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill; production design by Gene Callahan. (Regency; Feb. 28-March 1.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin the sentimentalist can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Cinema Village; Feb. 28-March 2.)

Lady in the Lake (1947)—A Raymond Chandler murder mystery with the camera functioning as the Private Eye—that is, as the eyes of Philip Marlowe, the narrator-protagonist (Robert Montgomery), who is seen in his entirety only when his reflection is caught in mirrors. This novelty is a nuisance, and is frustrating besides, since Montgomery (who also directed) is the only star and the plot isn't involving enough to compensate for the absence of star byplay. At one point, the face of Audrey Totter, the feminine lead, comes swimming out at you, lips ajar, as if to honor you with a great big kiss; then she's lost in shadows. That's about as close as you get to any fun. With Lloyd Nolan, Leon Ames, and Jayne Meadows. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 1.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Regency; March 4-6.)

The Memory of Justice (1976)—Centering on the definitions of war crimes formulated at the Nuremberg Trials, Marcel Ophuls examines the atrocities committed in Vietnam and other places; he attempts nothing less than an investigation of the nature of war guilt, and the film runs four hours and thirty-eight minutes. Striving for complexity, Ophuls extends his inquiry in so many directions that he loses his subject; despite some remarkable footage, the film is chaotic, plodding, and excessively self-conscious. (Thalia; March 5-6.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect

foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Night Must Fall (1937)—Robert Montgomery, the foremost romantic light comedian of the early talkies, startled movie audiences when he took this role of a baby-faced killer—a Cockney psychopath carrying a sinister hatbox. Adapted (just barely) by John Van Druten from the Emlyn Williams play, this shocker, set in an isolated cottage, is stagebound but very scary. Intelligent, repressed Rosalind Russell is drawn to the smiling, thick-lipped Montgomery but becomes frightened when she sees him wheedling his way into the affections of a silly, spoiled old lady (Dame May Whitty). The direction, by Richard Thorpe, is somewhat ponderous (in the we-want-to-be-sure-you-are-catching-every-single-detail M-G-M manner), but the penny-dreadful theatrics are gruesomely effective. This is one of the rare movies in which the viewer loathes the potential victim (Whitty) and still doesn't want to see her get it. With Alan Marshal, Merle Tottenham, Kathleen Harrison, and E. E. Clive. (A 1964 English version, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Albert Finney, was insistently cinematic, and a mess.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 1.)

One from the Heart—Francis Ford Coppola's jewelled version of an experimental pastiche. You get the feeling that Coppola piled so many visual ideas and comedy bits on top of the small story he started with that it disappeared from sight. It's set in a metaphorical Las Vegas on Independence Day, when Frannie (Teri Garr) walks out on Hank (Frederic Forrest), whom she has been living with. The holiday is treated like Mardi Gras, with crowds dancing through the streets. All we're asked to care about is whether Hank, who's in love with Frannie, will win her back. Or, rather, this story being negligible, what we're asked to respond to is Coppola's confectionary artistry. The movie is very pretty and sometimes eerily charming, but a day later the film is as blurry in the mind as the memory of a psychedelic light show. With Nastassia Kinski, Raul Julia, Harry Dean Stanton, and Lainie Kazan, and a song track with Tom Waits and Crystal Gayle. From a script by Armyan Bernstein and Coppola. (2/1/82) (Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through March 3.)

On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St., Quad Cinema, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Rivoli; through March 4.)

Pennies from Heaven—A startling, stylized big M-G-M musical, set in the mythology of the Depression. When the characters can't say how they feel, they open their mouths, and out of them come the voices on hit records of the thirties. And as they lip-sync the lyrics their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals. The dance numbers are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once; several of them are just about perfection. And though some of the dialogue scenes are awkwardly paced and almost static, they still have a rapt, gripping quality. Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken, Vernel Bagneris, Jessica Harper, Tommy Rall, Robert Fitch, and Jay Garner all seem to be working at their highest capacities. This is also true of Danny Daniels, who did the choreography; Ken Adam, who designed the production; Bob Mackie, who did the costumes; Gordon Willis, who was the cinematographer; and Dennis Potter, who wrote the script, which is adapted from his six-segment BBC series. The film was directed by Herbert Ross. (12/21/81) (72nd Street East, and Olym-

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pia Quad; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through March 4.)

Personal Best—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story non-verbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another. He breaks down athletic events into specific details: you watch the athletes' calves or some other part of them, and you get an exact sense of how their bodies work—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is somatically charged. The women athletes are all great-looking and all funny, because physically they have advanced so much faster than men's thinking about them has. They razz men flirtatiously, flaunting their own strength. This is a very smart and supersubtle movie in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. It should be one of the best dating movies of all time, because it pares away all traces of self-consciousness. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (Sutton, Greenwich Playhouse, and Movieland.)

Pixote—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of some abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, the ten-year-old Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli (Marília Pera), the whoriest whore imaginable—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Quad Cinema; through March 4.)

Ragtime—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner, and Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Embassy 1.)

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Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film works, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 26-March 4. . . . ¶ Guild, 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Feb. 26.)

Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

A Report on the Party and the Guests (1966)—Jan Němec's Czech fable about totalitarianism was banned instantly in 1966, when it was made, and released only in 1968, by the Dubček regime. The allegory is about a picnic that turns into a frightening feast in the company of a load of convivial-looking, overbearing strangers who behave as if they were fellow-picnickers. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 3.)

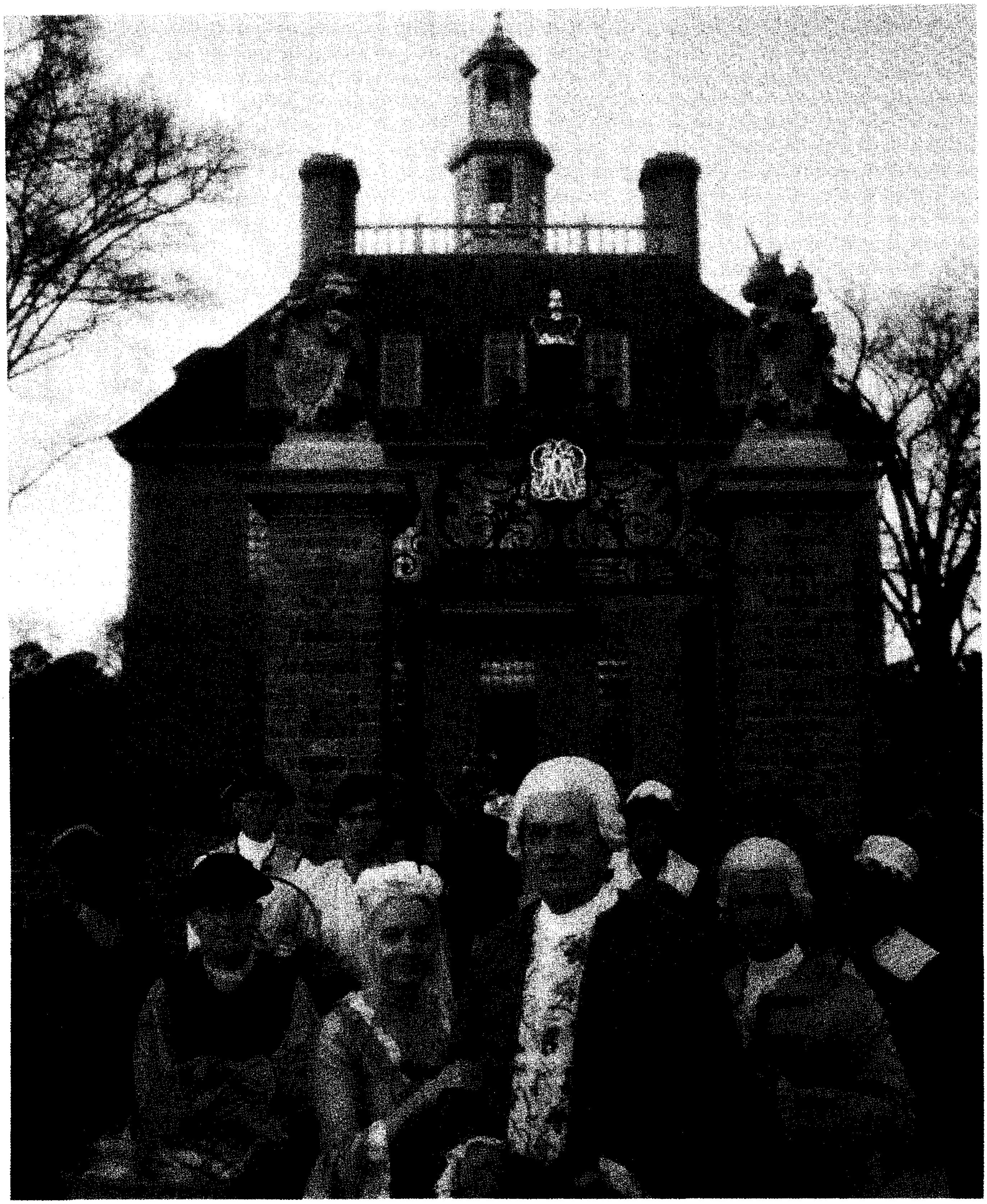
Shoot the Moon—As Faith and George Dunlap, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary. And, in its smaller dimensions, Dana Hill's performance as their thirteen-year-old daughter is perhaps equally fine. This unapologetically grownup movie about separating is perhaps the most revealing American film of its era. Though the director, Alan Parker, doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness. The characters in the script, written by Bo Goldman, aren't taken from the movies, or from books, either. Their emotions are raw, and rawness is what makes this film get to you. Diane Keaton has no vanity; Faith's angry misery is almost like a debauch—it makes her appear sodden. And Finney seems possessed by a great role—pulled into it kicking and screaming. With Peter Weller, Karen Allen, George Murdock, and three child actresses—Viveka Davis, Tracey Gold, and Tina Yothers. (1/18/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Cinema II, Waverly, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 4.)

Ticket to Heaven—A Canadian film on a hot, dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco, the hero (Nick Mancuso), a handsome young Toronto schoolteacher, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a smiling child-zombie panhandler. As the hero's friend, Saul Rubinek has a wry, affectionate manner and bright, brimming eyes that register double takes. The picture could have used a better script and more taut direction, but the subject in itself makes it fairly compelling. Based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and on his 1980 book "Moonwebs." With Meg Foster, Guy Boyd, and Robert Joy; directed by Ralph L. Thomas from his and Anne Cameron's script. (11/23/81) (Greenwich Playhouse; through Feb. 25.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—Some people have great affection for this anti-Nazi comedy-melodrama, with its knockabout seriousness. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor husband; the plot involves the actors' disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who starts off on the wrong foot and never gets his balance; the performers yowl their lines, and the burlesque of the Nazis, who cower before their superior officers, is so crudely gleeful it isn't funny. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, Felix Bressart, Tom Dugan (as Hitler), Sig Rumann, Maude Eburne, Halliwell Hobbes, and Miles Mander. The script was written by Edwin Justice Mayer, from a story conceived by Lubitsch and Melchior Lengyel. Photographed by Rudolph Maté. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Cinema Village; Feb. 28-March 2.)

Travels with My Aunt (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. With Lou Gossett, Cindy Williams, Robert Stephens, and Robert Flemyng. Directed by George Cukor; written by Jay Presson Allen and Hugh Wheeler; cinematography by Douglas Slocombe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 28.)

The War Game (1966)—The time is the near future and a nuclear bomb has been dropped on London, in Peter Watkins' quasi-documentary vision of disaster. Generally considered a searing anti-war tract, though it's on the creaking-with-good-intentions side. (Thalia; March 2.)



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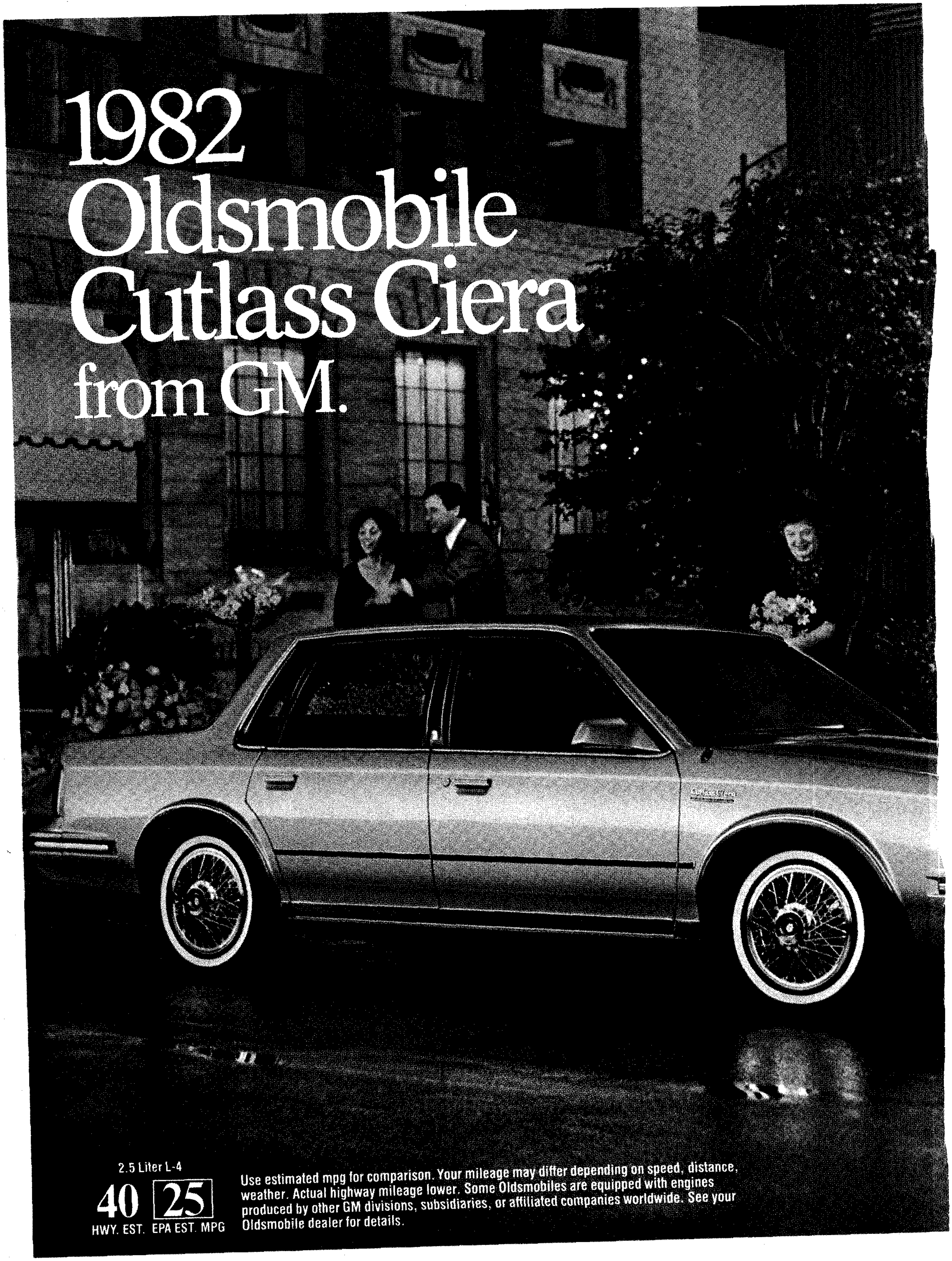
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE pianist and composer Thelonious Monk, who died last week, at the age of sixty-four, was an utterly original man who liked to pretend he was an eccentric. Indeed, he used eccentricity as a shield to fend off a world that he frequently found alien, and even hostile. A tall, dark, funny, bearish, inward-shining man, he wore odd hats and dark glasses with bamboo frames when he played. His body moved continuously. At the keyboard, he swayed convulsively back and forth and from side to side, his feet flapping like flounders on the floor. While his sidemen soloed, he would stand by the piano and dance, turning in slow, genial circles, his elbows out like wings, his knees slightly bent, his fingers snapping on the after-beat. His motions celebrated what he and his musicians played: Watch, these are the shapes of my music. His compositions and his playing were of a piece. His improvisations were molten Monk compositions, and his compositions were frozen Monk improvisations. His medium- and up-tempo tunes are stop-and-go rhythmic structures. Their melodic lines, which often hinge on flatted notes, tend to be spare and direct, but they are written with strangely placed rests and unexpected accents. They move irregularly through sudden intervals and retards and broken rhythms. His balladlike tunes are altogether different. They are intense and graceful art songs, which move slowly and three-dimensionally. They are carved sound. (Monk's song titles—"Crepuscule with Nellie," "Epistrophy," "Ruby, My Dear," "Well You Needn't," "Rhythm-a-ning," "Hackensack"—are as striking as the songs themselves. But none match his extraordinary name, Thelonious Sphere Monk, which surpasses such euphonies as Stringfellow Barr and Twyla Tharp.) His improvisations were ingenious attempts to disguise his love of melody. He clothed whatever he played with spindly runs, flatted notes, flatted chords, repeated single notes, yawning silences, and zigzag rhythms. Sometimes he pounded the keyboard with his right elbow. His brilliant style protected him not only from his love of melody but from his love of the older pianists he grew out of—Duke Ellington and the stride pianists and the likes of Art Tatum. All peered out from inside his solos, but he let them escape only in the form of parody.

Monk hid himself so well behind his music that we know little of him. He was brought from North Carolina when he was little, he eventually settled in the West Sixties, and he lived there until his building was torn down. He married the Nellie of his song title, and he had two children, one of whom became a drummer. He began appearing in New York night clubs around 1940, but he achieved little recognition until the late fifties. (He was often lumped with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie; however, he did not have much in common with them outside of certain harmonic inventions.) Part of the reason for Monk's slow blooming was his iconoclastic music, and part was the fact that he was unable to perform in New York night clubs from 1951 to 1957—the time when Charles Mingus and the Modern Jazz Quartet and Gerry Mulligan were coming to the fore. (The police had lifted his cabaret card, because he had been found sitting in a car in which narcotics were concealed.) But he exploded when he returned to the scene, and he suddenly seemed to be everywhere—on record after exceptional record, at concerts and festivals, at the old Five Spot and the Vanguard and the Jazz Gallery. He filled us with his noble, funny, generous music. His attendance record in night clubs was spotty (he was often late, and sometimes he didn't show up at all), but the cumulative excellence of his playing made him a standard against which to measure all jazz.

Then, in 1973, he vanished again. There were rumors that he was ill and had been taken in by his old friend and mentor the Baroness Nica de Koenigswarter, who lives in a big house in Weehawken, New Jersey. The rumors turned out to be true, and this is what the Baroness had to say about Monk one day last fall: "No doctor has put his finger on what is wrong with him, and he has had every medical test under the sun. He's not unhappy, and his mind works very well. He knows what is going on in the world, and I don't know how, because he doesn't read the newspapers and he only watches a little telly. He's withdrawn, that's all. It's as though he had gone into retreat. He takes walks several times a week, and his wife, Nellie, comes over from New York almost every day to cook for him. He began to withdraw in 1973, and he hasn't touched the piano since 1976. He has one twenty or thirty feet from his bed, so to speak, but he never goes near it. When Barry Harris visits, he practices on it, and he'll ask Monk what the correct changes to 'Ruby, My Dear' are, and Monk will tell him. Charlie Rouse, his old tenor saxophonist, came to see him on his birthday the other day, but Monk isn't really interested in seeing anyone. The strange thing is he looks beautiful. He has never *said* that he won't play the piano again. He suddenly went into this, so maybe he'll suddenly come out."

But Monk must have known he wouldn't. His last public appearance, at the Newport Jazz Festival of 1976, was painful. His playing was mechanical and uncertain, and, astonishingly, his great Gothic style had fallen away. His very soul had gone, and he never found it again.

• •

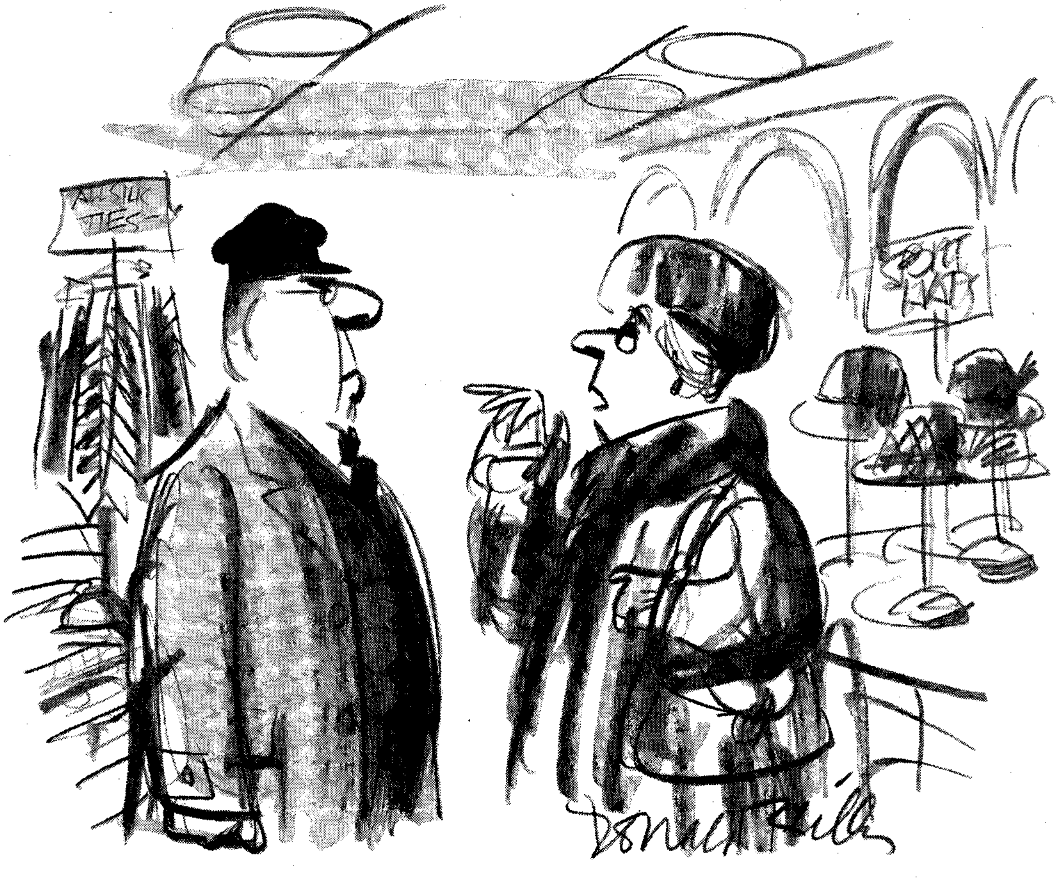
Waterfront

A FRIEND writes:

You think New York can be cold? Try the waterfront of Portland, Maine, at six-thirty in the morning. I was driving down Commercial Street last week—passing through—bumping along over ice and cobblestones and, in places, old trolley tracks or train tracks curving toward the wharves. Blocks of beautiful brick buildings here—lots of respectful restoration and some fancy new stores but nothing obtrusive. I parked in front of a snowbank at Casco Bay Lines ("Scenic Cruises—Serving 365 Maine Islands"). Across the way, on the corner of Pearl Street, was a three-story Victorian sliver that might have been plucked from the old Executive Office Building in Washington. "United States Custom House," said gold letters on its façade. Snow was sticking to its stone railings and cornices all the way up, and it looked vacant. Harbor Lunch, a few yards away, appeared to be open and fully occupied. On the door was a list of the hours: "5-2 Daily, Except Sat. and Sun. (5-12)." Inside were a long counter, tables, booths. Steamy, warm, and crowded. Sign on wall: "Steak Dinner $3.49." Customers in wool hats, sweaters, down vests; nobody had removed more than the top layer. Lots of talk; people glad to be indoors. A waitress in a heavy white sweater, jeans, and boots brought me coffee. "It's hard to get up at three, to get here at four, so we can open at five for the fishermen," she said. "They're usually gone by five-thirty or six, but if it's rough they just stay in here until the weather clears." Outside again, I crossed Commercial Street and turned down a narrow, snow-clogged street leading onto a wharf. Pungent. Peered into windows of Harbor Fish Market ("We Pack Live Lobster to Travel"). It was dark inside, but piles of ice were gleaming in metal bins, waiting for fish. Salted cod in plastic bags were hanging from the ceiling like albino bats. A sign said, "Fresh Cusk Fillet $1.49." (Is that steep for fillet of cusk? Or a bargain? What's cusk?) Suddenly, the street was full of bundled-up people coming out of a doorway, some with backpacks, others carrying bags or briefcases; two young men with beards, each carrying a chain saw. I went through the doorway and came to an open dock with Y-shaped pillars and red-painted benches. It was the landing for Casco Bay Lines. "Loose Commutation Tickets Will Not Be Accepted," said a sign. Another said:

Please Remain Seated
Until Boat Is Tied Up
Or
If Standing
Brace Yourself.
Casco Bay Lines.

The Island Holiday, a sixty-five-foot boat, had apparently just docked. A young fellow was sweeping ice off the gray forward deck. "This boat came in from Peak's Island," he told me. "That's an outlying section of Portland." A second boat turned into the slip. "Island Romance," it said on the stern, and it seemed to be empty; nobody was on deck. But as soon as it hit the pier a door opened and people surged from belowdecks as if coming up out of an I.R.T. stop. There were thirty or forty of them; they filed up the gangplank and headed into Portland.



"On Helmut Schmidt, yes."

A small woman with rosy cheeks and curly gray hair, wearing a blue backpack, stood by the entrance of Casco Bay Lines, looking down the street. "My son is supposed to pick me up," she said. She had a full-sized wooden door with her, leaning against the wall; I had missed seeing how she managed to get it ashore. "I came from Cliff Island," she said. "It's an hour's ride. The island is a couple of miles long and about half a mile wide. Around eighty people live there in the winter. There's just one small store. The school only goes through the eighth grade;

after that the students commute to high school in Portland.” She peered down the street. It was full of fish trucks now, trying to get past each other between the walls of snow. “I used to live in Massachusetts,” said the woman, “and I went to Cliff Island every summer for thirty years. Two years ago, I retired, and I moved out there year round. It's peaceful. No hassle. I love it.”

GANG BUSTERS

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Constant

JOEL HIRSCHHORN, a fifteen-year-old senior at Stuyvesant High School, in Manhattan, talking about his paper “On the Distribution of Twin Primes,” to which the attractive equation

$$E(n) = \frac{n}{\log^2 n - \log n \bullet \log \log n}$$

is somehow essential, and for which he was recently chosen as one of forty finalists in the Westinghouse Science Talent Search, a national competition among high-school seniors:

“Two years ago, I was talking to a friend in the computer room at Stuyvesant, and he told me what twin primes were, and I started thinking about them. Primes are any numbers that can be divided by themselves and 1 but by no others, without a remainder, and twin primes are primes that are two apart—3-5, 5-7, 11-13, and so on. I wasn't exactly sure I would do it for the contest, though. I was thinking about a few other things, too. For instance, I still haven't found anyone who knows if mice are color-blind. I asked around, but all anybody could come up with was an inconclusive study done in the early nineteen-hundreds—which is surprising, I think. I just read in *Scientific American* that they have discovered color vision in fish, and fish seem a lot more difficult to work with than mice, but I found out that for the competition you're not allowed to remove vertebrates from their environment, so I gave that idea up. I also thought about doing something on the Lyon Hypothesis, which has to do with genetics. That came up because a couple of years ago on a biology test the teacher asked for a reason for a particular thing to have happened, and I came up with an explanation that I later learned was the Lyon Hypothesis. My father is a research physician, and I asked him about it, and as he explained it I got interested, but I later discarded it, because it would have been very complicated and so difficult to get results for that I might have put in all that time and not necessarily had anything to show for it—which is almost what happened anyway. I had a couple of other ideas, too, but I forget them now. Whatever they were, I guess I didn't think about them very long.

“I began in the spring of 1980, by counting twin primes. I didn't have a computer—just a programmable calculator, and that didn't have a printout, so I just had to sit there and watch it and wait and write down the answer when it arrived. Right away, it started to take about five minutes to come up with the next twin prime, and it got even slower as it went on, because of the nature of the problem. I didn't get past 150 before I decided it was useless, considering I was working up to eighty billion. So I gave it up for the moment. That summer, when I was fourteen, I went to a math program at Hampshire College, and one of the courses I took was about prime numbers, and that helped; and I also learned a little bit about computers. I began the project for real, then, last winter. I figured I'd better get an early start, so I wouldn't be frantic at the end, and it was lucky I did. I had some trouble. I got a computer, but I didn't write a really good program for a while, and I was getting the wrong data. The computer seemed to be *adding* wrong—which is impossible, I think, for a computer. I wanted the right data, so I checked back, and found the error, and revised the program, but I had lost some time—a lot of time, actually—and I didn't have all that much to begin with. Monday afternoons, I teach computers at the Village Community School; Tuesdays, I have a bassoon lesson; Wednesdays, the math team—I'm on it—has meets with other schools in the city; Saturday mornings are All-City High School Orchestra rehearsal, and after that I have my piano lesson. I study with Erna Jonas, on Ninety-sixth Street, and, along with other piano students, I play a concert once or twice a year at Carnegie Recital Hall or the Donnell Library. So Saturday is almost like a school day—except it's not, too. So, anyway, I've used up the spring, and now I'm into the summer.

“Then I had real trouble. This gets a little technical for a moment. It's not as important to understand what was happening with the mathematics as it is to know it went horribly wrong. As it is now, the first half of my project shows that there *is* a constant for predicting twin primes, and the second half shows how that constant works with my formula to predict the actual numbers. But from mid-August to the middle of November I was on a different tack—I was *expecting* the constant for twin primes to match the square of the constant for primes. It would have made a neat package. I was also trying to prove that the constant for twin primes approached 1, as the constant for single primes does. What's important to know, however, is that I was *counting* on it, I put all my hopes on it, and it turned out to be totally a red herring. And I spent three months trying to figure out what was wrong with my data that they didn't show what I wanted them to—I wasn't sure I had *enough* data. There was no one I could ask about it except the great mathematicians, so I went to the library at N.Y.U. and found a small reference to a source that was an article in a journal, and it suggested that the constant *definitely* doesn't go to 1, and I went 'Oh, no.' That was supposed to be kind of the knockout punch of my paper. Instead, I had to suddenly cross out everything that had to do with 1 and the relationship to single primes. So it's mid-November, the paper's due in mid-December, and I'm suddenly back to mid-August. And not only that—I've suddenly gone from a whole paper to half a paper. The main problem was that once I found out that the constant wasn't 1, there either *wasn't* a constant, and then I had no paper at *all*, or there *was* one, but I might not find it in time, in which case I *still* had no paper. I was dismayed. So—for no reason except curiosity, I guess—I just thought I'd try my formula on the numbers starting at 80×10^9, which is eighty billion, and then down in intervals of ten billion to 70×10^9, 60×10^9, and so on. I ran them all at once, and as I read down the column a moment later on the printout I suddenly realized there *was* a constant. It wasn't 1, it was 1.255. It just hit me over the head: 1.255; 1.255; 1.255. All in a row. And then, just like that, I was back from half a paper to a whole paper again."

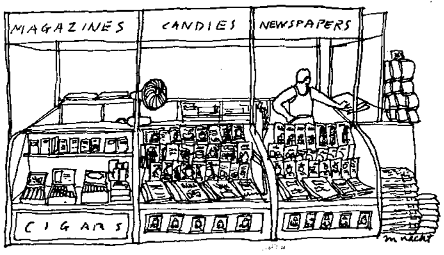
Hotel

A LUNCHEON was given to celebrate the opening of the Hotel Inter-Continental, on East Forty-eighth Street, which used to be the Barclay. A handsome woman with an executive position on the staff of the new hotel scanned the hotel's Vanderbilt Room—one of several rooms in which the luncheon was being held—from its threshold. "This used to be the premises of the Manhattan Club," she told a companion. "It had a tartan-type carpet on the floor, and it was really on its last legs. We spent thirty million dollars on the hotel altogether. I don't think anywhere else in Manhattan there is a suite of conference rooms like the one here, and we are very, very proud of it. We even fixed the birdcage in the lobby. It used to be famous, you know. 'Meet me by the birdcage at the Barclay' was like saying 'Meet me under the clock at the Biltmore.' So that was also part of the renovation—to have the cage restored and get some decent birds in there."

William J. Embury, the director of interior design for the Intercontinental Hotels Corporation, told us, "My responsibility is to see to *all* the interiors of *all* the hotels. There are twenty-three of them. Think of it! Along with other designers, I have done the interiors of twenty-three hotels. From Bali to Zagreb. Zagreb is my favorite, and no one ever sees it. This particular hotel is in a style reminiscent of that found in the marvellous old homes of the city at the time the Barclay was built. I wanted the names of the conference rooms to reflect those of the great New York families, whose names have also been perpetuated in streets—the Vanderbilts, the Suttons, the Beekmans. Harold S. Vanderbilt had an apartment on the top floor of this building. It's since been destroyed, but the Vanderbilt family controlled New York Central, which built the Commodore and the Biltmore and arranged for the building of the Barclay, and *this* is where he chose to live. Ernest Hemingway stayed here. So did Gloria Swanson. I want to do a Swanson suite sometime—all feather boas and pink satin."

Fred Peelen, the vice-president and general manager of the new hotel, delivered a brief talk. The Barclay was the New York City home of West Point cadets, he said, and in the lobby was the oldest pharmacy in New York—Caswell-Massey. He said that *sixty-five per cent of the clientele of* the Inter-Continental consists of frequent business travellers, and that they would mean more new business for New York. Then he introduced Leonard Leonard, of Leonard of London, a hairdressing concern, and his wife, Mrs. Leonard. They will have the hairdressing salon in the hotel.

Afterward, three people—two young women employees of the hotel and a tall man irreproachably dressed—had a conversation in a corner near the Vanderbilt Room. For a few minutes, the women discussed the hotel exclusively, and the man, who was not an employee, apparently found it difficult to add anything. His attention seemed to wander to the carpet. Then he looked into his drink. When one of the women introduced the subject of Vermont, he was evidently aware of the change but only half aware of the topic.



"I have two point three acres in Woodstock," the woman said. "I bought it at an auction. There's nothing on it, and I've only seen it once, from the window of a car, during a blizzard."

"I used to have a place in Woodstock," the man said. "Across the river from Rhinebeck."

"That's Woodstock, New York," said the woman. "I mean Ver*mont*. Woodstock, Vermont."

"Oh," he said. "I had a place there, too."

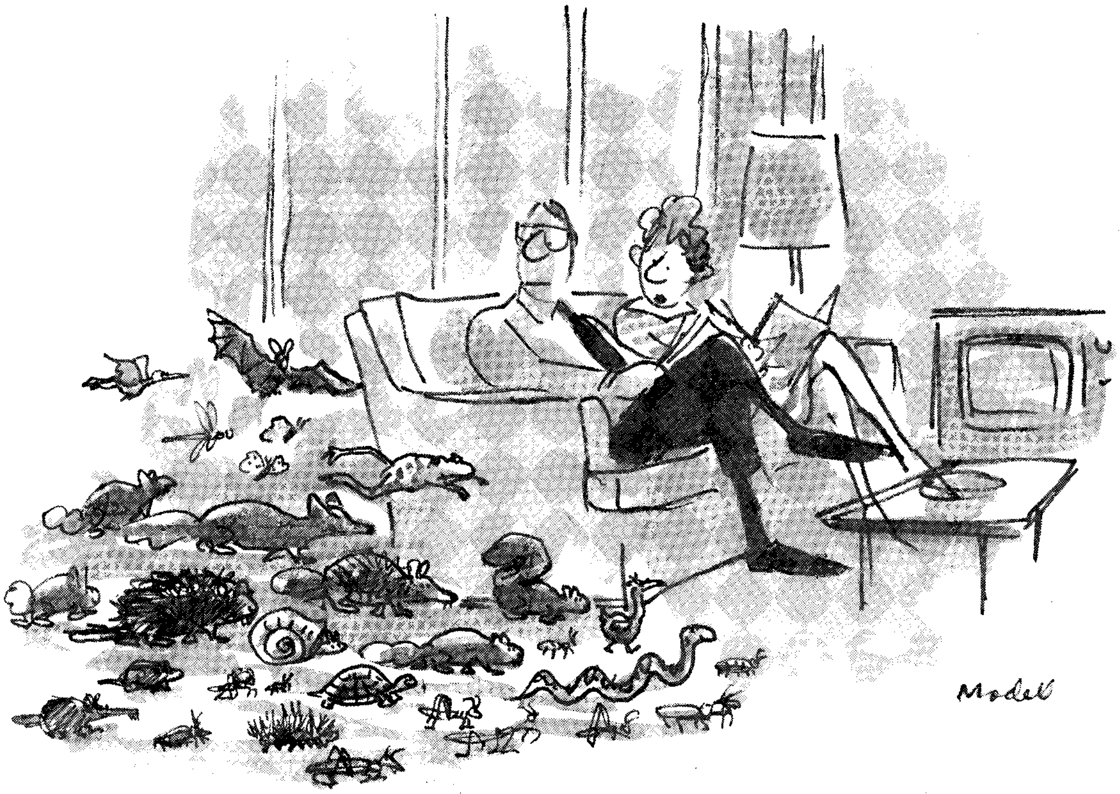
Flag

WE went up to the Explorers Club, on East Seventieth Street, the other afternoon to witness the presentation of something called the Flag for Planet Earth to an explorer who was about to set off on an expedition to the Andes. The presentation was to be held in the club's trophy room, on the fifth—the top—floor, and since we had arrived early, we spent some time looking around the room, which measures about thirty by sixty feet and has a peaked ceiling that rises to about forty feet at its center. A Persian rug covered most of the floor. Flanking a huge fireplace were two elephant tusks. Mounted in front of one of the room's leaded windows was a four-foot-long rhinoceros horn. At various spots around the room we saw a compass used by Admiral Peary, a model of the first Vanguard satellite, African shields, African drums, a mask from Upper Volta, a bronze bust of a Masai warrior, a number of wild-animal heads, some hunting knives, some antique rifles, and a totem pole. Not far from the totem pole, a serious-looking young man in a dinner jacket was sounding deep notes on a copper horn about eight feet long. He turned out to be Dr. Thomas McEvilley, who teaches at Rice University's Institute for the Arts. We asked him why he was blowing the horn.

"This is a Tibetan temple horn," Dr. McEvilley said. "I first heard it in Nepal. It is used ceremonially, and its sound is supposed to represent the void. We thought it would be appropriate for today's presentation."

He resumed blowing the horn—its sound was low, hollow, and somewhat minatory—and we approached a young man with shoulder-length gray hair who was wearing a double-breasted black velvet suit and a top hat. Removing his top hat, he told us that he was James Lee Byars, the artist who had designed the flag that was about to be presented. "It's nineteen feet in diameter, and it's a perfect circle, because it represents all the directions on earth," he said. "I've done a smaller version of the flag, only seven feet in diameter, which I expect will be taken aloft in a satellite and released, to circle in orbit forever. Actually, I regard that one as a planet *sign* rather than a planet *flag*, because it will represent the earth to the cosmos. Do you understand what I mean?"

We said that we thought we did.



"*Goodness, David Attenborough isn't on tonight, is he?*"

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Then we approached a small table, not far from the fireplace, behind which a dark-haired man was preparing to serve red liquid from a punch bowl and some red bananas from a platter. He told us that his name was Emery Velázquez, and that he worked for a caterer. "They told me that there would be a celebratory theme today," he said. "I dyed the vodka red, but it took me a half day of shopping to come up with the red bananas."

The presentation ceremony took place at about one-thirty, with some twenty members of the club and their guests in attendance. Mr. Byars, Dr. McEvilley, and a few other people unfolded the earth flag and draped it over some scaffolding. The flag was almost entirely of gold lamé. The recipient—Dr. Charles F. Brush, an archeologist, who is a former president of the Explorers Club and is now the national chairman of the Development Committee of the Sierra Club—made a statement accepting the flag, during which he said, "It's a world flag, it's a universal flag, it's the flag of the future."

As people broke into conversational groups, we spoke with Dr. Brush, whose impending departure for the Andes later that afternoon had brought the ceremony about. He is a tall, sturdily built gray-haired man, and he was wearing horn-rimmed glasses and a blue suit with a brass belt buckle shaped like an armadillo. He told us that the co-leader of the expedition would be a surveyor and mountaineer named Peter Bruchhausen, and that the team would include several Argentine scientists, from the Argentine Center for Anthropological Studies.

"We're going to the central portion of the Andes, and we may climb a peak known as Ojos del Salado," Dr. Brush explained. "Very little exploration has been done in that region. What reports we have on it come almost entirely from climbers, and they have seen what appear to be pre-Columbian ruins. The people who lived there many hundreds of years ago—probably Incas, to use the term rather loosely—may have venerated the mountains as sources of water, and thus sources of life. Ojos del Salado is the highest volcano in the world—it's inactive—and the area we plan to explore is at twenty-two thousand feet. We expect to go in on foot, probably with mules. We have had reports of architecture, ceramic and animal offerings, and mummified remains, and since almost none of the region has been mapped or photographed—only glimpsed—the prospect is very exciting. We'll be down there about six weeks, and I regard this expedition as a preliminary one, mainly to substantiate the stories we've heard. I plan to go back several times to do more extensive archeological work."

We asked Dr. Brush whether he was going to take the earth flag along, and he smiled and said, "No, but we'll take an Explorers Club flag—a red-white-and-blue flag with a compass design in the center—as we do on all the club's expeditions. For that matter, an Explorers Club flag was taken by Apollo XV to the moon."

By this time, about half the red vodka had been consumed. (The red bananas didn't seem to be going over so well.) Dr. Brush headed for the door, saying that he had three hours to pack and to catch a plane for Buenos Aires. Mr. Byars continued to walk around the room in his top hat. Dr. McEvilley, who still looked quite serious, continued to blow the Tibetan temple horn, standing next to the golden flag, which now caught a sudden burst of sunlight from an east window and began to give off a dazzling gleam, as if it had been touched with fire.

EASTERLY

THERE'S an evil wind that blows along the English Channel coast sometimes in winter. Scarcely a wind: rather, an intermittent current of air just strong enough to disturb the shoreline tamarisks and to trace veins of incipient ice on the water's skin. Farm laborers round here hate and fear it. "It can have a man laid up for months," they'll tell you. "It's a wind you daren't turn your back on. Bad always comes of it." It plugs the nose, aches behind the eyes. Marauding all the way from the Urals, Poland, Germany, the dank Low Countries, it gathers to itself slow accretions of pernicious coldness. Then it slides off the sea, over damp sands, up and over slippery stones and slabs at the foreshore, through barbed-wire fences and between hard clods in the empty fields; it sidles into our yards, infiltrates the outhouses, finds a way past heavy doors into rooms where your fire won't draw in the hearth. Mornings, you can track its spoor. It leaves deposits of frost not on every surface but only along the thin edges of objects in its path. It deserves some name of its own—a word whose vowels and consonants would aptly evoke its nature, as "mistral," "sirocco," "simoom" evoke the particular qualities of those more celebrated winds. Yet perhaps plain "easterly" conveys well enough its hateful austerity. A silent and parsimonious wind without the bounty of snow, it numbs the bones.

Two months ago, my father and I faced into such an easterly. We slammed the car doors and climbed up and over the shingle bank and saw that the tide was out. It was dawn, bleakest February, the year's lowest ebb. We each carried a 12-bore shotgun, and about a dozen cartridges chinked loose in our anorak pockets. This was the first time in three years we'd been wildfowling together.

"Time I gave up this nonsense for good," he said. "A man my age ought to stay in the warm."

"Don't blame me. You wanted to come."

"Should've talked me out of it."

We covered the few hundred yards to the estuary, where the draining stones met the sand, in silence, in step. I supposed we were making for his favorite cover—the tangle of stunted oak and buckthorn colonizing the last, short promontory before the river empties itself into the sea. At low water the sport can be swift from this hide; it commands a wide arc of fire over a network of runnels where large skeins will settle and graze on the mud spits dividing passages of sea lavender. We were none too early arriving: already the first curlews were uttering their melancholy calls somewhere upriver, and I saw a cormorant kick from its perch atop a bell buoy and scud low along the fairway like a flung beer bottle.

"You bring your flask, then?" I asked my father as we entered the trees.

He propped his gun against a trunk, struggled through thicknesses of clothes, and withdrew the flask. I took it from him and had a long pull. It was rum, and I'd been expecting Scotch.

"You want whiskey," he said, observing my grimace, "you bring your own."

"Smoke?"

"Listen." He wedged his flask in the cleft of the tree beside him and cocked an ear. For several seconds we stood motionless, straining to detect the cries of approaching geese—those insane gabblings you'll hear from far off, often long before the V formation is visible. But the air was without sound, and the sky, matte gray, was utterly blank. We broke our guns, loaded, laid them on the ground, and lit cigarettes.

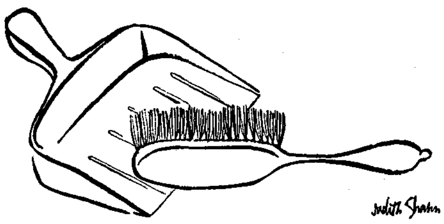
"I could have sworn I heard something," he said.

We lay down by the guns, enjoying our smoke, staring over the water and beyond the further bank. By now the true dawn was beginning. Along miles and miles of the river inland, in flooded meadows and plowland, the birds would be disturbing the morning; they'd be lifting, forming, wheeling, flying fast and direct above the network of watercourses, the streams and tributaries, heading south for the brackish pastures and the saltings where we waited and watched for them.

"Might've been the pigs," I said.

"What you on about, pigs?"

"That old run-down dairy farm this side the church changed hands since you came here last. All pigs now—hundreds and hundreds. They run free-range in the fields. Lots of little metal shelters for them, dotted about like a shantytown."



"Wasn't pigs I heard."

"I didn't hear a thing. I reckon you're cracking up."

I gave him a grin, but he didn't grin back. His face was taut as he turned his gaze toward the line of wind-sculpted oaks whose exposed, crazily twisted roots were sometimes dabbled by the highest spring tides. Behind them, concealed, was the pig farm.

"You often hear them," I said. "Something sets them off squealing—a fox, maybe, or a rogue dog. I've learned to ignore them. You know how it is. Just hear what you want to hear when you're out hunting."

A heron wafted down from one of the taller oaks, lazy as an open page of newsprint dropped from an upper window. It settled in a shallow pool, folded its wings, became an old stake post. My dad looked grim.

"It's *me* cracking up," I said. "Don't hear like I used to. Cheer up."

"That's not it," he said. "God damn it, why can't folks leave things be? Pigs!"

"Progress. Profit."

"Christ, I'm feeling the cold." He stood up and started to stamp his feet and slap his arms under the quiltings of his anorak.

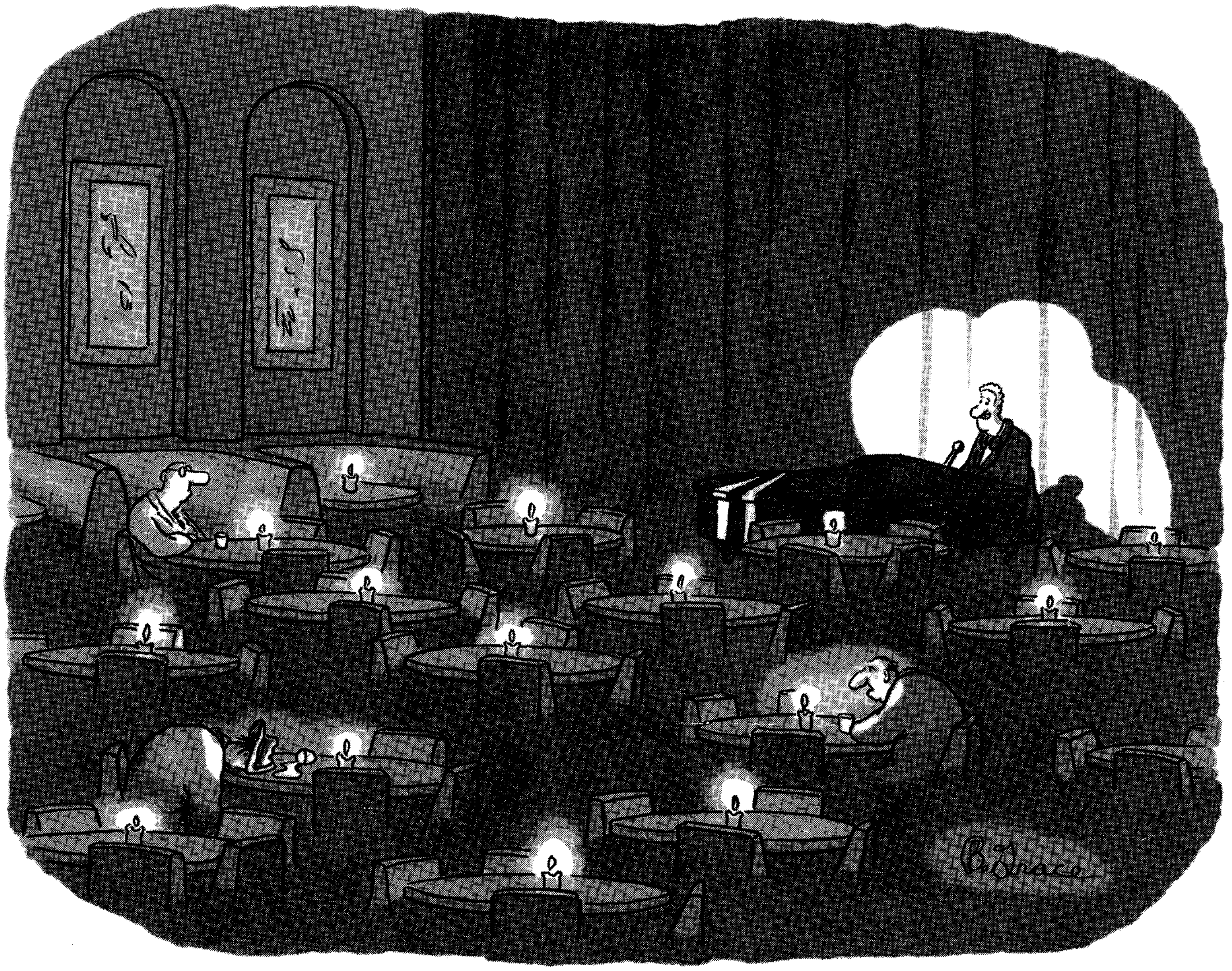
Not twenty yards away there was a whirring, as of a clockwork mainspring suddenly released, as a cock partridge broke from our cover and darted, jinking, out toward the flats. I sprang to my feet and fired, and the bird fell soft as a cushion onto a tuft of marram grass.

"Me you've got to thank for that," he said. "Kicking up a racket. Nifty shot, though. I'll say that."

"Thanks."

"Going to pick up?"

"It can wait. Times like this, I miss old Grip." Grip—short for Agrippa—had been my dog for fifteen years, from a puppy. Just before Christmas I'd had to have him put down; he had a tumor on the brain. Not a pedigreed gundog, but there was a lot of curly-coated retriever in him. In my mind's eye I saw him now, slinking low-bellied by the most sensible route through the maze of islets, his velvet mouth lovingly tender round the warm feathers; I remembered how I would fondle his head briefly after accepting whatever he laid at my feet. Then I thought of the malignancy



"And now, for all of you out there who are in love, or if you've ever been in love, or if you think you'll be in love someday, or even if you only think you might like to be in love someday, this song is for you."

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millimetres under my palm the last time he'd fetched for me, and I shuddered.

"You're feeling pinched, too," my father said. "It's what my father called a lazy wind. Goes through you, not round."

"I was thinking of poor old Grip. Never another one like him."

"You ought to look out for a decent pup."

"One of these days."

"I know what you mean. Takes getting used to, the notion of a new dog. Never the same. Things never stay the same. Though sometimes they go full circle, back the way they were years before. And that's often a damn sight worse still."

"How do you mean?"

He didn't answer. Instead, he lay on his side, cradling his gun, and he closed his eyes as he worked himself comfortably into the cluttered ground. There were the remnants of campfires around us, and spent cartridges, and in the twiggy underbrush there was a rusted tin can reduced to a delicate orange web. I reloaded, and a wisp of smoke escaped from the breech with a faint smell of hot oil. I knelt down and squinted into the strengthening light.

"How do you mean?" I said again, not turning my head.

"You *know*. Bad things happen. Your world's all changed. You take years breaking in the new one. Then history repeats itself, only worse than before."

"Such as?"

"Two world wars I've lived through. You're too young to remember the Depression in the thirties, the slump. I see it all happening again. Hydrogen bombs, dole queues."

"You want to stop reading the papers, Dad. Put it out of mind. Don't make yourself miserable."

"Maybe."

We heard a double detonation from perhaps a mile away. All I could see on the move was gulls and swans and a dinghy under sail emerging from the yacht marina. The tide was on the make. Soon there would be flocks of sandpipers browsing at the water's edge, delicately scampering back and forth as the tongues of froth advanced and receded up the flats. Then, in another half hour, the early risers from the village would be exercising their lapdogs at the very fringes of the hem of foam, directly in our line of fire.

"Be no good now," my father said. "Those two barrels upstream will send the birds shanking off-line or high. They'll not reach us here."

His eyes were still closed, and his

lips were tight and blue. There was truth in what he said—the gun we'd heard was very likely indeed to send the birds off their normal course—but, time was, his zest and optimism would have made him doubly alert for whatever we might bag apart from geese or duck: another partridge, perhaps, from the fields, or the odd rabbit or pigeon. Instead, he lay there shivering. He'd been only a boy during the Kaiser's War, I thought. I wondered why he'd started talking about wars and hard times.

"Have a slug or two of rum and a smoke," I said. "You're probably right. No more sport for us today." And, as though to confirm this, five more shots rang out in quick succession, indicating that there must be at least three guns between us and the wildfowl.

"Tell you what," I went on. "We'll have ourselves a fire and thaw out. Then go home and have another breakfast. Find some tinder."

It's not often that I'll give him an order; but he looked so abject that he seemed, in that moment, not like my father but, rather, some old man, some perfect stranger I might be jollying along for his own good. Almost meekly, he stood up, emptied his gun, reached for his flask and unscrewed the top. It was an instant of embarrassment for both of us. I walked away toward the tidemark in search of driftwood.

When I returned with my third double armful of fuel, he'd got a brisk fire going. There was color, now, in his cheeks. We built a high pyramid, and soon the blaze was singeing the dome of interlocking branches above our heads.

"Feel better?" I asked him.

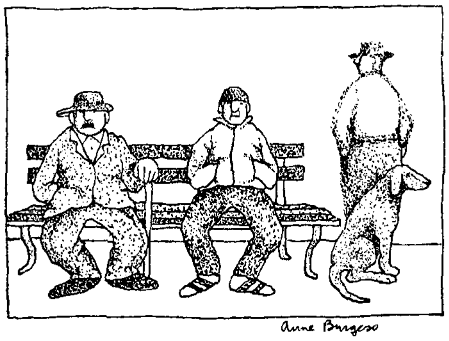
"Not bad," he said. "This damned wind. Once it's got that chill inside you, it's the very devil to get out again. Maybe you don't ever get it out. Like salt in leather. Keep polishing it away, still keeps showing through. A couple of years before you were born, I got cold like this. I still remember it pretty well every day that comes. Keep getting reminders."

"Hold on," I said. "I'd better go and pick up that bird before the tide gets at it. You keep thawing through."

Grip would have taken less than a minute to retrieve the partridge, but I found the going difficult. Again and again I sank up to the ankles in foul mud, and the water in the runnels was already too deep and wide to ford conveniently. But it suited me well to be apart from my father for a little while: I'd guessed that he'd been on the verge of recounting, yet again, the story of how his younger brother had died on this very beach.

That had been in the early forties; I'd have been about eight years old. It was a February evening, the wind in the east, the grudging fire in our living room scarcely visible. My mother was ironing in the kitchen, while my father and I sat in the dark, listening to the radio. There was a knock at the front door. My father answered it. A policeman told him that his brother had been blown up by a land mine on the beach; he'd been gathering firewood—the floorboards from a derelict bungalow. The policeman asked my father gently if he'd go and identify the remains. What shocked me most, as a little boy, was the sight of my father's tears. I'd never seen them before. Nor have I seen them since.

I picked up the bird. It was still, just, warm to the touch. A few underfeathers blew from my hand to the water swirling around me. I turned toward the promontory and saw that the flames were still licking high inside the trees. I could well imagine what my father's thoughts must have been. He'd watched me gathering the wood for the fire he was warming himself by, and he'd seen me picking a careful way to the spot where I now stood holding the dead partridge aloft.



People have often remarked that we're much like brothers, he and I.

WE shared the rest of the flask, kicked out the fire. There was thin sunshine by now, and the wind had almost dropped. The last remnants of smoke rose from the charred driftwood and were slow to disperse. I'd washed the mud from my boots, but they were dirty again with ashes. As I wiped them clean, I remembered what my father had been saying about salt in leather. "A couple of years before you were born," he'd said. And I'd been so convinced that he was going to talk about his brother that the words hadn't registered. Our broken guns under our arms, we came out of the trees.

"Pig farm, you said?"

"That's right."

"Think we might go and have a look?"

"If you like. Not much to see."

Shots were still being fired intermittently, though they hadn't disturbed the heron at its station. We were quite close to it before—as though lifted by some maverick gust of air—it rose and beat its ponderous wings away from us and up and over the shoreline oaks.

"It always used to be pig-farming country, this, back between the wars," my father said.

"Oh?"

"Ramshackle sties and pens everywhere, the ground all mashed up. Jerry-built chalets and bungalows, too —some of them so crude you wouldn't have bet on them housing pigs or humans. The Army took most of them down, end of '39. Tank traps, mines—You know all about that, though. No need to rake it over."

"Before that—before I was born—did you come here shooting with your father?"

"Good God, no! He never had a gun—good job, too. And even if he

DON GIOVANNI IN TROUBLE

The orchard changed. His appetite drifted.
In the bedrooms, on the ships, under bushes.
He was distracted by the miscellany
of their dressing tables, or the blonde's
small scar just as she began to yield.
The contessa caught him looking past the nipples
to her unusual toes. He hurried on,
but she stayed uneasy. As he was.
Still loving it, but thinking of the Lipizzaners:
wondering what those horses were like before
they became a beautiful performance.

—Jack Gilbert

• •

had he wouldn't have taken me with him. He'd come fishing, always on his own, sometimes for so long at a stretch our ma would get worried. One of us would have to come looking for him. A real solitary he was, like that old jack heron—in a sort of trance. You put me in mind of him when you fetched that bird just now."

We clambered up the bank, finding handholds in the criss-crossed roots. About ten yards behind the trees, there was a good, stout timber fence about four feet high and smelling of fresh creosote. Behind this, upward of two hundred pigs, brindled pink and black and all much of a size, were scattered about a broad meadow, with maybe fifty corrugated-iron shelters and zinc troughs set out in straight lines. We leaned on the fence, and my father tested its rigidity with approval.

"Not get out of this," he said. "Not like in the old days. They used to get out when they felt like it and go browsing down on the beach. Strange sight, that—like something in a dream. They eat anything, pigs. Go mad, hunt in a pack, heads down in the seaweed, tossing it in the air, rooting and snuffling, going berserk for whatever's to be found. These look placid enough, though. Queer."

"Why queer?"

"This wind. My father always reckoned it was this kind of wind put that lust in them for going on the rampage. Could've been the cold that made them extra hungry. Or maybe it's just that they got the scent of stuff washed up on the foreshore. I'd say it was that."

"Why?"

"Something my old man told me not long before he died. Like the Gadarene swine, he said. The wind turned round while he was fishing off the point, and suddenly there's a whole squealing bunch of them charging down to the inlet where that old Thames barge is. Biting each other, they were, as they ran. When they got to the edge of the water, there was mayhem. All clustered around something, jostling, savage as hyenas—horrible. He didn't dare go and look."

"Frightened of the pigs?"

"What they might have found, more like. It obsessed him. He told me about it so often it's almost as though I'd been there myself."

We climbed down the bank once more and strolled toward the promontory under the overhanging canopy of the oaks. A party of anglers had arrived and were setting up their beach casters on a spit of shingle.

"They'll do no good today," my father said. "Not with the wind in the east. Puts the fish off the feed—that's what the old fellow always said, and I know it's true. Wind in the east, he'd put his tackle away, sit in his garden shed, and mope all day long. Terrible melancholy man, your grandfather. Got worse and worse toward the end. My brother had to wrestle with him once to take a carving knife off him. God knows what he'd have done if he'd had a shotgun."

"Died of heart disease, didn't he?"

"That's what it said on the certificate. He just gave up. Every day sullen and moping, as though the wind was always from the east. You couldn't reach him; wouldn't hear you."

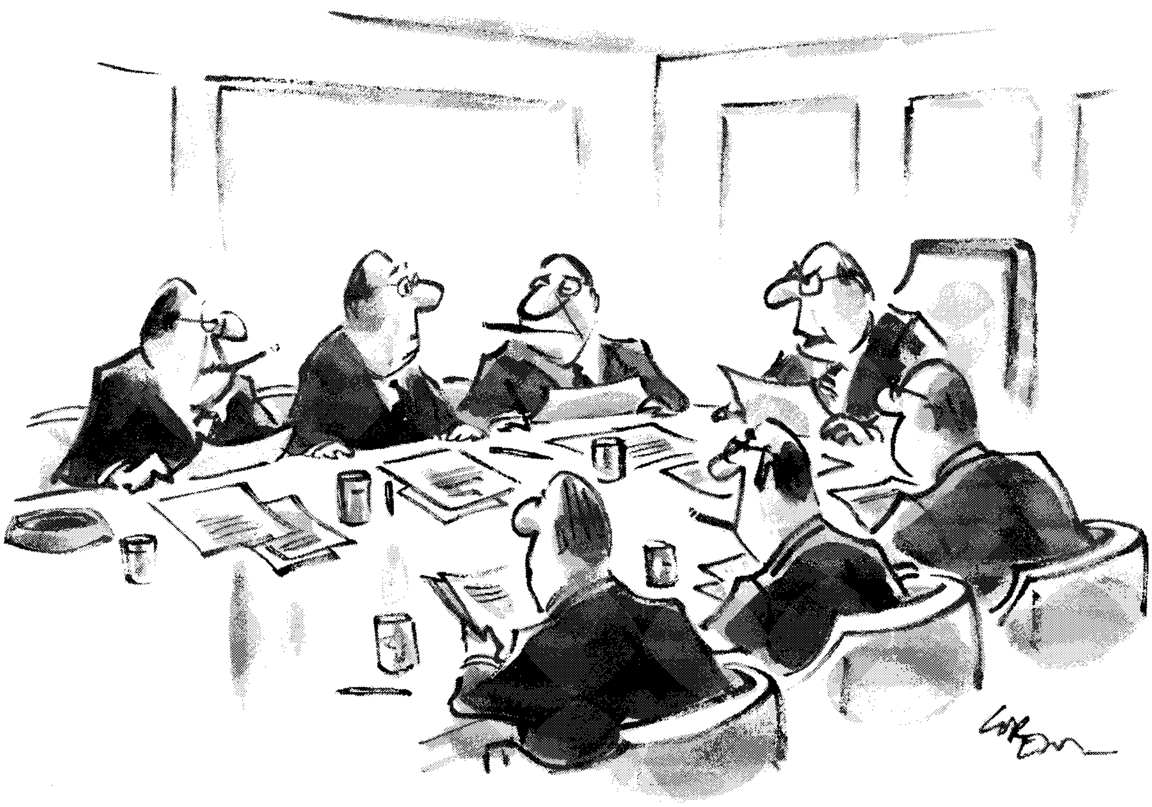
"These days he might have been cured."

"No knowing. I came down here after the funeral. A day like this it was. I was starved with the cold, but I had to get out of the house. Didn't stay long. Just poked about, wondering if I'd go the same way. Not long after that I met your mother. Tell you what—let's give it another twenty minutes. You never know."

The embers of our fire were still warm. He loaded both barrels, clicked the gun shut, and stood alert facing the open water, his thumb on the safety catch. I wasn't at all surprised when he gave me a nod and I saw the flight of duck heading for us; he has an uncanny sense for the propitious moment. He got his right and left of mallard, hitting both birds so that they'd fall quite close together on dry land.

I picked them up for him and laid them side by side at his feet, the way Grip would have done. "*Now* say I should've talked you out of coming," I said.

"Still true," he answered with a grin. "Man my age ought to stay in the warm." —TED WALKER



"Confound it, Merriwell! Do you mean that all this time you've been talking micro while we've been talking macro?"

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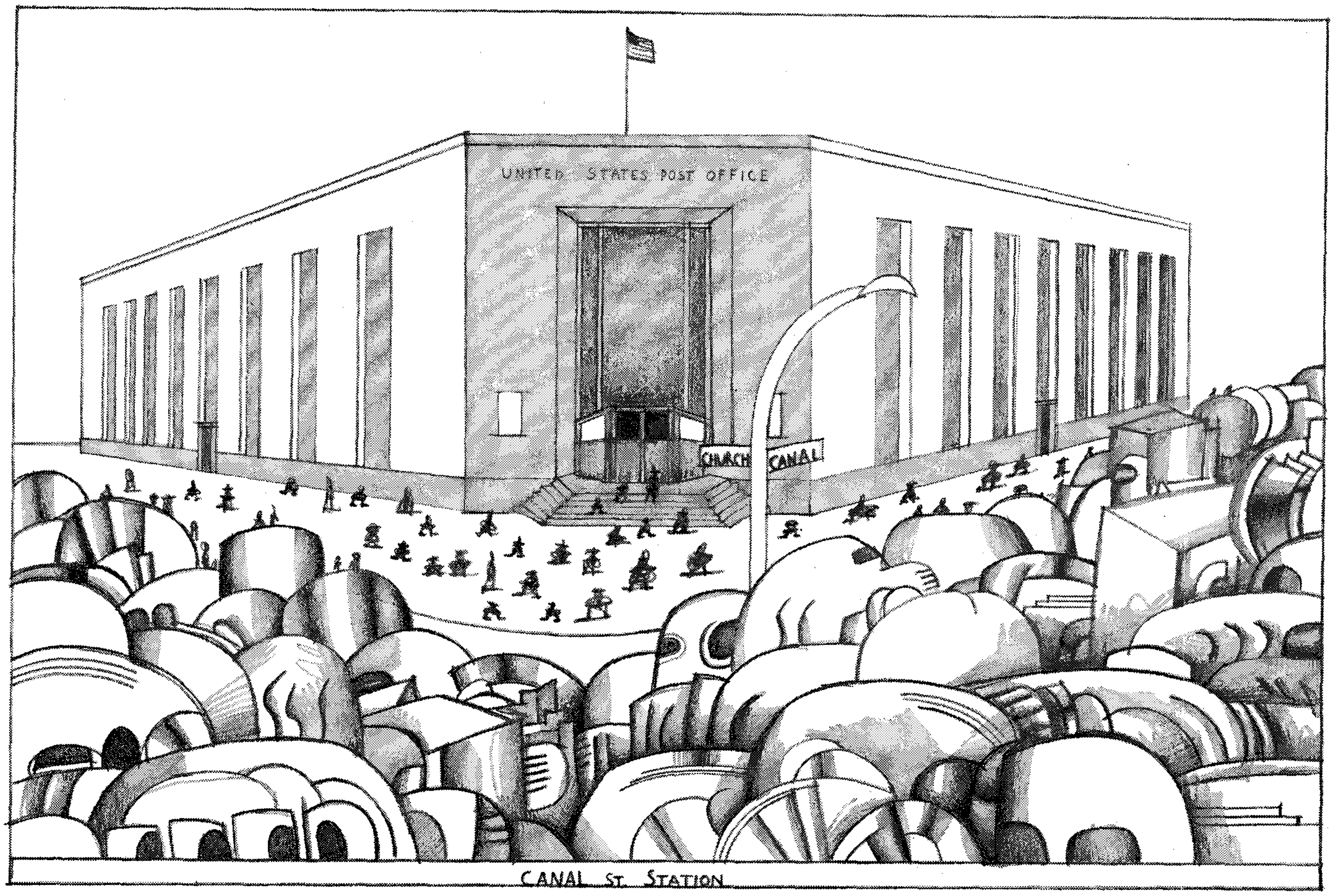
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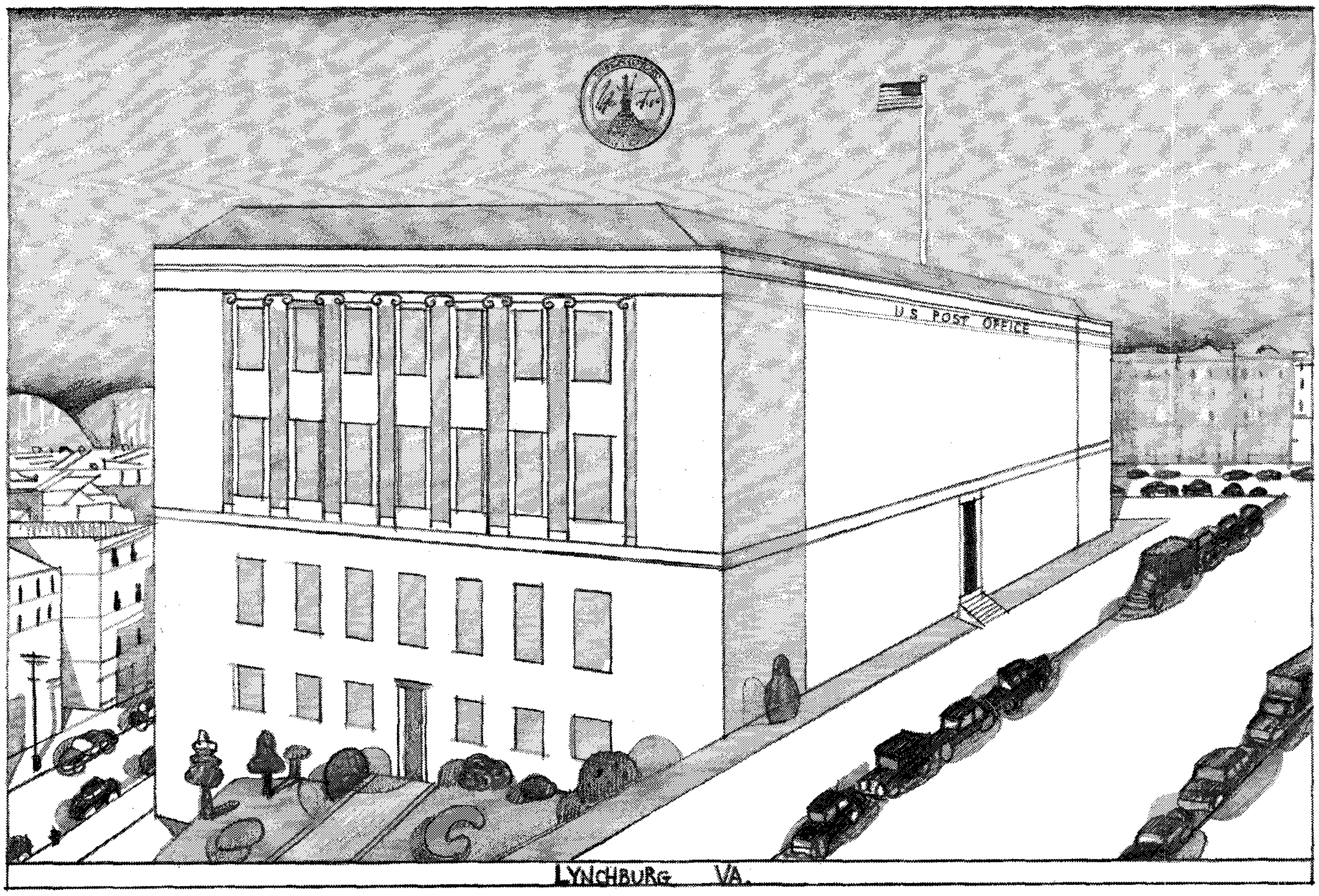
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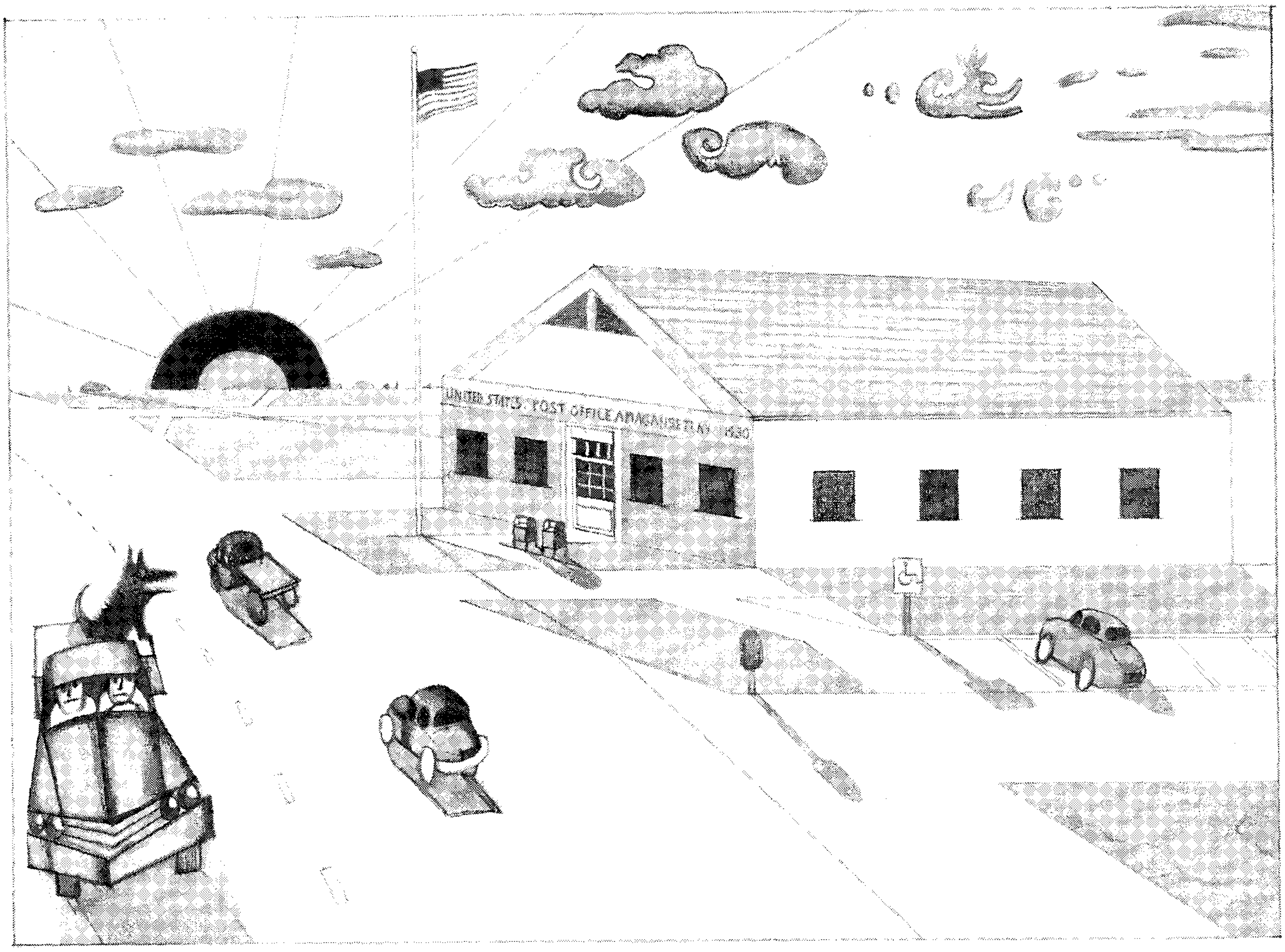
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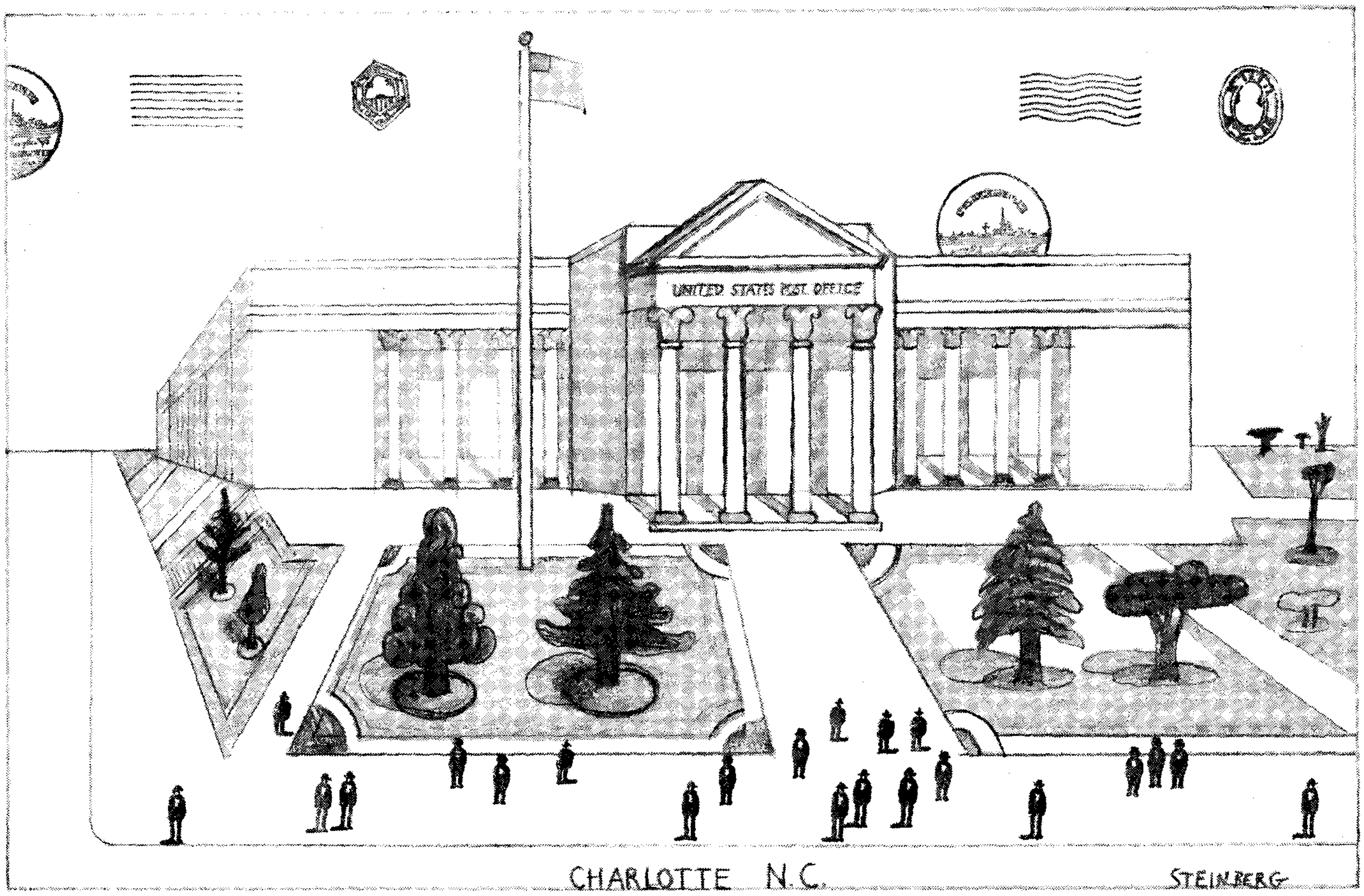
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RONALD COLMAN

Ronald Colman was not the screen star who graced such films as "If I Were King" and "A Double Life." Hollywood was the disparaging name he gave his fifth-floor walkup apartment on East Sixth Street off Avenue A in Manhattan. He had adopted the name Ronald Colman as the result of a fateful encounter with Mr. Ronald Colman of Brooklyn, New York. The son of Irish immigrants, Mr. Colman was a wholesale chemicals-and-dyes salesman who never married, never caused trouble or stood out from his fellow-citizens, except inadvertently, and passed away in 1973. One day in November, 1963, shortly before his retirement from the chemicals-and-dyes company, Mr. Colman crossed Fourteenth Street at Seventh Avenue, in Manhattan. The man who was walking ahead of him, cradling a transistor radio at his ear, stopped in his tracks and began shouting incoherently and weeping. Mr. Colman, fearful at first that the man had taken leave of his senses, soon joined the other pedestrians in the vicinity, crying and beating his temples with his fists, as vehicular traffic came to a halt and everyone mourned the newly fallen President, John F. Kennedy.

Beside him at the curb on the southeast corner of Fourteenth Street stood a twenty-two-year-old woman named Rosa Antinori and her four-year-old son, Carlo. Newly arrived in America from the Abruzzi countryside and unable to speak a word of English, they were terrified by the violent gestures that suddenly erupted around them. People dropped shopping bags and other belongings and pitched about as if on the deck of a storm-tossed ship at sea. Carlo was trampled by a trio of wild-looking black women with panic-stricken eyes. Rosa attempted to make sense of what was happening, tugging at elbows and asking, "*Che cosa?*"

Carlo implored her to explain what was taking place. Without thinking, she spoke aloud the words "Ronald Colman" in a thick Italian accent, almost as if they might coax meaning out of the uproar. She had noticed these words stamped in gold block letters on the bulky sample case that the salesman, in his grief, had dropped beside her on the sidewalk. Soon they were swept away by the animated crowd, but not before Carlo fastened on these syllables and repeated them as he and his mother made their way into the darkness of the subway station to return to their tenement apartment on Division Street. Again he asked what was happening to them. Her lack of response only succeeded in making his face turn white. His body went rigid and he repeated "Ronald Colman" over and over in a stubborn monotone as they held each other tightly on the packed subway car.

Rosa had come to America to escape the memory of her husband, Giuseppe, who had died in a farm-related accident outside the town of Sulmona. Survival had been difficult enough up to this point, since the only people she could turn to were the Mastrocettis, her husband's distant cousins, who lived in Paterson, New Jersey. Her work as a seamstress in a non-union shop necessitated long hours away from home, and Rosa found she no longer could cope with a child. In the ensuing months their situation deteriorated to the point where, one snowy morning in February, 1964, Rosa agreed with her husband's cousins' plan to surrender the child for adoption. (Later she would marry a man named John Loviglio and move to Chicago, where she gave birth to other children and forced herself to forget.)

Carlo moved in with the Meyer Frankenfeld family in the Bronx, joining six Jewish brothers, younger as well as older than he, whose names and faces he sometimes could not keep straight. After an initial period of estrangement he felt accepted by this busy, prosperous, and curiously detached family. He attended school and helped at Mr. Frankenfeld's string of dry-cleaning plants. The onset of puberty seemed to disturb him, however. He ceased to communicate except for outbursts of surly negativity, which repulsed his surrogate parents to the extent that they did nothing to pursue him when one day at the start of the tenth grade he packed a suitcase with some clothes and ran away. Moving to Manhattan, he survived as a dishwasher, delivery boy, and handyman, never lasting more than a few months at any job, because of his anti-social behavior.

The mid-1970s found Carlo living on East Sixth Street under the name Ronald Colman, selling vegetables out of a small storefront on Seventh Street that he rented from a man named Lon Kotman, who was descended from Silesian peasants. As Lon understood it, the Kotmans had migrated in 1889 from the town of Ostrava, then part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, to southwestern Pennsylvania, where they bought farmland. After his discharge from the Army, in 1957, Lon left Uniontown for New York City. He operated a restaurant until he saved enough money to buy two buildings on Seventh Street with several business associates.

Lon's grandfather, Karl Kotman, though purportedly Silesian, actually was from Bukovina, in the Ukraine, and a Jew, who hid this fact for five years from his wife, the former Mina Leventhal, a raven-haired girl he met in Brno in 1883. Mina, headstrong and intractable, in revolt against her impossibly strict shopkeeper parents, Teufel and Elena Leventhal, acted the rebel during her adolescence and married Karl principally to infuriate her parents, since at the time everyone believed that he was not Jewish. Actually, Karl Kotman had been born Lev Koppelman. After they had moved to the United States, Karl and Mina used to laugh about those days, although they did not return to the religion of their youth, and raised their children as Roman Catholics.

But Karl never revealed to her the reason he had changed his name and concealed his background: not from the fear of religious persecution common at the time but rather from embarrassment. He was mortified by the memory of the poverty he had endured as a child in Bukovina and the shame of being raised in a broken home. His father, Moise, had abandoned his young wife and their three children in the tiny hamlet of Chaldowywe, near Poland, in 1868, running away with an itinerant theatrical troupe "direct from Paris, France," composed for the most part of alcoholic former music-hall singers from Prague. After unsavory adventures involving local theatrical producers and constabulary throughout Central Europe, Moise arrived in Paris in March, 1871, with two of the original

"Dear old Edgar. He always manages to find some good news."

• •

members of the troupe, just in time to find himself hurled into the dangerous days and nights of the Paris Commune.

Quickly adding to the little French he had acquired while with the troupe, Moise survived the Commune by abandoning his life as a fledgling actor and melting into the ancient Jewish community on the Rue des Rosiers, in the Marais. With the onset of the Third Republic and the return of relative normality to civic life, Moise settled down on the Rue du Temple, opening a tailor shop under the name Moise Remberg. After marriage to Hermoine Solas, a young Parisian Jewess from an established family, he returned to carpentry—the love of his early youth—and organized an atelier specializing in the manufacture and repair of fine furniture.

The business prospered. Soon Moise Remberg was a successful member of the Parisian haute bourgeoisie, known and respected outside the close-knit, isolated Jewish community. Parlaying funds from his commercial enterprises into real estate by means of contacts he had made with local politicians, before the end of the century he became one of the wealthiest men in Paris. His only disappointment in life was the inability of Hermoine to bear more than one son; young Leon Remberg was not suited for management of the extensive, rather complicated Remberg business ventures.

Though quite intelligent, from an early age Leon had shown not the slightest interest in the aggressive behavior of normal boyhood, preferring instead to inhabit the world of his imagination. He grew up with his collections of stamps and toys, venturing out of the house only to school and to the numerous museums of Paris. Above all he loved the National Conservatory of Arts and Crafts, on the Rue Saint-Martin, so near where he lived that he stopped there almost daily on his way home from school. He was fascinated by the exhibits and would stand for hours in front of Foucault's pendulum, which demonstrated the rotation of the earth, or in the room full of wonderful automata, such as Marie Antoinette's clockwork dulcimer-playing puppet, which he was secretly convinced he resembled.

Leon was a withdrawn boy but also a stubborn one, and as he matured, he took an almost perverse pleasure in doing whatever he knew would frustrate or disappoint his father. By the time he was twenty, he had passed with surprising ease through a range of dissolute activities about which his father, never having exposed himself to them, could only generalize in a negative fashion.

The first years of this century saw Leon living alone, ignored and finally disowned by his family after his scandalous attempt to blackmail one of Louis Lumière's nephews. He had become obsessed with the fledgling technology of motion pictures and had hoped somehow to seize control of the Lumière machine by threatening to expose the sexual irregularities of this nephew. Instead, Leon found himself, for the first time, alone and without means of support. He survived for several years among the nocturnal idiosyncrasies of life along the boulevards below Place Pigalle. In the early morning of July 11, 1912, he was found dead in the courtyard of his hotel, a crumbling structure off the Boulevard Saint-Denis, after having persuaded a young English traveller to accompany him to his room.

The Englishman, John Farrell, of Sheffield, the son of a hardworking cutler of modest means, recently had fled to France to escape a gambling debt. He was living from day to day in a state of foreboding brought on not so much by the money he owed as by the uncomfortable feeling that he did not know himself. His adventure at the gambling table in Brighton had upset him; always believing that his luck was about to change, he had continued to place bets long after he should have quit. He would never forget the look of pity in the eyes of the other men at the table as that evening had drawn to a close. It had perplexed and infuriated him.

Without a penny to his name, and speaking almost no French, he was gratified by the offer of temporary shelter from a sympathetic older man. When Leon Remberg could not contain himself and revealed the true nature of his interest, Farrell was overcome with rage and, without realizing what he was doing, stabbed him in the chest. As Leon fell to the courtyard pavement, Farrell came to his senses. His only hope lay in flight. Luck seemed to be with him, and before the morning was out, he had robbed a

SILVER THAW

1
How cold the angels are—
so they come down to Mississippi,
their breath rising from the ice of their bodies
to frost the clover.

And they take the trees one by one
because they are jealous.
All night we listen from the screened porch
as the trees ice over and break,
their branches cannonading as the angels load them
with their terrible artillery.

2
My mother plays old records of big-band music
and we begin to dance,
my father, my mother, my brothers, and I.
We are embarrassed
because we move together without grace,
but say it is exercise, after all, to warm our bodies.

We say tomorrow there will be firewood,
divinely prepared, throughout the forest.
It is only a matter of taking the flatbed trailer
and filling it with these offerings.
We discuss the blessed nature of destruction
although we don't believe it.
The angels are famous for their propaganda.

3
When Yankee soldiers camped in Christ Church
three miles down the road,
they played lewd airs and dances on the organ.
The angels must have heard them
and left this part of the earth.
The growing seasons are long now
and stretch into winter.

4
In June there will be sweetheart roses
along the whitewashed fences.
Years ago I saw my father pin one on my mother
as if it were a corsage she would wear
to enter the evening.
Her body was limber then,
and the angels would have envied her had they seen her,
dancing in the Bahia grass a private dance
that did not include my father
or any of us who watched from an upstairs window.
This was the province of the sacred,
and we begged her with rising voices to come indoors.

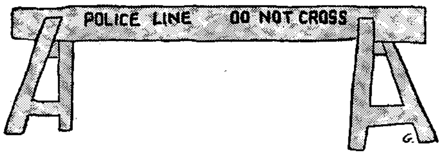
—Susan Prospere

• •

young woman at knife point and boarded the train to Calais. He returned to England and settled in London's East End, where he was working as an apprentice lorry mechanic under the name Roger Corbett when the First World War erupted in Europe. Although no one had seen the murder take place and it was never solved, Farrell did not know this, and he could not forget what had happened. In his determination to avoid being sent to France as a soldier, he obtained forged identity papers, using a second alias, Frederick Upton, and migrated to Canada just before Great Britain entered the war, leaving behind him a girl named Mary Chester, who was pregnant with their child.

Mary Chester grew up on a farm in the North Country, and her parents were so poor and morally unyielding as to rule out her return home in her condition. Deserted without warning by the man she was expecting to marry, Mary nevertheless proved resilient. In Covent Garden one day, she met an elderly Scottish woman living on a fixed income. First establishing the common bond of the soil—she and the distinguished lady had lived not fifty miles from each other, Mary growing up northwest of Newcastle, while the family seat of her newfound friend lay below Galashiels, in the Southern Uplands—Mary found herself chatting with someone whose unpretentious manner and gentle sense of humor seemed miraculous. She insinuated herself into the woman's heart with her tale of love and abandonment, and before an hour was out had found a new home. Mrs. MacEwan, as the elderly woman was called, claimed she needed a housemaid and decided then and there that Mary would do perfectly. Several months later a cherubic girl was born. The child, christened Norma Corbett, took up residence with her mother in Mrs. MacEwan's modest house in South Kensington, and grew up thinking that her father had perished at Verdun.

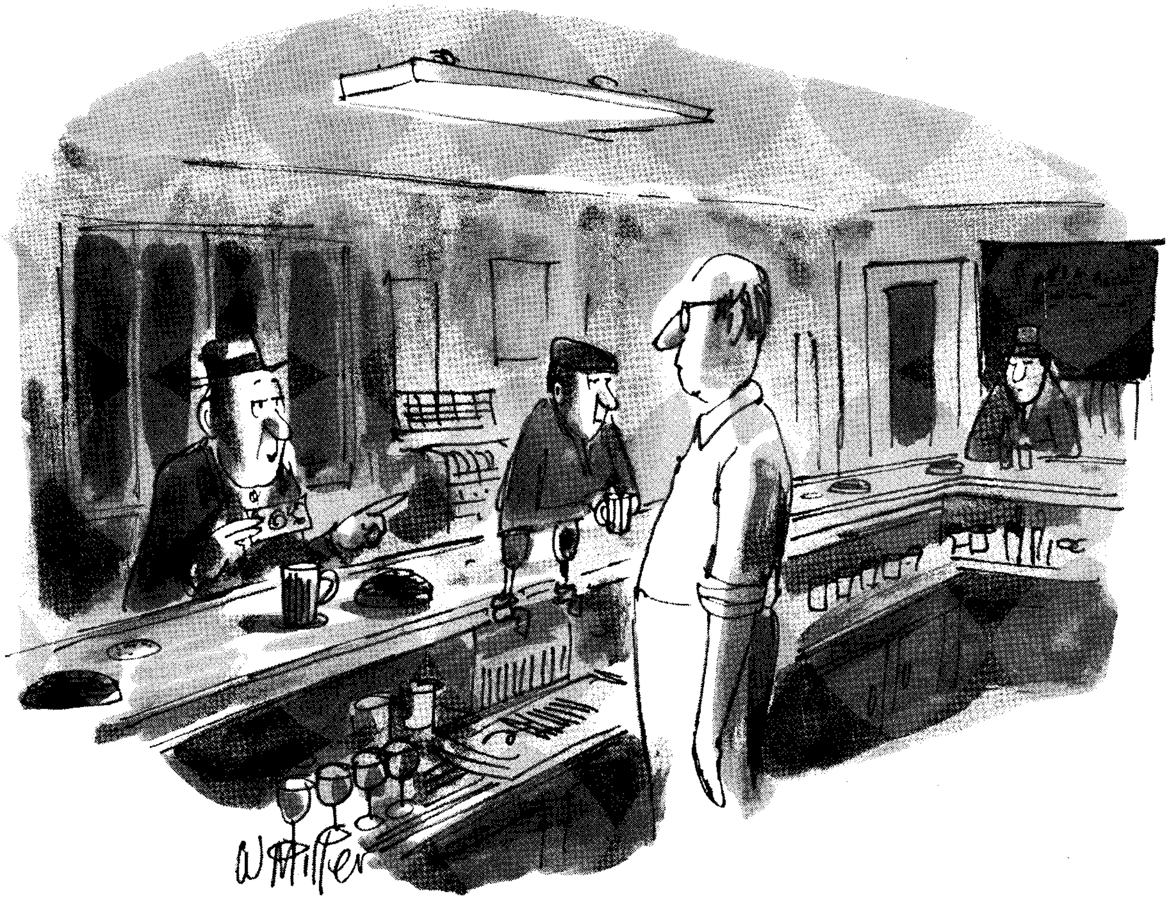
A delicately beautiful child with golden hair, at ten years of age Norma began to have a recurrent dream of riding in a white coach across the heavens. This coach was driven by a handsome man whose back was always turned; the two splendid horses he guided seemed to hurtle themselves sideways along the sky, almost as if they were travelling upside down, but at incalculable speeds. Norma emerged from these dreams feeling dazed and unable to concentrate on school. Most of her schoolmates were jealous of her beauty, and by the age of sixteen she had only one friend of comparable attractiveness, Marjorie Ruggles. Marjorie was determined, despite fierce opposition from her family, to be an actress, and it was through her that Norma became involved in the theatre, whose pitfalls and peculiar commitments she never fully understood. Her passion for the stage outdistanced her modest abilities, and she was to suffer numerous disappointments on the road to her goal.


POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

London in the thirties was a difficult place for her. Soon after Mrs. MacEwan's death, Norma's mother married a widower from Birmingham with three children and was gone as well, though letters containing small banknotes continued to arrive sporadically, along with packages of crumbled Cornish pastry. Norma was working as a salesgirl in a large, gloomy department store on Tottenham Court Road when, at the Soho rehearsal hall where she and her friends read aloud from George Bernard Shaw, she met a young American actor who changed her life, Richard Rideout.

Lustful but otherwise sullen and

quite unsympathetic, Rideout soon was back in the United States with Norma in tow. Although she did not love him, Norma had been prepared to put up with a good deal in order to escape her life in London. But Rideout insisted that she remain in their shabby hotel room on West Thirty-ninth Street, in Manhattan, while he disappeared for days at a time, supposedly in search of work. After two weeks had gone by in this fashion, she left the room every morning to discover, in spite of her disorientation and intimidation by the city, some connection with a new life.



"Another round for my peers."

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Haunting the theatrical district, she made the acquaintance of several struggling young actors, two of whom, Bill Pierce and Beverly Ann Simmons, disclosed to her their plan to sell their possessions and move to California to begin new careers in the cinema. Norma decided to join them. To pay for her bus ticket, she pawned the little jewelry she had brought with her. When Rideout turned up at the hotel room the evening she was to leave, he seemed to feel guilty about the precariousness of her situation and relieved to have her off his hands. Unexpectedly, he gave her twenty dollars for the journey West, which Norma interpreted as a sign of good things to come. She and Richard parted informally and never saw each other again.

Overjoyed, she ran down into the street with her suitcase, looking forward to her first large meal in days during the several hours that remained before she was to meet her friends at the bus station. She had walked no more than a block, however, when she came upon a movie palace whose lights glowed like those of an ocean liner. The marquee announced the New York première of "The Prisoner of Zenda," starring Ronald Colman, Madeleine Carroll, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Realizing she had enough time to see it, Norma contented herself with a hot sausage from a nearby sidewalk cart, bought a ticket, and went inside.

She was enthralled by Colman's performance as Rudolph Rassendyll, the noble, self-sacrificing English hero who assumes the guise of his double, the abducted crown prince Rudolph of Ruritania, in order to prevent a takeover of the throne. While impersonating the kidnapped prince at his coronation, Rassendyll falls in love with his future queen, Flavia, played by Madeleine Carroll. Before the movie ended, Norma thought that, with her own clear features and golden hair, she resembled Miss Carroll closely enough to note the producer's name, David O. Selznick, and determine to make his acquaintance as soon as she arrived in Hollywood.

Ronald Colman had been born in 1891 in Richmond, Surrey, England. He took part in amateur dramatics while working for the British Steamship Company. Invalided out of the First World War, he went onto the stage professionally. He was successful and made a few films in Britain before coming to America, in 1920. While working in the New York theatre, he was seen by Henry King and chosen to play opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." Samuel Goldwyn put him under contract, and Colman quickly became a star.

As an actor he was not troubled by the advent of sound. When he spoke, he revealed himself as charming and urbane. His mustache and his manners cast him perfectly as the mature, forthright romantic, and as such he won a large following. He discovered how consistent underplaying could work for him, and he took care to preserve his looks. After "Kismet" (1944) he worked less and less, and retired in 1949, returning only for two cameo roles—in "Around the World in 80 Days" and "The Story of Mankind." He passed away in 1958.

—MICHAEL BROWNSTEIN

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Headline in the Durham (N.C.) Morning Herald*]

STEEP DECLINE SURFACES
IN U.S. ECONOMY

REFLECTIONS

FREUD AND THE SOUL

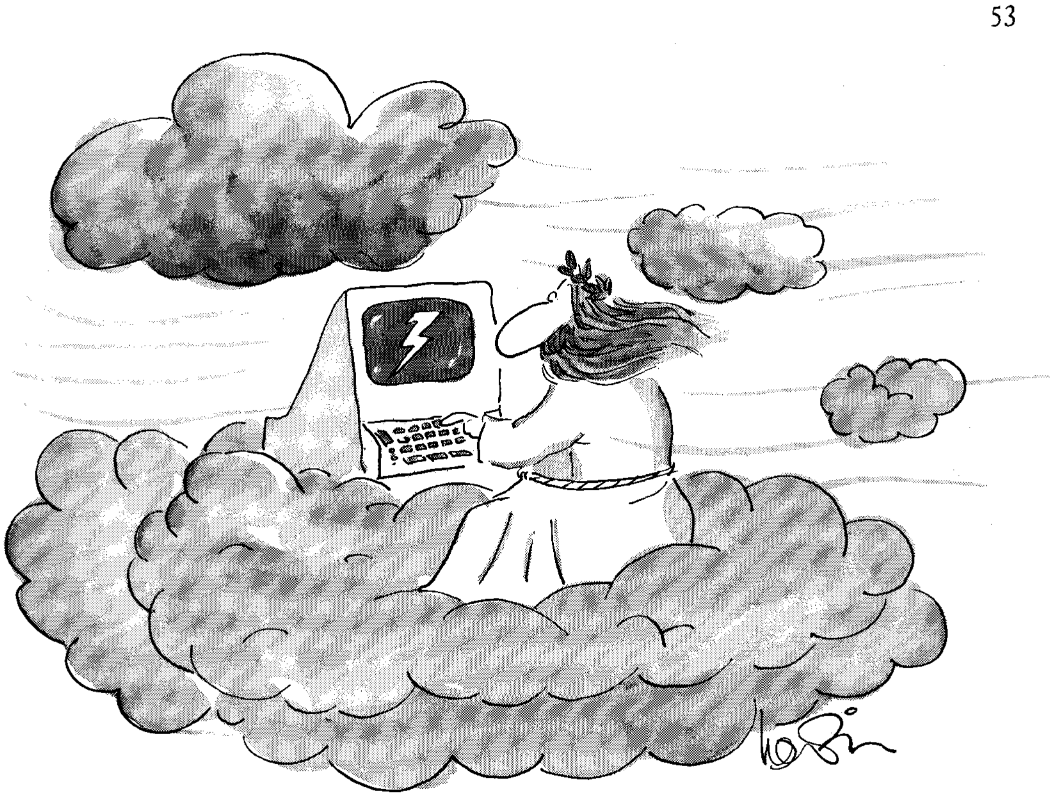
As a child born into a middle-class, assimilated Jewish family in Vienna, I was raised and educated in an environment that was in many respects identical with the one that had formed Freud's background. The culture that was transmitted to me in my home, then in secondary school, and, finally, at the University of Vienna, had changed very little since Freud's student days, fifty years earlier. So it was natural that from the time I began to think on my own I read Freud. After studying his earlier works, I eagerly read his new ones as they appeared, from "Beyond the Pleasure Principle" (1920) and "The Ego and the Id" (1923) through all the later essays, in which his ideas reached their fullest development. Understanding Freud's writings was considerably facilitated by my thus being able to follow his ideas as he completed the edifice of psychoanalysis, which he had begun a few years before I was born. It was also facilitated by my being in analysis myself and by my study of psychoanalysis in the same unique Viennese cultural climate in which Freud worked and thought. When, in middle age, I was fortunate enough to be permitted to start a new life in the United States, and began to read and discuss psychoanalytic writings in English, I discovered that reading Freud in English translation leads to quite different impressions from those I had formed when I read him in German. It became apparent to me that the English renditions of Freud's writings distort much of the essential humanism that permeates the originals.

In "The Interpretation of Dreams" (1900), which opened to our understanding not just the meaning of dreams but also the nature and power of the unconscious, Freud told about his arduous struggle to achieve ever greater self-awareness. In other books, he told why he felt it necessary for the rest of us to do the same. In a way, all his writings are gentle, persuasive, often brilliantly worded intimations that we, his readers, would benefit from a similar spiritual journey of self-discovery. Freud showed us how the soul could become aware of itself. To become acquainted with the lowest depth of the soul—to explore whatever personal hell we may suffer from—is not an easy undertaking. Freud's findings and, even more, the way he presents them to us give us the confidence that this demanding and potentially dangerous voyage of self-discovery will result in our becoming more fully human, so that we may no longer be enslaved without knowing it to the dark forces that reside in us. By exploring and understanding the origins and the potency of these forces, we not only become much better able to cope with them but also gain a much deeper and more compassionate understanding of our fellow-man. In his work and in his writings, Freud often spoke of the soul—of its nature and structure, its development, its attributes, how it reveals itself in all we do and dream. Unfortunately, nobody who reads him in English could guess this, because nearly all his many references to the soul, and to matters pertaining to the soul, have been excised in translation.

This fact, combined with the erroneous or inadequate translation of many of the most important original concepts of psychoanalysis, makes Freud's direct and always deeply personal appeals to our common humanity appear to readers of English as abstract, depersonalized, highly theoretical, erudite, and mechanized—in short, "scientific"—statements about the strange and very complex workings of our mind. Instead of instilling a deep feeling for what is most human in all of us, the translations attempt to lure the reader into developing a "scientific" attitude toward man and his actions, a "scientific" understanding of the unconscious and how it conditions much of our behavior.

I became aware of this in the nineteen-forties, when I became director of the University of Chicago's Orthogenic School, for disturbed children. The staff members I worked with were well read in Freud; they were convinced that they had made his ideas their own, and they tried to put their understanding of Freud into practice in their work with the children. The considerable theoretical understanding of unconscious processes which they had acquired from studying Freud remained exactly that: theoretical. It was of little use in helping children afflicted by severe psychiatric disorders; often it was even an impediment. It was a reasoned-out, emotionally distant understanding. What was needed was emotional closeness based on an immediate sympathetic comprehension of all aspects of the child's soul—of what afflicted it, and why. What was needed was what Freud occasionally spoke of explicitly but much more often implicitly: a spontaneous sympathy of our unconscious with that of others, a feeling response of our soul to theirs. Psychoanalysis, Freud wrote in a letter to Jung in 1906, "is in essence a cure through love." By reading Freud in translation, the staff members had missed all this—one cannot be expected to gain an understanding of the soul if the soul is never mentioned.

The biggest shortcoming of the translations is that, through their use of abstractions, they make it easy for the reader to distance himself from what Freud sought to teach about the inner life of man and of the reader himself. Psychoanalysis becomes in English translation something that refers and applies to others as a system of intellectual constructs. Therefore, students of psychoanalysis are not led to take it personally—they are not moved to gain access to their own unconscious and everything else within them that is most human but is nevertheless unacceptable to them. For nearly forty years, I have taught courses in psychoanalysis to American graduate students and residents in psychiatry. Almost invariably, I have found that psychoanalytic concepts had become for these students a way of looking only at others, from a safe distance—nothing that had any bearing on them. They observed other people through the spectacles of abstraction, tried to comprehend them by means of intellectual concepts, never turning their gaze inward to the soul or their own unconscious. This was true even of the students who were in analysis themselves—it made no appreciable difference. Psychoanalysis had helped some of



them to be more at peace with themselves and to cope with life, had helped others to free themselves of troublesome neurotic symptoms, but their misconceptions about psychoanalysis remained. Psychoanalysis as these students perceived it was a purely intellectual system—a clever, exciting game—rather than the acquisition of insights into oneself and one's own behavior which were potentially deeply upsetting. It was always *someone else's* unconscious they analyzed, hardly ever their own. They did not give enough thought to the fact that Freud, in order to create psychoanalysis and understand the workings of the unconscious, had had to analyze his *own* dreams, understand his *own* slips of the tongue and the reasons *he* forgot things or made various other mistakes.

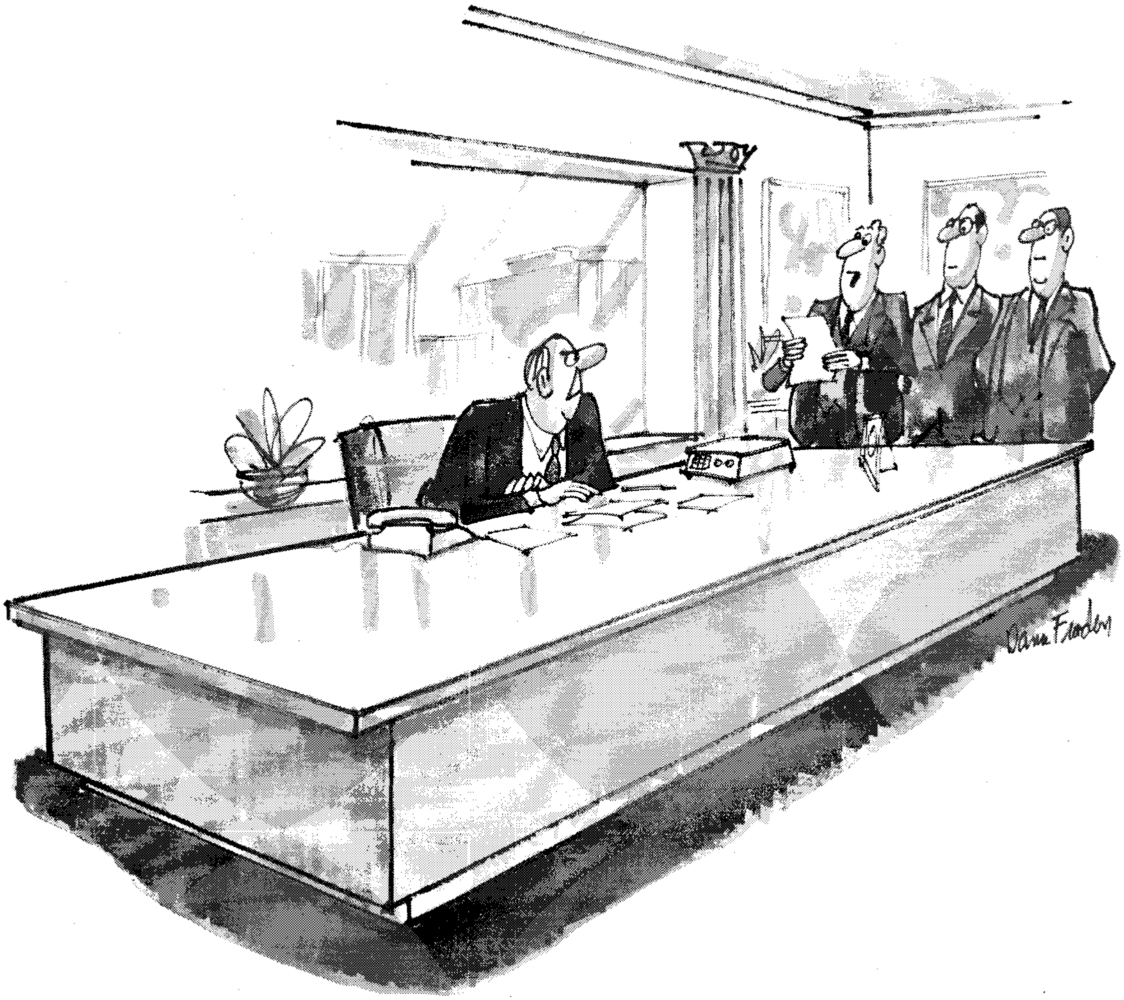
The best explanation for these students' failure to grasp the essence of Freud's thinking is the universal wish to remain unaware of one's own unconscious. Freud, who understood very well that this would be true for his readers, tried to speak to them as directly as possible. When he wrote about himself and his patients, he wrote in a manner designed to induce the reader to recognize that he was speaking about us all—about the reader as much as about himself, his patients, and others. Freud's choice of words and his direct style serve the purpose of making the reader apply psychoanalytic insights to himself, because only from his inner experience can he fully understand what Freud was writing about.

The errors in the translations of Freud become particularly misleading when they are compounded by the unavoidable distortions arising from the span of time that separates us from the era in which Freud formulated his ideas. In translation, Freud's ideas had to be transferred not only into a different language but into a different cultural environment—one in which most readers have only a nodding acquaintance with classical European literature. So most of Freud's allusions fall on deaf ears. Many of the expressions he used have been reduced to mere technical terms; the key words no longer have a multiplicity of special connotations, even though Freud chose them because they carried deep meaning and were vibrant with special humanistic resonances.

LANGUAGE is all-important in Freud's work; it is the supreme instrument of his craft. His use of the German language was not only masterly but often poetic—he nearly always expressed himself with true eloquence. This is well known and widely recognized among those familiar with German writings. It has been remarked frequently that Freud's case histories read as well as the best novels written in his time. Many German writers recognized Freud as a great stylist: Thomas Mann, referring to one of Freud's books, wrote that "in structure and form it is related to all great German essay writing, of which it is a masterpiece." Hermann Hesse praised Freud because his work "convinces both through its very high human and very high literary qualities," and added that his language, while "completely intellectual, is beautifully concise and exact in its definitions." Albert Einstein said that he admired Freud particularly for his achievement as an author, and that he did not know any other contemporary who could present his subject with such mastery of the German language. Indeed, Freud modelled his style on the German classics—most of all on Goethe, whom he read closely as a student. (It was Goethe, incidentally, who introduced the term "sublimate"—*sublimieren*—into the German language in reference to human feelings that must be worked at, improved, and elevated.)

Because Freud attached so much importance to finding the *mot juste*, his translators' clumsy substitutions and inexact use of language are all the more damaging to his ideas. Deprived of the right word or the appropriate phrasing, Freud's thoughts become not merely coarse or oversimplified but seriously distorted. Slipshod translations deprive his words of some or most of the subtle sensory tones and allusions that he deliberately evoked to permit the reader to understand what he had in mind, and to respond not only on an intellectual level but also on an emotional one—not merely with the conscious mind but also with the unconscious mind. Only by comprehending his writings on both levels is it possible to grasp Freud's full meaning, in all its subtlety and richness, and this is crucial for a correct understanding of psychoanalysis.

Whenever Freud thought it possible, he tried to communicate his new ideas in the most common terms, which his readers had used since childhood; his great achievement as a stylist was to imbue these words with nuances, meanings, and insights that had not been part of their everyday



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use. When he could not communicate sufficiently by using readily available familiar terms, he would create new words from common ones, sometimes by combining two words, which is a standard practice in the German language. Only if common words, even when they were invested with new meanings or used in combination or juxtaposition, seemed inadequate to express what he intended to convey did he resort to the use of Greek or Latin—to terms such as the Oedipus complex, which are derived from classical myths. Even then, he chose words he thought would be familiar to his readers and thus be invested with connotations important in communicating both his overt and his deeper meanings. He assumed that his readers would be cultivated people who had been schooled in the classics, as he had been. (In Freud's day, *Gymnasium*, or high-school, students were required to study Greek and Latin.)

Among the Greek words that Freud used in very significant ways are "Eros" and "erotic;" from these words are derived the important concept of erotogenic zones, the term Freud created to name areas of the body particularly sensitive to erotic stimulation, such as the oral, anal, and genital zones. The concept first appeared in "Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality" (1905). In a preface to the fourth edition, written in 1920, Freud stressed "how closely the enlarged concept of sexuality of psychoanalysis coincides with the Eros of divine Plato." For readers who, like Freud, were steeped in the classic tradition, words such as "Eros" and "erotic" called up Eros's charm and cunning and—perhaps more important—his deep love for Psyche, the soul, to whom Eros is wedded in everlasting love and devotion. For those familiar with this myth, it is impossible to think of Eros without being reminded at the same time of Psyche, and how she had at first been tricked into believing that Eros was disgusting, with the most tragic consequences. To view Eros or anything connected with him as grossly sexual or monstrous is an error that, according to the myth, can lead to catastrophe. (It would be equally erroneous to confuse Eros with Cupid: Cupid is an irresponsible, mischievous little boy; Eros is fully grown, at the height of the beauty and strength of young manhood.) In order for sexual love to be an experience of true erotic pleasure, it must be imbued with beauty (symbolized by Eros) and express the longings of the soul (symbolized by Psyche). These were some of the connotations that Freud had in mind when he used words like "Eros" and "erotic." Devoid of such connotations, which are closely related to their classical origin, these words not only lose much of the meaning he wished them to evoke but may even be invested with meanings opposite to those he intended.

This is true of the word "psychoanalysis" itself, which Freud coined. Those who use this now familiar term are usually vaguely aware that it combines two words of Greek origin, but few are conscious of the fact that the two words refer to strongly contrasting phenomena. "Psyche" is the soul—a term full of the richest meaning, endowed with emotion, comprehensively human and unscientific. "Analysis" implies a taking apart, a scientific examination. English readers of Freud are further thrown off by the fact that in English the accent in "psychoanalysis" is on "analysis," thus emphasizing the part of the word whose connotations are scientific. With the German word *Psychoanalyse*, on the other hand, the accent is on the first syllable—on "psyche," the soul. By coining the term "psychoanalysis" to describe his work, Freud wished to emphasize that by isolating and examining the neglected and hidden aspects of our souls we can acquaint ourselves with

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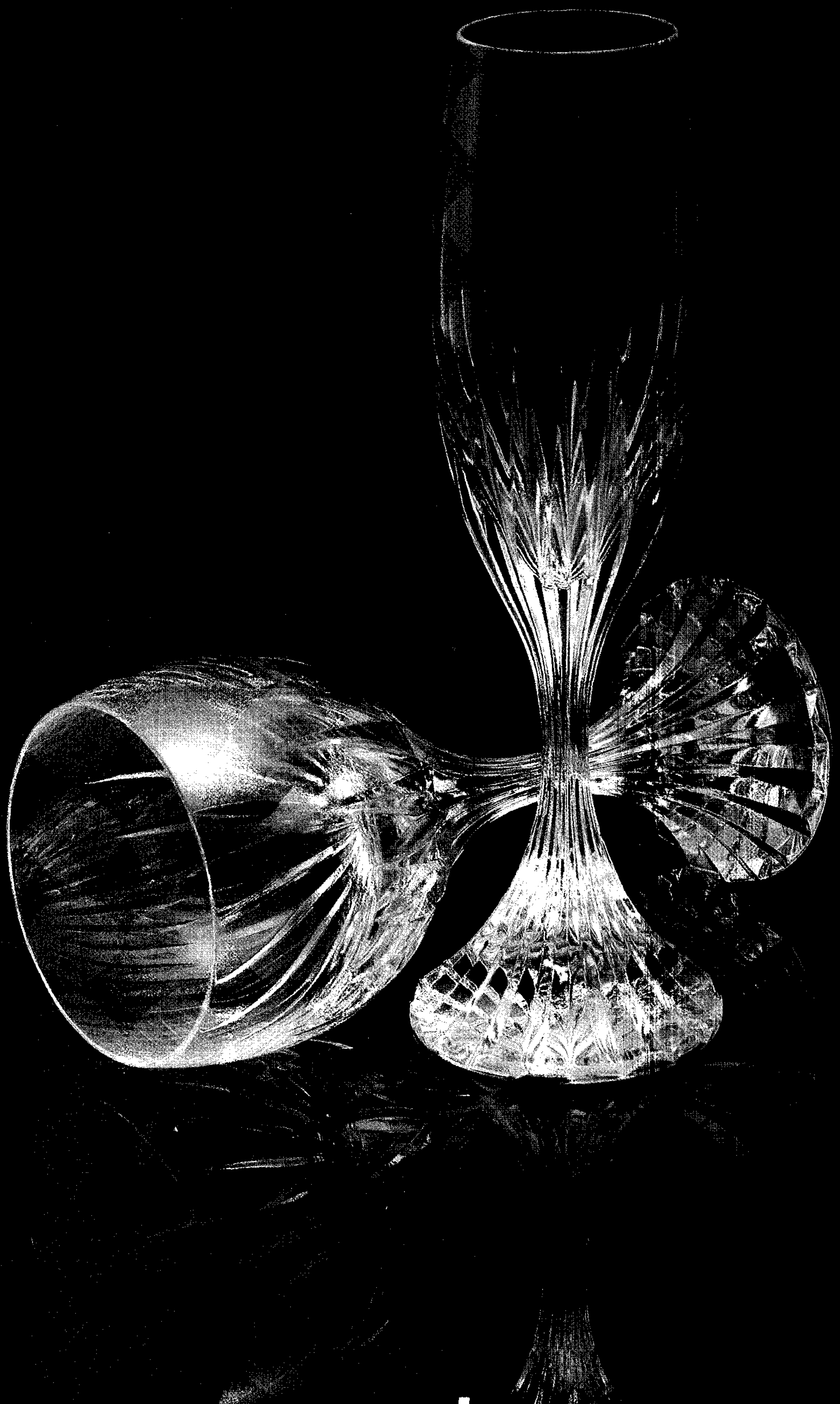

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those aspects and understand the roles they play in our lives. It was Freud's emphasis on the soul that made his analysis different from all others. What we think and feel about man's soul—our own soul—is all-important in Freud's view. Unfortunately, when we now use the word "psyche" in the compound word "psychoanalysis" or in other compound words, such as "psychology," we no longer react to the words with the feelings that Freud intended to evoke. This was not true for his contemporaries in Vienna; for them, "psyche" used in any combination never lost its real meaning.

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The story of Psyche may have been particularly attractive to Freud because she had to enter the underworld and retrieve something there before she could attain her apotheosis. Freud, similarly, had to dare to enter the underworld—in his case, the underworld of the soul—to gain his illumination. He alluded to the story of Amor (or Eros) and Psyche in his essay "The Theme of the Three Caskets" (1913), in which he analyzed the unconscious motives that may explain the frequently evoked image of the always fateful choice among three: three caskets in "The Merchant of Venice," three daughters in "King Lear," three goddesses in the judgment of Paris, and three sisters of whom Psyche was the most beautiful. Freud tried to show that two related topics underlie this motif: the wish to believe that we have a choice where we have none, and a symbolic expression of the three fateful roles that the female plays in the life of the male—as mother, as beloved, and, finally, as the symbolic mother (Mother Earth) to whom man returns when he dies. The tale of Amor and Psyche describes the deep attachment of a mother to her son—the relationship that Freud considered the most unambivalent in a man's life. It also depicts the extreme jealousy that a mother feels for the girl her son loves. As Apuleius tells it, Psyche's beauty was so great that she was more venerated than Venus, and that outraged Venus. "With parted lips," Venus "kissed her son long and fervently" to persuade him to destroy Psyche. But, despite his mother's efforts to seduce him into doing her bidding, Amor falls deeply in love with Psyche. This only increases Venus's jealousy, and she sets out to destroy Psyche by demanding tasks of her that she thinks will kill her, including that of bringing a casket filled with "a day's worth of beauty" up from the underworld. And, to make sure of Amor, Venus locks him up. In desperation, Amor turns for help to his father, Jupiter, who, remembering his own amorous experiences, accepts Psyche as his son's bride.

In some respects, the story of Amor and Psyche is a counterpart of that of Oedipus, but there are important differences. The Oedipus legend tells of a father's fear that his son will replace him; to avert this, the father tries to destroy his son. Psyche's story tells of a mother who is afraid that a young girl will replace her in the affections of mankind and those of her son, and who therefore tries to destroy the girl. But while the tale of Oedipus ends tragically, the tale of Amor and Psyche has a happy ending, and this fact is significant. A mother's love for her son and her jealous rage against the girl he prefers to her can be openly acknowledged. That the young girl surpasses the mature woman in beauty, that a son turns away from his mother to embrace his bride, that a bride has to suffer from the jealousy of her lover's mother—all this, although extremely troublesome, accords with normal human emotions, and is in line with the natural conflict of the generations. That is why in the end Jupiter and Venus accept the situation; Amor and Psyche celebrate their wedding in the presence of all the gods; Psyche is made immortal; and Venus makes peace with her. But Oedipus, in killing his father and marrying his mother, acts out in reality a common childish fantasy that ought to have remained just that. In doing so, Oedipus acts against nature, which requires that a son marry a woman of his generation, and not his mother, and that he make his peace with his father. Thus, his story results in tragedy for all involved in the events.

Whether Freud was impressed by the parallels and differences of these two ancient myths we do not know, but we do know how fascinated he was by Greek mythology: he studied it assiduously, and he collected Greek, Roman, and Egyptian statuary. He knew that Psyche was depicted as young and beautiful, and as having the wings of a bird or a butterfly. Birds and butterflies are symbols of the soul in many cultures, and serve to emphasize its transcendental nature. These symbols invested the word "psyche" with connotations of beauty, fragility, and insubstantiality—ideas we still connect with the soul—and they suggest the great respect, care, and consideration with which Psyche had to be approached, because any other approach would violate, even destroy her. Respect, care, and consideration are attitudes that psychoanalysis, too, requires.

THE purpose of Freud's lifelong struggle was to help us understand ourselves, so that we would no longer be propelled, by forces unknown to us, to live lives of discontent, or perhaps outright misery, and to make others miserable, very much to our own detriment. In examining the content of the unconscious, Freud called into question some deeply cherished beliefs, such as the unlimited perfectibility of man and his inherent goodness; he made us aware of our ambivalences and of our ingrained narcissism, with its origins in infantile self-centeredness, and he showed us its destructive nature. In his life and work, Freud truly heeded the admonition inscribed on the temple of Apollo at Delphi—"Know thyself"—and he wanted to help us do the same. But to know oneself profoundly can be extremely upsetting. It implies the obligation to change oneself—an arduous and painful task. Many of the current misconceptions about Freud and psychoanalysis have arisen from the fear of self-knowledge—from the comforting view, abetted by the emotionally distancing language of the translations, that psychoanalysis is a method of analyzing selected aspects of the behavior of other people. Freud's insights threaten our narcissistic image of ourselves. How ironic that the work of a man who strove ardently for self-understanding should have led to so many defensive misconceptions about psychoanalysis!

By selectively accepting only some of Freud's ideas about the role of the sexual drives in man's makeup, and by misunderstanding his tragic belief that man's destructive tendencies spring from a dark side of the soul, and perverting this belief into a facile theory that the negative aspects of man's behavior are merely the consequence of his living in a bad society, many of Freud's followers have transformed psychoanalysis from a profound view of man's condition into something shallow. Freud was convinced that the creation of civilized society, despite all its shortcomings, was still man's noblest achievement. Only by seriously misinterpreting what Freud wrote in "Totem and Taboo" (1912-13) and "Civilization and Its Discontents" (1930—a more accurate translation of the title would be "The Uneasiness Inherent in Culture") can one arrive at the comfortable assumption that psychoanalysis, instead of confronting us with the abyss within ourselves and forcing on us the incredibly difficult task of taming and controlling its chaos, would make life easy and pleasurable, and permit us, on the pretext of self-expression, to indulge our sexual desires without any restraints, risks, or price. All of Freud's work to uncover the unconscious was intended to give us some degree of rational control over it, so that when acting in line with its pressures was not appropriate the releasing of these pressures could be postponed or neutralized, or—most desirable of all—the powers of the unconscious could be redirected through sublimation to serve higher and better purposes.

The difficulties that Freud experienced during his self-analysis and the difficulties that his patients had in summoning up the memories they had repressed made it obvious to him that the discovery of one's unconscious could never be easy. Some early experiences taught him that careful control over the patient's positive transference to the analyst and over the analyst's own feelings was absolutely necessary, in order to avoid undesirable consequences. He concluded that a special setting was required if the psychoanalytic work of self-discovery was to proceed safely and effectively. For the patient to safely open the caldron of the unconscious, setting free his emotions and undoing repressions—many of which had been quite useful in carrying on with the task of living in society—it was necessary to restrict the process to

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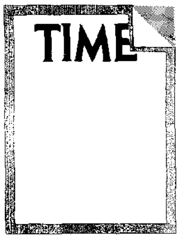

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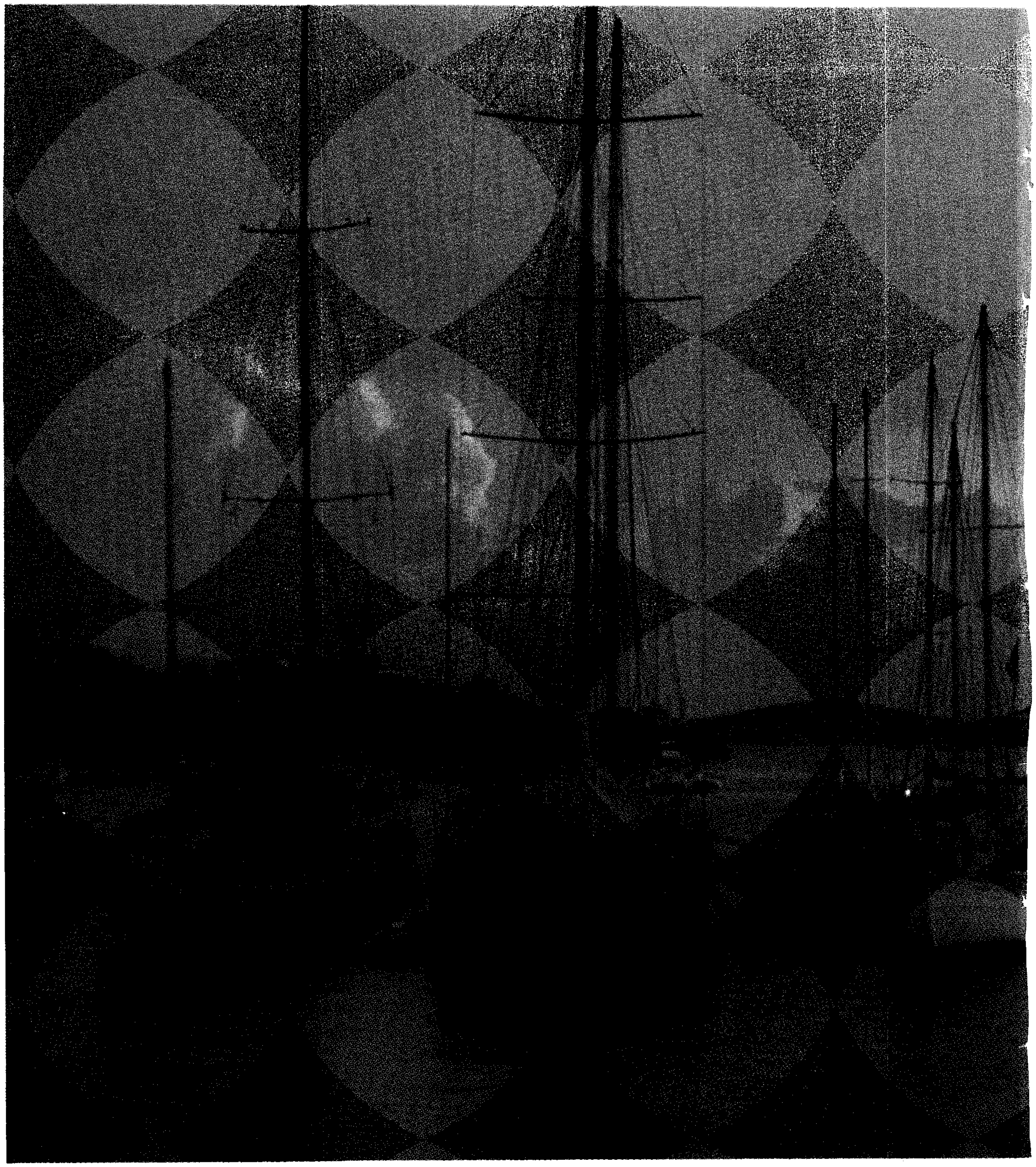

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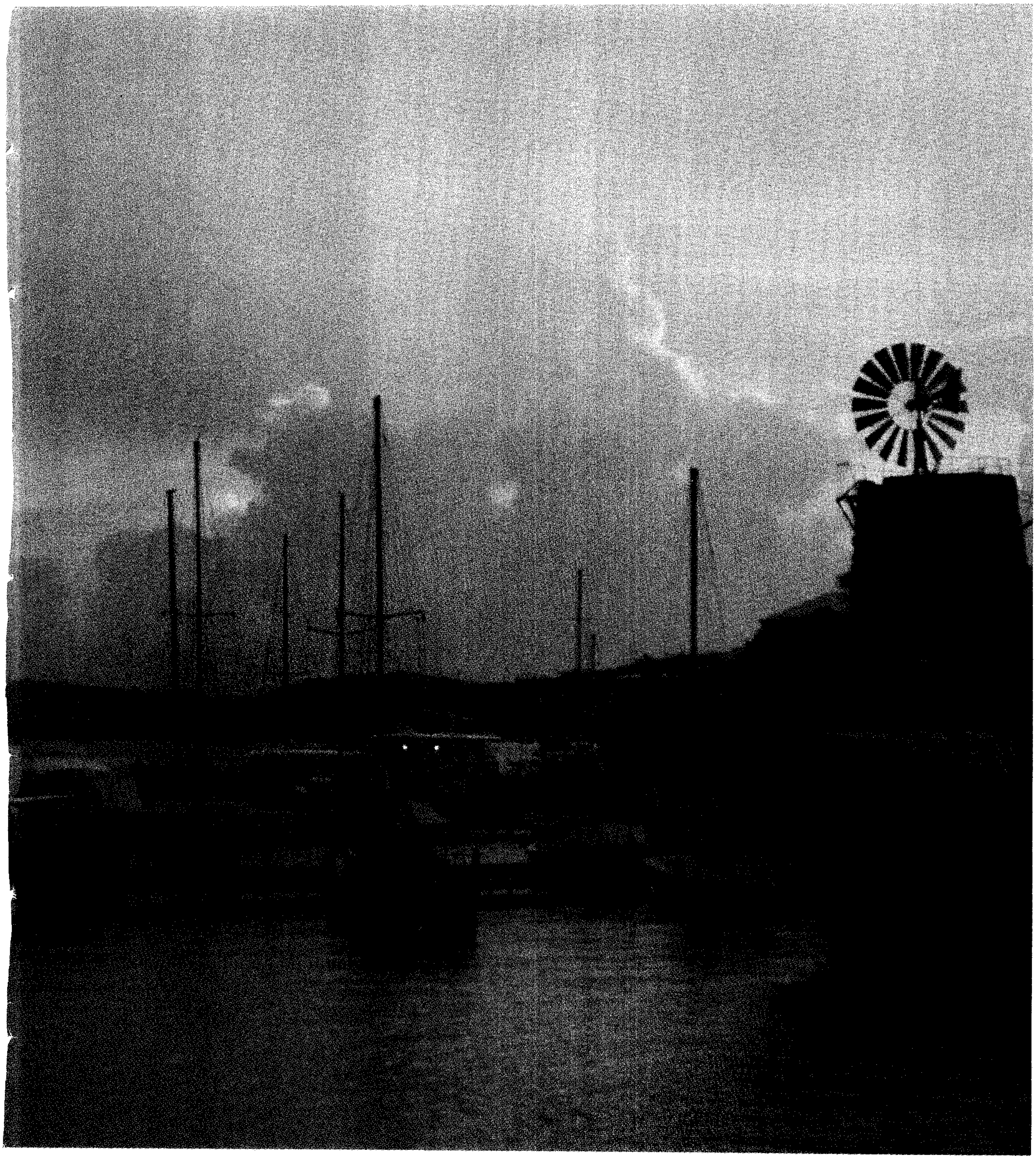

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relatively short and well-circumscribed periods. Only then could one venture to unleash thoughts and feelings that, for one's own good and that of others, ordinarily had to be kept under control. Only then could one take a good look at what went on in one's unconscious without incurring the danger that this process would interfere with one's normal life outside the treatment room, and mess up one's personal relations.

Freud's cautious approach has been disregarded in many quarters, and it has come to be popularly assumed that psychoanalysis advocated an unrestrained letting-go, not through talking in seclusion for a strictly limited period of time but through behaving without restraint all the time in all situations, regardless of the havoc this might play in one's own life and the lives of others. Because psychoanalysis revealed the crippling consequences of too much repression, it has come to be assumed that it advocated the absence of all controls. Because psychoanalysis required that "it should all come out"—though only for some fifty minutes a day, and under the guidance of a specially trained and trustworthy therapist, who would protect one from going too far or too fast in uncovering the unconscious—it has come to be assumed that psychoanalysis advocated "letting it all hang out," all over the place, all the time. "Know thyself" has become "Do whatever you please."

Freud repeatedly stressed that the enemies—the detractors—of psychoanalysis posed no danger to its development; his concern was with the naïve friends of his new science and with those who would use it to justify whatever their selfish desires led them to do and to inflict on others. He feared that psychoanalysis would be destroyed if it was widely accepted without being understood. He predicted that this was likely to happen in the United States—the country where, in 1909, at Clark University, he had received his first and only honorary degree for his achievements. In 1930, he wrote, "I often hear that psychoanalysis is very popular in the United States and that it doesn't meet there with the same obstinate resistance as it does in Europe. . . . It seems to me that the popularity of the name of psychoanalysis in America signifies neither a friendly attitude to its essence nor any extension and deepening of its understanding. . . . Most frequently one finds among American doctors and writers only a very inadequate familiarity with psychoanalysis, so that they know only some names and slogans, which does not prevent them from certainty in making judgments." (All unattributed translations of Freud in this article are my own.)

I DO not doubt that Freud's English translators wanted to present his writings to their audience as accurately as possible—within the frame of reference within which they wished him to be understood. When Freud appears to be either more abstruse or more dogmatic in English translation than in the original German, to speak about abstract concepts rather than about the reader himself, and about man's mind rather than about his soul, the probable explanation isn't mischievousness or carelessness on the translators' part but a deliberate wish to perceive Freud strictly within the framework of medicine, and, possibly, an unconscious tendency to distance themselves from the emotional impact of what Freud tried to convey.

The English translations cleave to an early stage of Freud's thought, in which he inclined toward science and medicine, and disregard the more mature Freud, whose orientation was humanistic, and who was concerned mostly with broadly conceived cultural and human problems and with matters of the soul. Freud himself stated that he considered the cultural and human significance of psychoanalysis more important than its medical significance.

In summing up, in the thirty-fourth of the "New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis" (1933), what he viewed as the main merits of psychoanalysis, Freud, while remarking on its therapeutic successes, did not hide its limitations in this respect; in fact, he admitted that he was never really enthusiastic about psychoanalysis as therapy. While psychoanalysis is beyond doubt the most valuable method of psychotherapy, that is only to be expected, since it is the most difficult, demanding, and time-consuming method. Freud recommended psychoanalysis to our interest "not as therapy but rather because of what it reveals to us about what concerns man most closely: his own essence; and because of the connections it uncovers between the widest variety of his actions." His greatest hope was that with the spreading of psychoanalytic knowledge, and the insights gained through it, the rearing of children would be reformed. Freud considered this "per-

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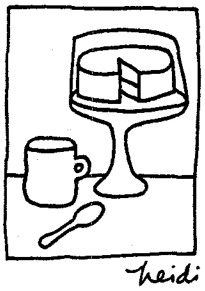
haps the most important of all activities of analysis," because it could free the largest number of people—not merely the few who underwent analysis personally—from unnecessary repressions, unrealistic anxieties, and destructive hatreds. By vastly reducing the inner conflicts from which we suffered, psychoanalysis could help us to act more rationally—could help us, in short, to become more human. "Psychoanalysis is not a medical specialty," Freud said in his "Postscript to 'The Question of Lay Analysis' " (1927). "I do not see how one can resist recognizing this. Psychoanalysis is a part of psychology. It is not medical psychology in the traditional sense, nor the psychology of pathological processes. It is psychology proper; certainly not all of psychology, but its substratum, possibly its very foundation." He went on to warn that one should not permit oneself to be led astray by its application for medical purposes; he compared psychoanalysis to electricity, which has its medical uses in the form of X-ray techniques, pointing out that this does not make electricity become part of medicine rather than part of physics.



Despite this clear-cut assertion, psychoanalysis was perceived in the United States as a practice that ought to be the sole prerogative of physicians, instead of being accepted for what it is in the deepest and most important sense: a call to greater humanity, and a way to achieve it. So adamant were the American analysts that psychoanalysis must be restricted to physicians that in 1926 the New York State Legislature passed a bill declaring illegal any analysis not conducted by a physician. Not satisfied with this, the Americans continued their battle within the International Psycho-Analytical Association, and threatened to break away from the international psychoanalytic movement unless their view was accepted. A struggle over this issue led to severe dissensions within the International Psycho-Analytical Association which lasted from 1926 until 1932, when Ernest Jones, the chairman of a committee set up by the Association to deal with the problem, worked out a compromise, according to which each of the national societies forming the International Association would thereafter have the right to determine the qualifications needed for membership. As a result, the American analysts decided—very much against Freud's strong convictions—that, as a general principle, in the United States only physicians could become analysts.

The consequences of this action were to be far-reaching, though nobody suspected as much at the time. When Freud reluctantly acquiesced in the decision of the American analysts, the center of psychoanalysis was in Europe, with the Viennese group around Freud clearly dominant. No one imagined that the small and relatively insignificant group of analysts in the United States could have the slightest influence on the over-all development of psychoanalysis, since all theoretical and practical advances originated in the European centers, mainly with Freud himself, his daughter, Anna, and their inner circle. With the advent of Hitler, however, everything suddenly changed. Psychoanalysis disappeared on the Continent, and after the war the American psychoanalysts were the largest and most influential group, dominating the entire field. It is at the very least doubtful that if Freud had foreseen this situation he would have agreed that psychoanalysis in the United States might become a medical specialty, since whenever he had felt strongly about an issue he risked splits in the psychoanalytic movement to assure its continuation in his spirit.

The strength of Freud's conviction that psychoanalysis should not exist solely within a medical framework can be gauged from a 1928 letter to his friend Oskar Pfister. Referring to two of his recent books, "The Question of Lay Analysis" (1926), in which he had argued that psychoanalytically trained laymen should be permitted to treat patients, and "The Future of an Illusion" (1927), which dealt with the nature of religious ideas, he wrote, "I do not know whether you have guessed the hidden link between 'Lay Analysis' and 'Illusion.' In the former I want to protect analysis from physicians, and in the latter from priests. I want to entrust it to a profession that doesn't yet exist, a profession of secular ministers of souls, who don't have to be physicians and must not be priests." Psychoanalysis was to be neither a medical discipline nor a creed. Psychoanalysts were not to think or function as the healers of bodies do, nor were they to be pur-

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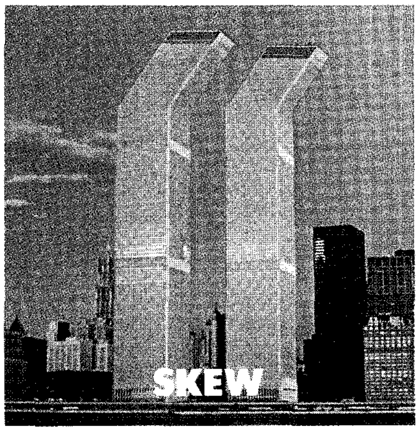

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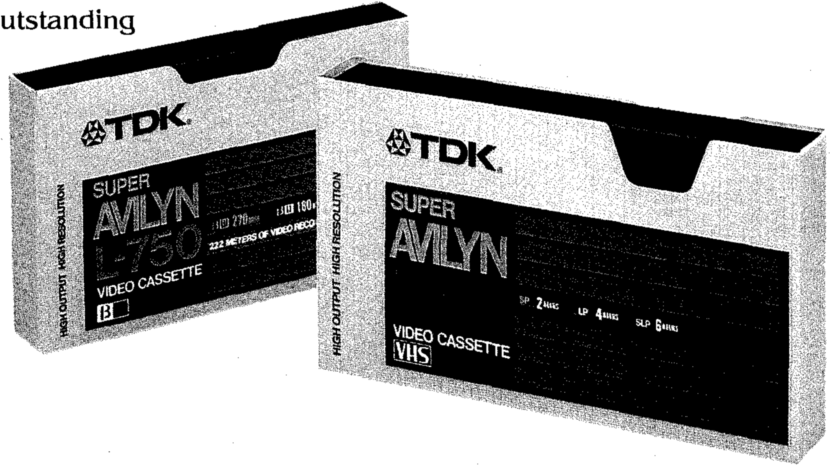

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veyors of an esoteric or revealed truth. (Incidentally, in its original American edition the title of "The Question of Lay Analysis"—"Die Frage der Laienanalyse"—was mistranslated as "The Problem of Lay-Analyses.")

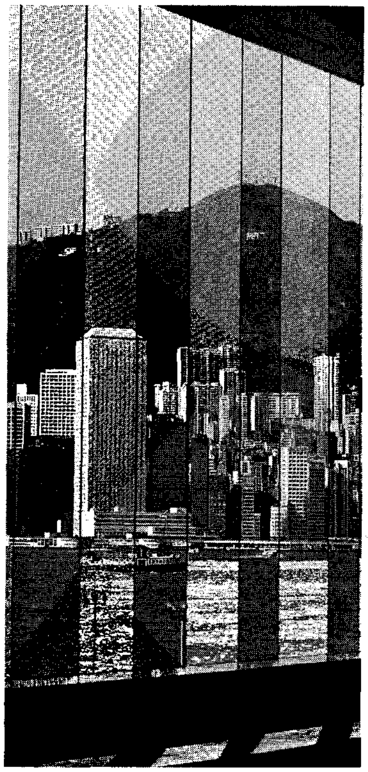
During the last months of Freud's life, when psychoanalysis had almost ceased to exist on the continent of Europe, it was widely rumored that he had changed his mind and was of the opinion that the practice of psychoanalysis should be confined to physicians. In answer to an inquiry on this matter, he wrote (in English): "I cannot imagine how that silly rumor of my having changed my views about the problem of Lay-Analysis may have originated. The fact is, I have never repudiated these views and I insist on them even more intensely than before, in the face of the obvious American tendency to turn psychoanalysis into a mere housemaid of Psychiatry."

To characterize the function of the analyst—someone who could greatly facilitate the emergence of a new personality, making the process of the change a safe one—Freud often used the simile of the midwife. As the midwife neither creates the child nor decides what he will be but only helps the mother to give birth to him safely, so the psychoanalyst can neither bring the new personality into being nor determine what it ought to be; only the person who is analyzing himself can make himself over. The poet H. D. (Hilda Doolittle), speaking of her experience with Freud during her analysis, said, "He is midwife to the soul."

IN the Vienna of Freud's time, psychology was not a natural science but a branch of philosophy; it was mainly speculative and descriptive, and was essentially humanistic in content. Not until the Second World War did psychology in Vienna move out of this frame of reference, and even then it did so only slowly and tentatively, as psychologists began to mimic students of the natural sciences in their methods and their thinking.

How Freud conceived psychology can be seen from the way he spoke about it in "The Question of Lay Analysis": "In psychology we can describe only with the help of comparisons. This is nothing special, it is the same elsewhere. But we are forced to change these comparisons over and over again, for none of them can serve us for any length of time." There are several reasons for Freud's frequent use of metaphors in explaining the nature of psychoanalysis. One is that psychoanalysis, though it is confronted with hard, objective facts, does not deal with them as such but devotes itself to the imaginative interpretation and explanation of hidden causes, which can only be inferred. The metaphors that Freud used were intended to bridge the rift that exists between the hard facts to which psychoanalysis refers and the imaginative manner in which it explains them. A second reason is even more closely related to the nature of psychoanalysis. Because of repression, or the influence of censorship, the unconscious reveals itself in symbols or metaphors, and psychoanalysis, in its concern with the unconscious, tries to speak about it in its own metaphoric language. Finally, metaphors are more likely than a purely intellectual statement to touch a human chord and arouse our emotions, and thus give us a feeling for what is meant. A true comprehension of psychoanalysis requires not only an intellectual realization but a simultaneous emotional response; neither alone will do. A well-chosen metaphor will permit both. Because poets speak in metaphors about the contents of their unconscious, Freud insisted that they, and other great artists, had known all along what he had to discover through laborious work. All he claimed for himself was that he had organized this knowledge and made it available as a means of understanding the unconscious not only intuitively but also explicitly. To better understand Freud, then, we must pay close attention to his use of metaphors, whether or not he makes it obvious that he is speaking metaphorically; it is, of course, important that we not take his metaphors as factual statements.

Of all the metaphors that Freud used, probably none had more far-reaching consequences than the metaphor of mental illness, and—derived from it—the metaphor of psychoanalysis as the treatment and cure of mental illness. Freud evoked the image of illness and its treatment to enable us to comprehend how certain disturbances influence the psyche, what causes them, and how they may be dealt with. If this metaphor is not recognized as such but, rather, taken as referring to objective facts, we forfeit a real understanding of the unconscious and its workings. In this metaphor, the body stands for the soul. If the metaphor is interpreted literally, as it has been in the United States, our psyche, or soul —for Freud the terms were inter-



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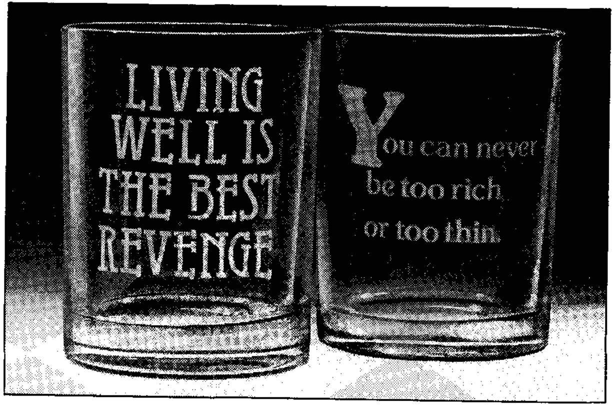
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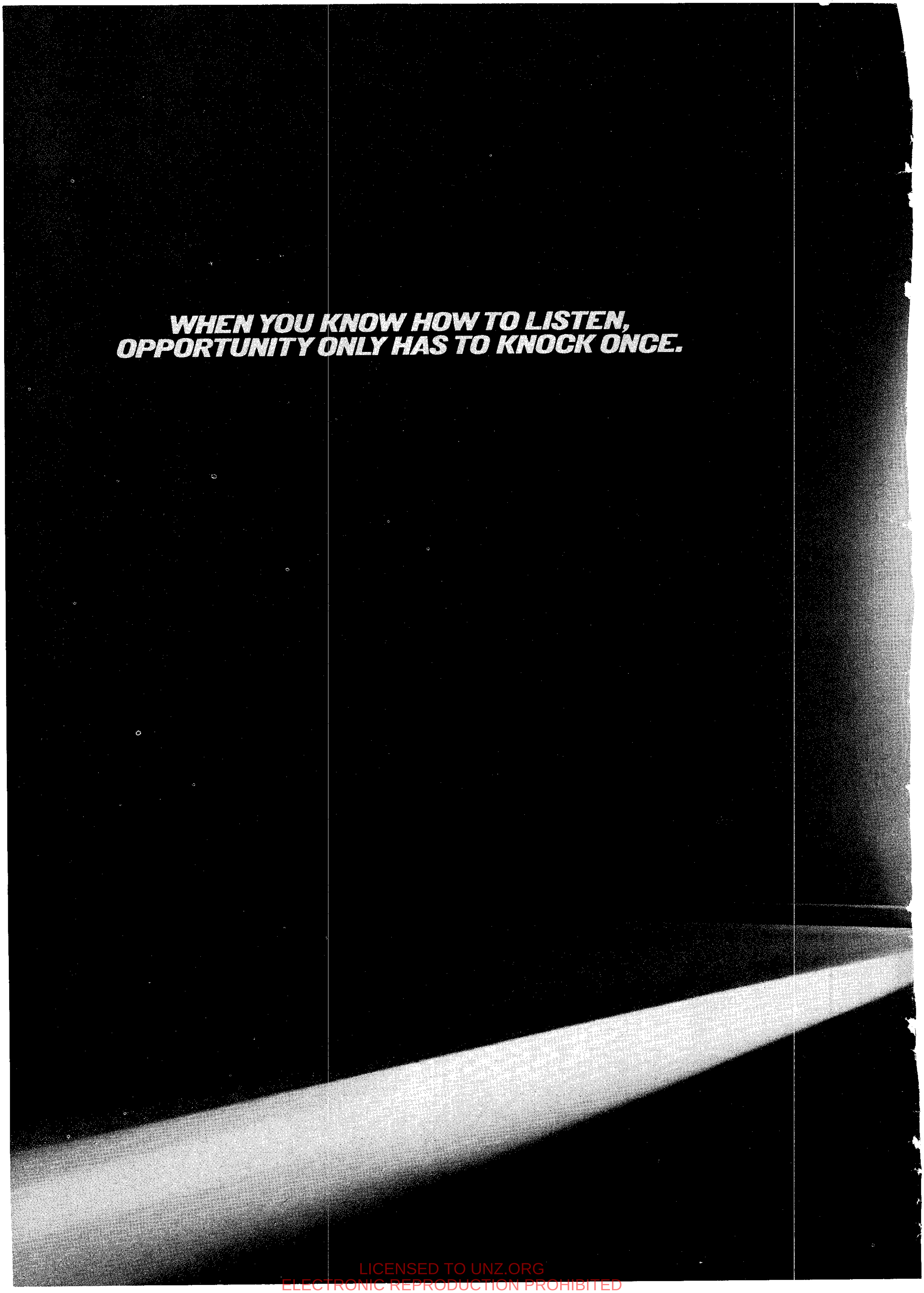
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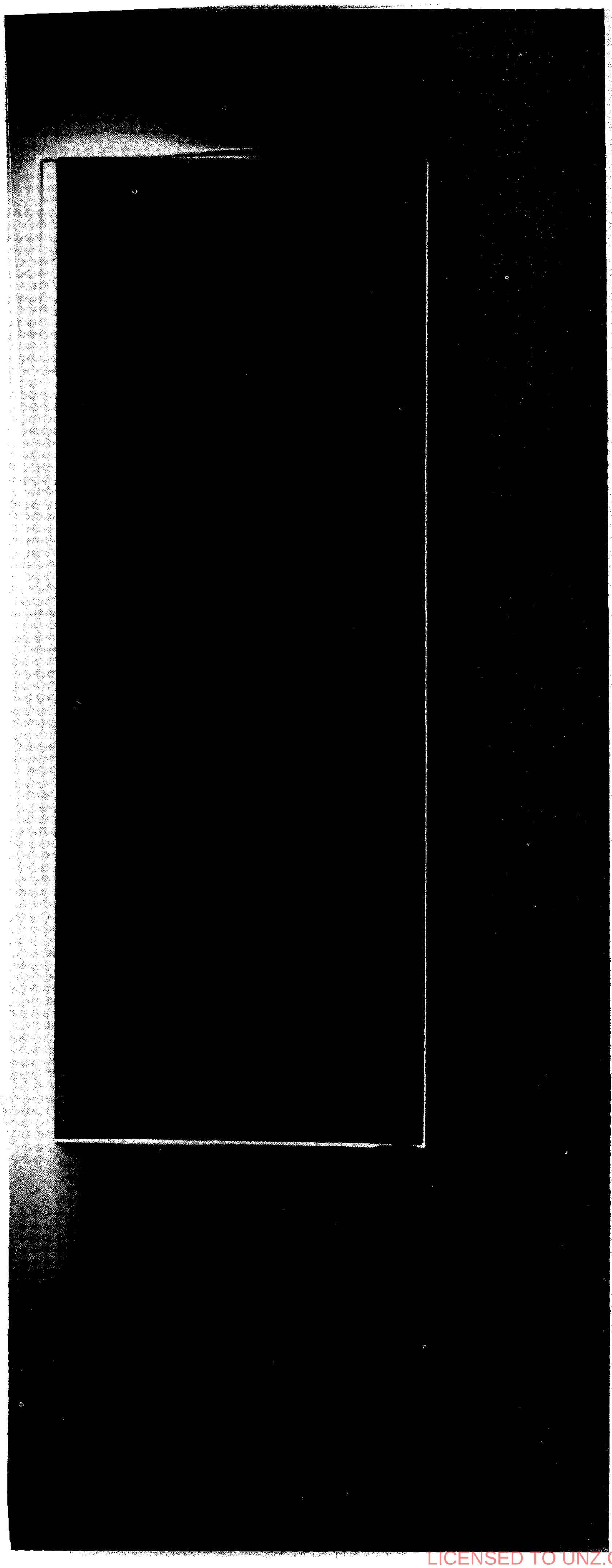

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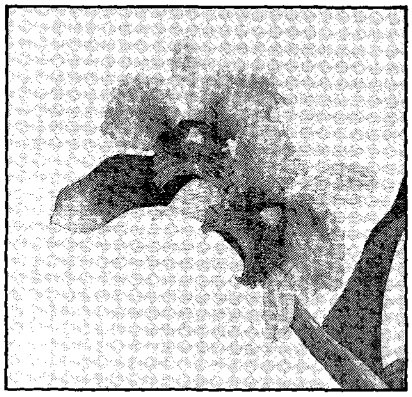

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changeable—seems to become something tangible. It acquires something akin to a physical existence, like a bodily organ; hence its treatment becomes part of medical science. In the United States, of course, "the cure of mental illness" was seen as the main task of psychoanalysis, just as the curing of bodily illness is that of medicine.

In the German culture within which Freud lived, and which permeated his work, there existed and still exists a definite and important division between two approaches to knowledge. Both disciplines are called *Wissenschaften* (sciences), and they are accepted as equally legitimate in their appropriate fields, although their methods have hardly anything in common. These two are the *Naturwissenschaften* (natural sciences) and, opposed to them in content and in methods, the *Geisteswissenschaften.* The term *Geisteswissenschaften* defies translation into English; its literal meaning is "sciences of the spirit," and the concept is one that is deeply rooted in German idealist philosophy. These disciplines represent entirely different approaches to an understanding of the world. Renan, trying to translate them into French, suggested that they divided all knowledge into *la science de l'humanité* and *la science de la nature.* In such a division of knowledge, a hermeneutic-spiritual knowing and a positivistic-pragmatic knowing are opposed to each other. In much of the German world, and particularly in Vienna before and during Freud's life, psychology clearly fell into the realm of the first; in much of the English-speaking world, on the other hand, psychology clearly belonged to the *Naturwissenschaften.*

The influential German philosopher Wilhelm Windelband, Freud's contemporary, elaborated on the fundamental differences between these two approaches to knowledge. He classified the natural sciences as nomothetic, because they search for and are based on general laws, and in many of them mathematics plays an important role. The *Geisteswissenschaften* he called idiographic, because they seek to understand the objects of their study not as instances of universal laws but as singular events; their method is that of history, since they are concerned with human history and with individual ideas and values. Nomothetic sciences require verification through replication by experiment; their findings ought to permit mathematical and statistical analysis and, most important, ought to permit exact predictions. Idiographic sciences deal with events that never recur in the same form—that can be neither replicated nor predicted.

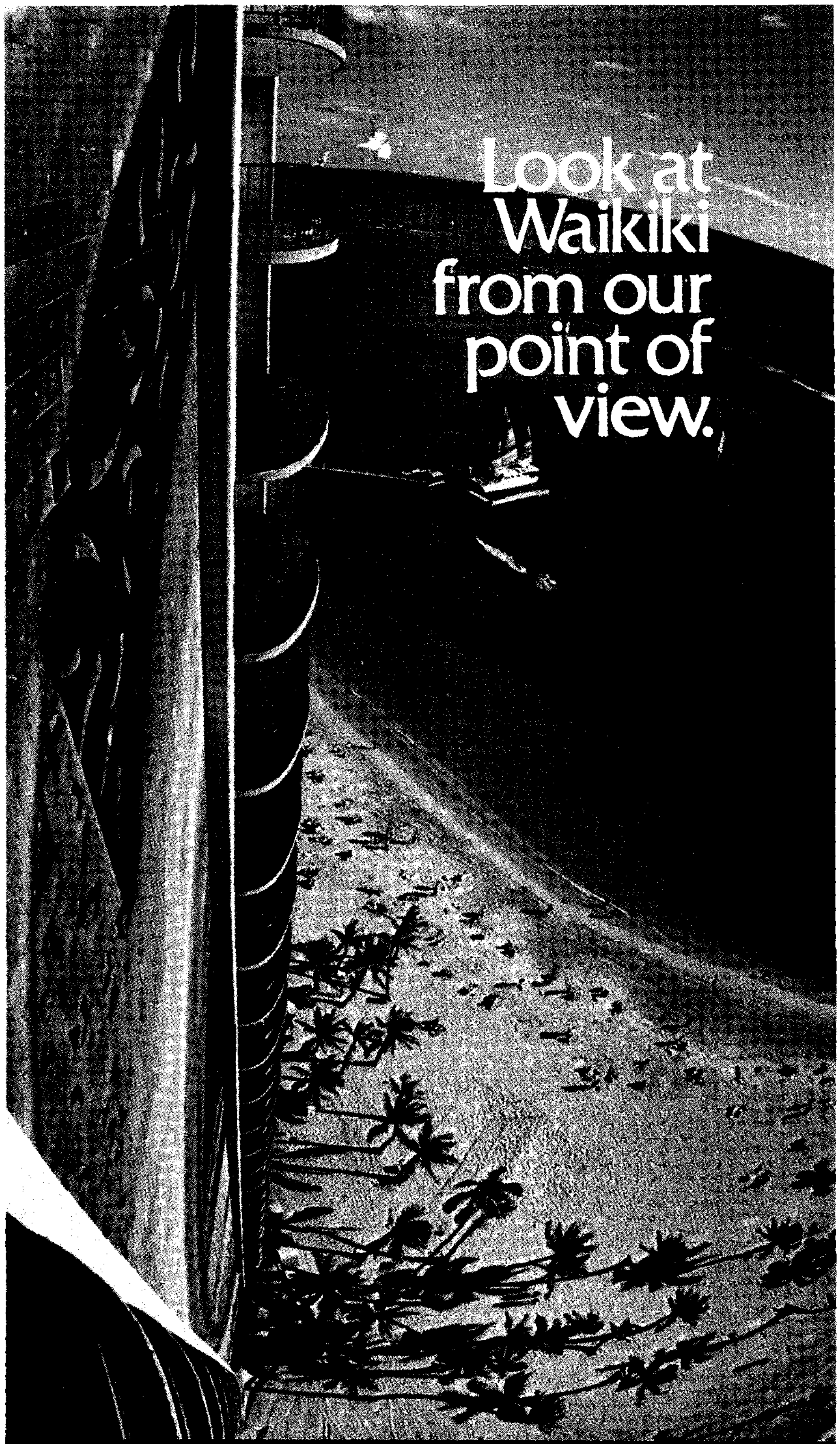
Psychoanalysis is concerned with the discovery of events in the past life of the individual and with their consequences for him, and neither the events nor the consequences can ever be exactly the same for two persons. Freud frequently compared psychoanalysis with archeology: the work of psychoanalysis consists in unearthing the deeply buried remnants of the past and combining them with other fragments, which are perhaps more accessible; once all the pieces have been put together, it becomes possible to speculate about the origin and the nature of the individual psyche. Psychoanalysis is clearly an idiographic science, utilizing unique historical occurrences to provide a view of man's development and behavior. Whether Freud analyzes his dreams, which are unique to him, or establishes the past history of patients, or discusses what constitutes the essence of a work of art and how it relates to the life and personality of the artist, or analyzes the origin of religion or rituals, the psychology of masses, or the basis of society or of monotheism, he is working within the framework of the *Geisteswissenschaften,* applying the methods appropriate to an idiographic science.

When the English-speaking reader is confronted with the word "science," however, he thinks of the natural sciences; and when he is confronted with the word "psychology" he is likely to think of it as a discipline that tries to be an exact science; that is, a science based on controlled experiments that can be replicated and studied statistically. If the conviction that psychoanalysis belongs to the field of medicine is added to this notion (wasn't Freud a physician who treated patients, and isn't the practice of psychoanalysis restricted to physicians?), it seems logical to interpret what Freud wrote as part of a natural science, and to translate his writings accordingly.

In such a frame of mind, a translator of Freud will try to use precise terms, and make things clear and definite, however much treatises centering on the unconscious in all its manifestations may defy such efforts. If the translator is confronted with newly created terms that as yet have no English equivalent, he may translate them by creating new terms of his own, which permit clear definitions rather than evoke vague and emotionally loaded connotations, for he may believe Freud to have thought of or wished for such precision when he created his new terms. A translation prepared in this manner will then add to the impression that Freud's system is one of the natural sciences.

Such methods of translation are reinforced by the fact that English scientific writing requires a degree of clarity and definiteness which German writing does not. A type of expression that in English would be scorned as muddleheaded and confused is quite acceptable in German. While English authors, particularly in scientific writings, shun ambiguities, German writing is full of them. Psychoanalytic writing, which is concerned to such a large degree with the unconscious—itself full of ambiguities and contradictions—will in German try to do them justice, while good English style requires that such ambiguities be avoided. In theory, many topics with which Freud dealt permit both a hermeneutic-spiritual and a positivistic-pragmatic approach. When this is so, the English translators nearly always opt for the latter, positivism being the most important English philosophical tradition.

This is not to say that those who wish to see Freud as a natural scientist, and psychoanalysis as a medical specialty, won't find some justification for their views in certain things he said. Freud was not a psychoanalyst all his life; he came to psychoanalysis in his forties. While studying physiology at the University of Vienna, he had been much impressed by the scientific rigor that his mentors demonstrated and also demanded of others; he therefore made their methods and values his own. He continued to adhere to these for a time after he decided, for economic reasons, to become a physician in private practice, specializing in neurology. His attitudes changed only gradually. An example of how he moved away from the idea that psychoanalysis could be an exact science, permitting replication and predictions characteristic of the hard sciences, can be found in the evolution of his views on dream symbolism. In 1913, he wrote, in the paper "The Interest of Psychoanalysis," that psychoanalysts



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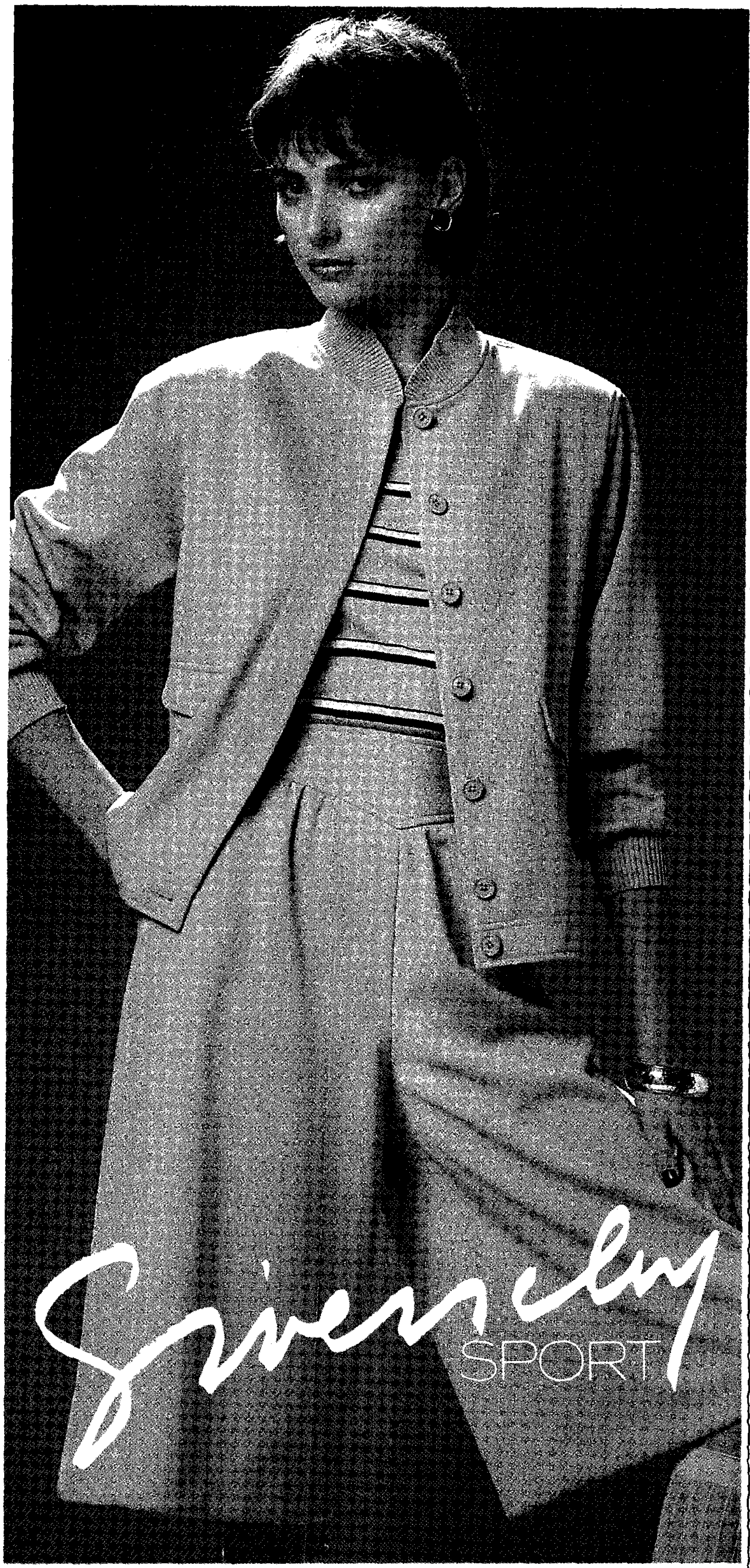
were "able to some extent to translate the content of dreams independently of the dreamer's associations." That is, Freud believed then that his "science" enabled him to say with some certainty what the appearance of a symbol in the dream of any patient meant. In 1925, in the paper "Some Additional Notes on Dream-Interpretation as a Whole," he wrote: "Dream interpretation . . . without reference to the dreamer's associations would . . . remain a piece of unscientific virtuosity of the most doubtful value." He had decided that to different persons the same symbol could have entirely different implications—that only a study of the individual's unique associations with a symbol permitted understanding of what it signified. He had become convinced that each psychological event had its own unique history, existed within a unique context, and could be understood only in that context.

Later, Freud realized even more clearly that the natural sciences had been a detour from what he really wanted to do with his life. In "Postscript to 'An Autobiographical Study'" (1935), he wrote, "After a lifelong detour over the natural sciences, medicine, and psychotherapy, my interests returned to those cultural problems which had once captivated the youth who had barely awakened to deeper thought." These interests had centered on "the events of the history of man, the mutual influences between man's nature, the development of culture, and those *residues of prehistoric events* of which religion is the foremost *representation* . . . studies which originate in psychoanalysis but go way beyond it."

The issue that concerns me here is not whether or in what measure Freud saw himself at certain moments in his life as a natural scientist, and psychoanalysis as a natural science—for sometimes he did. My point is to question whether his English translators and, consequently, American students of psychoanalysis were not and are not led astray by Freud's statements along these lines to misconceive much else that he wrote, in which he clearly wanted us to accept psychoanalysis as a humanistic undertaking.

MOST of Freud's writings were published in English during his lifetime, and all existing translations of his work into English were authorized either by Freud himself or by his estate. Since Freud read and wrote English fluently, it is hard to under-



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stand how he could have permitted translations that, in the words of Ernest Jones, his associate and biographer, were "not only seriously inaccurate" but "unworthy of Freud's style and gave a misleading impression of his personality." Perhaps his low esteem for the materialism of American society had something to do with his indifference in this matter. Jones reports that when he remarked to Freud that it was "a pity" his work was not being presented to the English-speaking world in "a more worthy form," Freud replied, "I'd rather have a good friend than a good translator."

Jones was not alone in criticizing the translations. After Freud's death, his estate authorized the publication, in an official translation, of the twenty-four volume "Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud." It was published in London by the Hogarth Press, and appeared between 1953 and 1974. The general editor of the series, James Strachey, had undergone analysis with Freud in Vienna after the First World War and had translated several of his works into English during Freud's lifetime. For the "Standard Edition," Strachey either revised existing translations or, in some cases, provided completely new translations of his own. All the translations bore the approval of Anna Freud. Although the translations in the "Standard Edition" are for the most part an improvement on those in the earlier editions, many, many shortcomings remain.

The translators' tendency to replace words in ordinary use with medical terms and learned borrowings from the Greek and Latin is evident throughout the "Standard Edition." In the tenth chapter of the "Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis" (1916-17), in which Freud discusses the meaning of symbols in dreams, he writes, "That the oven is [a symbol of] a woman and womb is confirmed by the Greek legend of Periander and his wife, Melissa" ("*Dass der Ofen ein Weib und Mutterleib ist, wird uns durch die griechische Sage von Periander von Korinth und seiner Frau Melissa bestätigt*"). This is rendered in the "Standard Edition" as "That ovens represent women and the uterus is confirmed by . . ." There are several difficulties here. The seemingly innocuous change from "the oven" and "a woman" to "ovens" and "women" not only is gratuitous but

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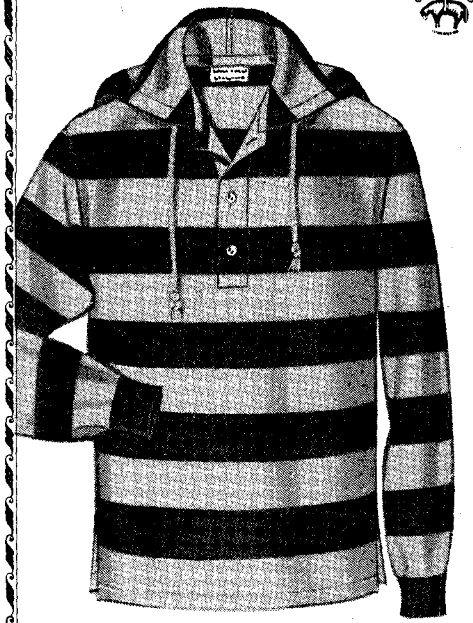

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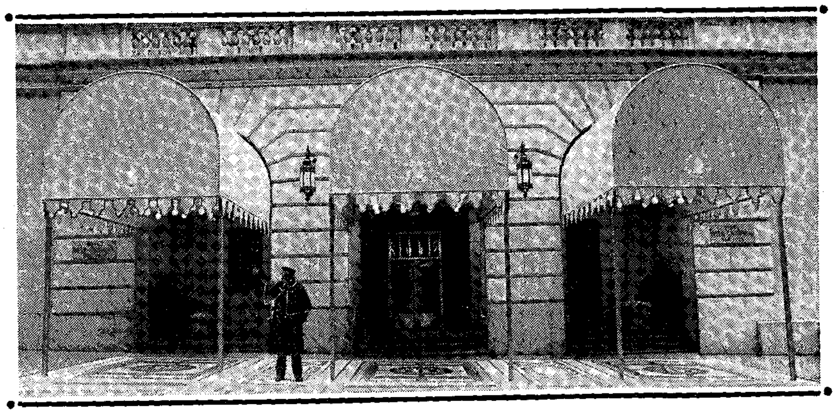

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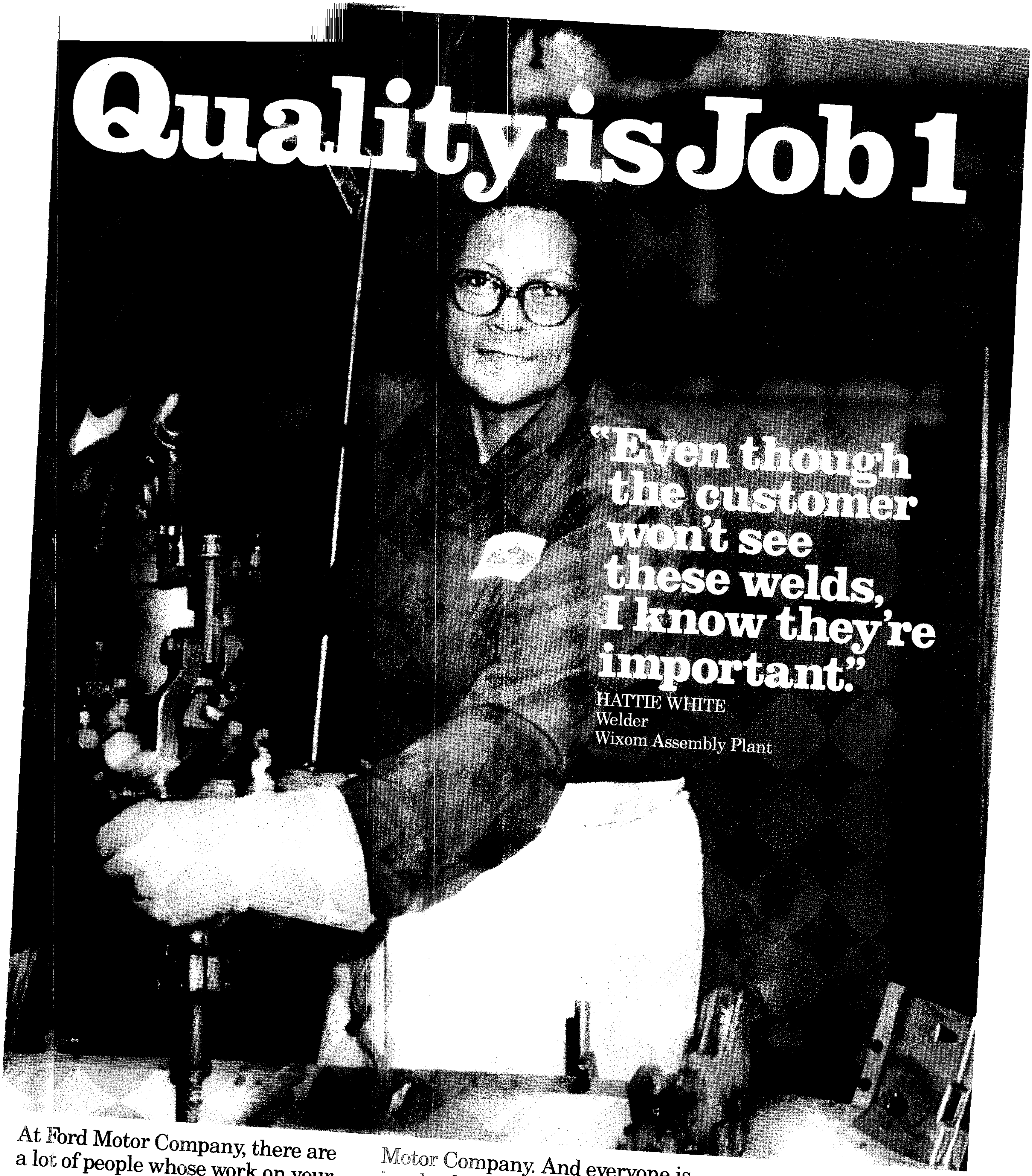
may make the statement untrue. I have encountered quite a few dreams in which an oven or a stove stood for a woman or for the womb, but I have never heard of a dream in which ovens represented either women or wombs in the plural. Far worse, of course, is the translation of "womb" as "uterus." I have certainly never encountered a dream in which an oven stood for a uterus, nor have any of my psychoanalyst friends. But even in the unlikely event that such dreams may occur, this is not what Freud had in mind. Though in English "womb" and "uterus" can be used interchangeably, *Mutterleib* ("mother's womb") can be translated only as "womb." The wish to substitute a medical term for a word in ordinary use leads to the replacement of a word that has deep emotional associations with one that evokes hardly any. Who would want to return to a uterus?

Of all Freud's books, none had such an immediate success as "The Psychopathology of Everyday Life" (1901), and it has retained its popularity. In it, he discusses why we make mistakes in talking, in writing, in remembering, in handling things, and so on. The examples he uses are difficult to translate, and so are his explanations of the possible subconscious motives for making such mistakes, particularly since the explanations often involve a play on words, which does not lend itself to translation. Therefore, the translators cannot be blamed for not doing justice to the subtleties of Freud's analyses here. Nevertheless, one can only regret what befell the important term *Fehlleistung*—the central concept expounded in the book. I've mentioned Freud's practice of creating a new term by combining ordinary German words. Freud coined *Fehlleistung* to signify a phenomenon that he had recognized—one that is common to the various ways in which our unconscious manages to prevail over our conscious intentions in everyday occurrences. The term combines two common, strangely opposite nouns, with which everybody has immediate and significant association. *Leistung* has the basic meaning of accomplishment, achievement, performance, which is qualified by the *Fehl* to indicate an achievement that somehow failed—was off the mark, in error. What happens in *Fehlleistung* is simultaneously—albeit on different levels of consciousness—a real achievement and a howling mistake. Normally, when we think of a mistake we feel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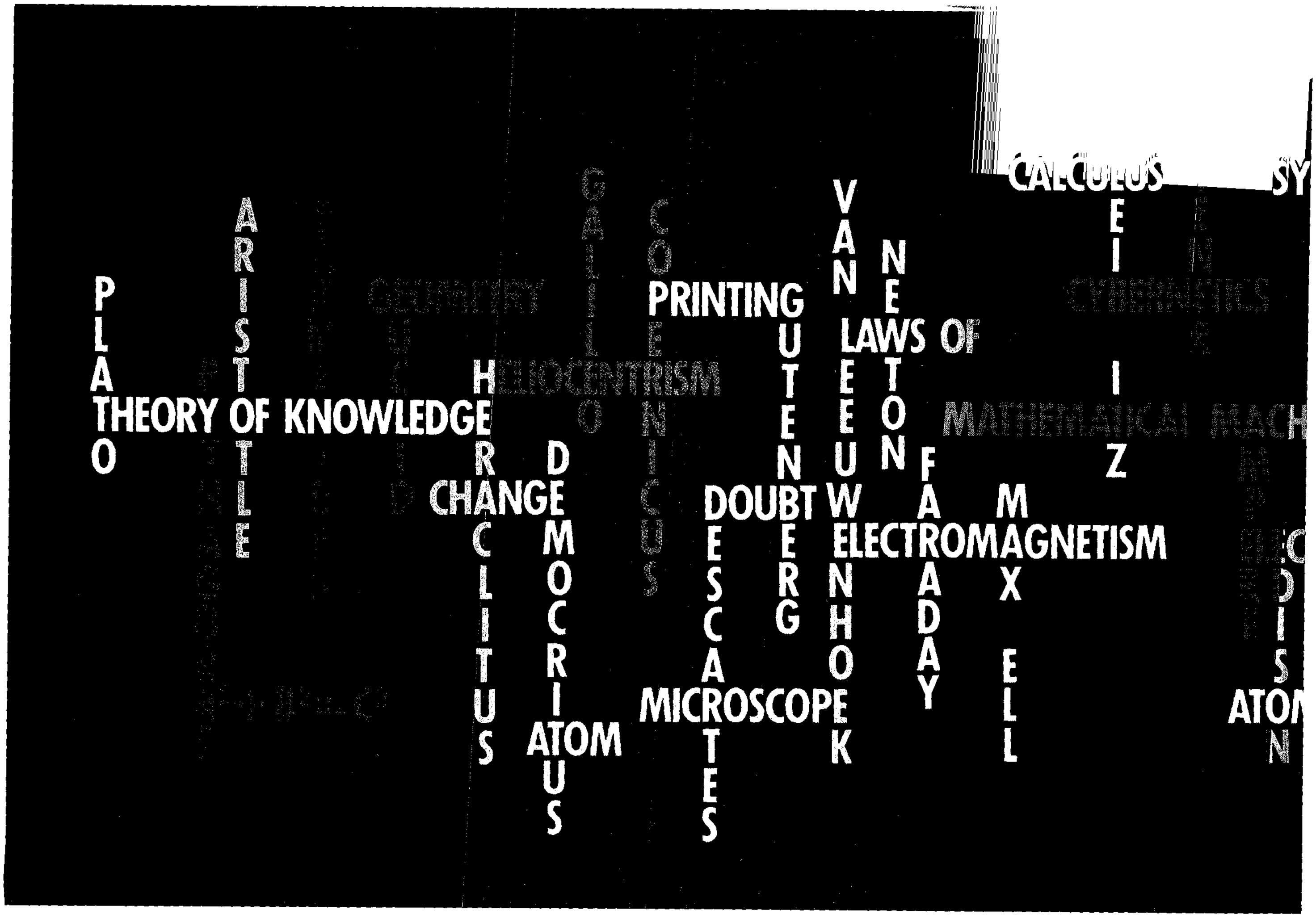
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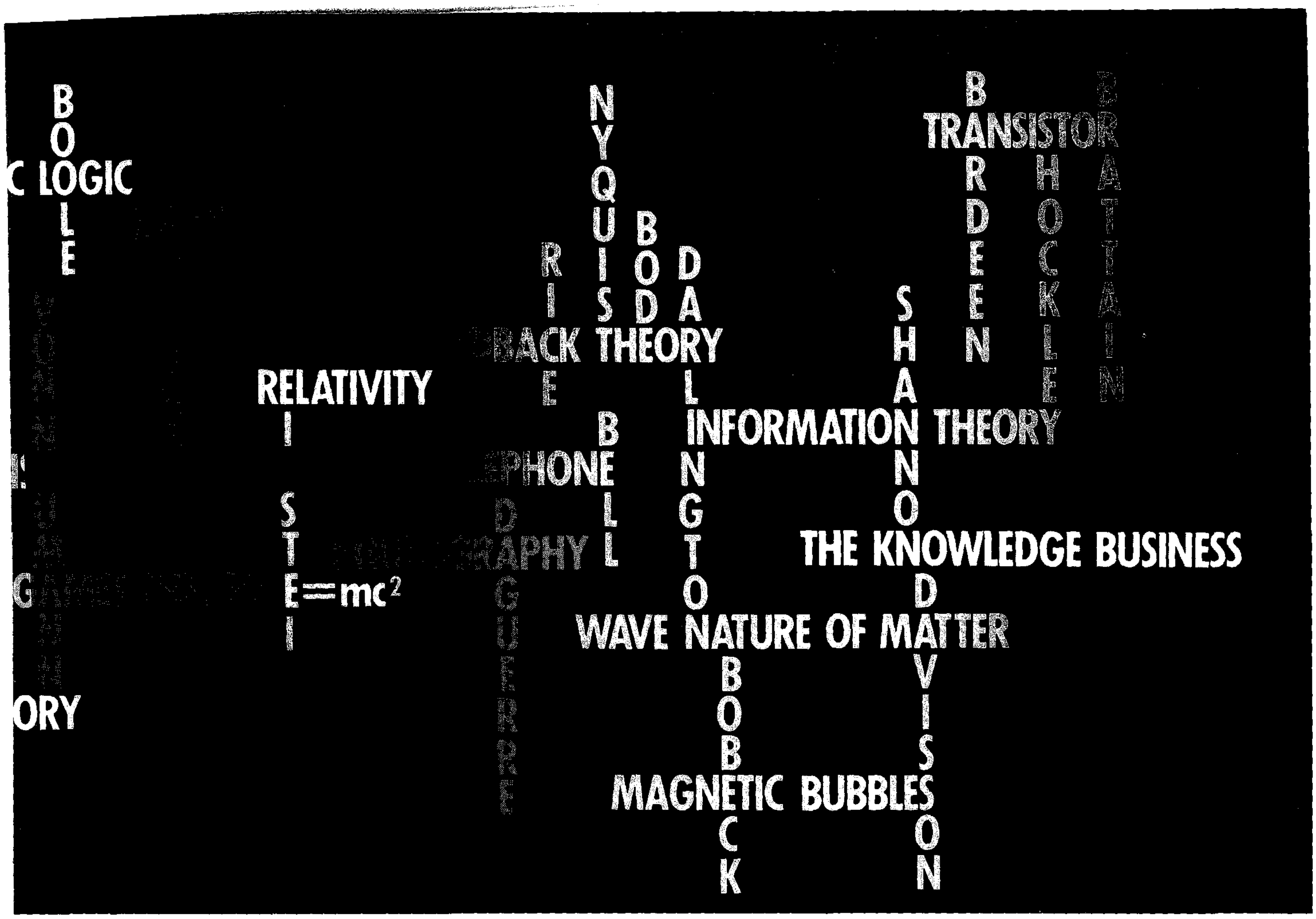
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that something has gone wrong, and when we refer to an accomplishment we approve of it. In *Fehlleistung*, the two responses become somehow merged: we both approve and disapprove, admire and disdain. *Fehlleistung* is much more than an abstract concept; it's a term that gives German readers an immediate, intuitive feeling of admiration for the cleverness and ingenuity of the unconscious processes without the readers' losing sight of the fact that the end result of those processes is a mistake. For example, when we make an error in talking we frequently feel that what we said is right, though we also somehow know it is wrong. When we forget an appointment, say, we know that forgetting it was an error, but also feel that somehow we probably wanted to avoid keeping the appointment. Perhaps the best rendering of *Fehlleistung* would be "faulty achievement." In the "Standard Edition," *Fehlleistung* is translated as "parapraxis."

Why "parapraxis"? Why a combination of Greek words to which the reader has no emotional response except annoyance at being presented with a basically incomprehensible word? It seems impossible to say spontaneously, "This was a parapraxis." An educated German, even if he was not very conversant with psychoanalysis, might readily say "This was a *Fehlleistung*," but in all my years in this country I have never heard an American psychoanalyst use the word "parapraxis" in a casual conversation. I've heard it used only as a technical term, and then only rarely—and always by someone speaking about a patient, not about himself. It is never used in recounting a personal experience; for that it is much too alienating a term.

"Parapraxis" is by no means a unique example of a mistranslation of Freud's carefully chosen language into gobbledygook English. What American psychoanalysts refer to as "cathexis" is designated in German by the verb *besetzen* and the noun *Besetzung*. The two words, in the sense in which Freud used them, simply mean "to occupy" and "occupation." Freud gave these terms a special meaning within his system to indicate that something—an idea, a person, an object—is being or has been invested with a certain amount of psychic energy, which has then become fixated there. One of the common uses of *Besetzung* which made it suitable for Freud's purpose is in the sense of occupation by the military; that is, by a strong power or force. Freud shunned arcane technical terms whenever he could, not just because using them was bad style but also because the essence of psychoanalysis is to make the unknown known, to make hidden ideas accessible to common understanding. A foreign word gives one the impression that it must refer to some alien matter, outside the realm of one's normal experience. In most cases, there were good words readily available to say in English what Freud said in German, if only his translators had been content to use them. One of the definitions both Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language and the Oxford English Dictionary give for the English verb "to invest" is "to furnish with power, privilege, or authority," and that is exactly what happens when psychic energy becomes fixated to something: that something then exercises power (the energy invested in it) and authority over the rest of our psychic functioning. The English phrase "to charge with energy" would perhaps do as well. In a footnote in the "Standard Edition," Strachey writes, "The German word [for cathexis] is one in ordinary use, and, among many other senses, might have some such meaning as 'occupation' or 'filling.' Freud, who disliked unnecessary technical terms, was unhappy when in 1922 the present editor, in the supposed interests of clarity, introduced the invented word 'cathexis' (from the Greek . . . *catechein*, to occupy) as a translation."

It would admittedly be difficult to find a single English word to express what Freud had in mind with *Schaulust* —a term that combines the German word for lust, or sexual desire, with that for looking, viewing, or contemplating—but a phrase on the order of "the sexual pleasure in looking" would make his meaning clear; or, since "lust" is a near-equivalent of the German *Lust* and has the further advantage that it can be used both as a noun and as a verb, it might be preferable to "sexual pleasure." In either case, the reader would know immediately what is meant. Since we have all repeatedly experienced great pleasure in watching something, in taking it in with our eyes, and have occasionally been ashamed of doing so, or even been afraid to look, although we wished to see, it would be easy to have both a direct intellectual and an emotional understanding of Freud's concept. In any case, the monstrosity contrived by Freud's translators and perpetuated in the "Standard Edition"—"scopophilia"—certainly conveys nothing at all.

ONLY the wish to perceive psychoanalysis as a medical specialty can explain why three of Freud's most important new theoretical concepts were translated not into English but into a language whose most familiar use today may be for writing prescriptions. Freud conceptualized the organization of the psyche by dividing its functioning into the realms of the conscious, the preconscious, and the unconscious. The psychological processes he discusses are personal and internal. In naming two of the concepts, Freud chose words that are among the first words used by every German child. To refer to the unknown, unconscious contents of the mind, he chose the personal pronoun "it" (*es*) and used it as a noun (*das Es*). But the meaning of the term "the it" gained its full impact only after Freud used it in conjunction with the pronoun "I" (*ich*), also used as a noun (*das Ich*). His intended meanings found their clear expression in the title of the book —"Das Ich und das Es"—in which he defined these two concepts for the first time, as counterparts of each other. The translation of these personal pronouns into their Latin equivalents—the "ego" and the "id"—rather than their English ones turned them into cold technical terms, which arouse no personal associations. In German, of course, the pronouns are invested with deep emotional significance, for the readers have used them all their lives; Freud's careful and original choice of words facilitated an intuitive understanding of his meaning.

No word has greater and more intimate connotations than the pronoun "I." It is one of the most frequently used words in spoken language—and, more important, it is the most *personal* word. To mistranslate *Ich* as "ego" is to transform it into jargon that no longer conveys the personal commitment we make when we say "I" or "me"—not to mention our subconscious memories of the deep emotional experience we had when, in infancy, we discovered ourselves as we learned

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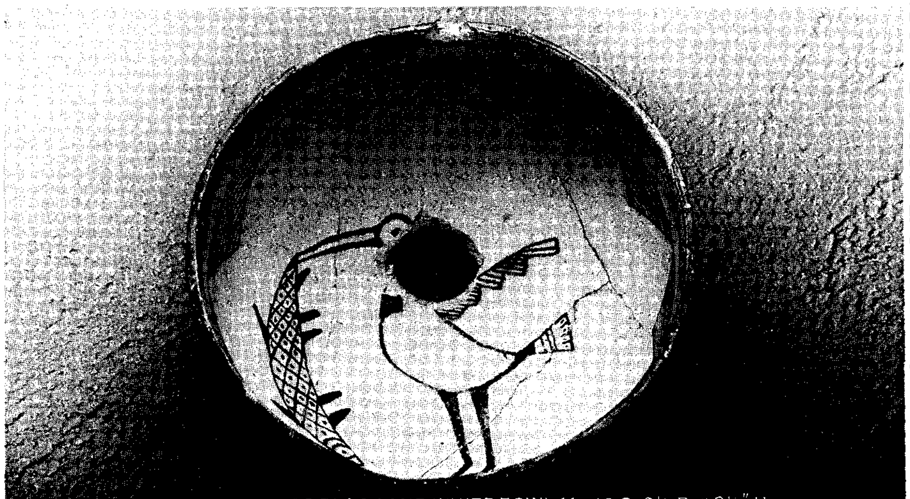
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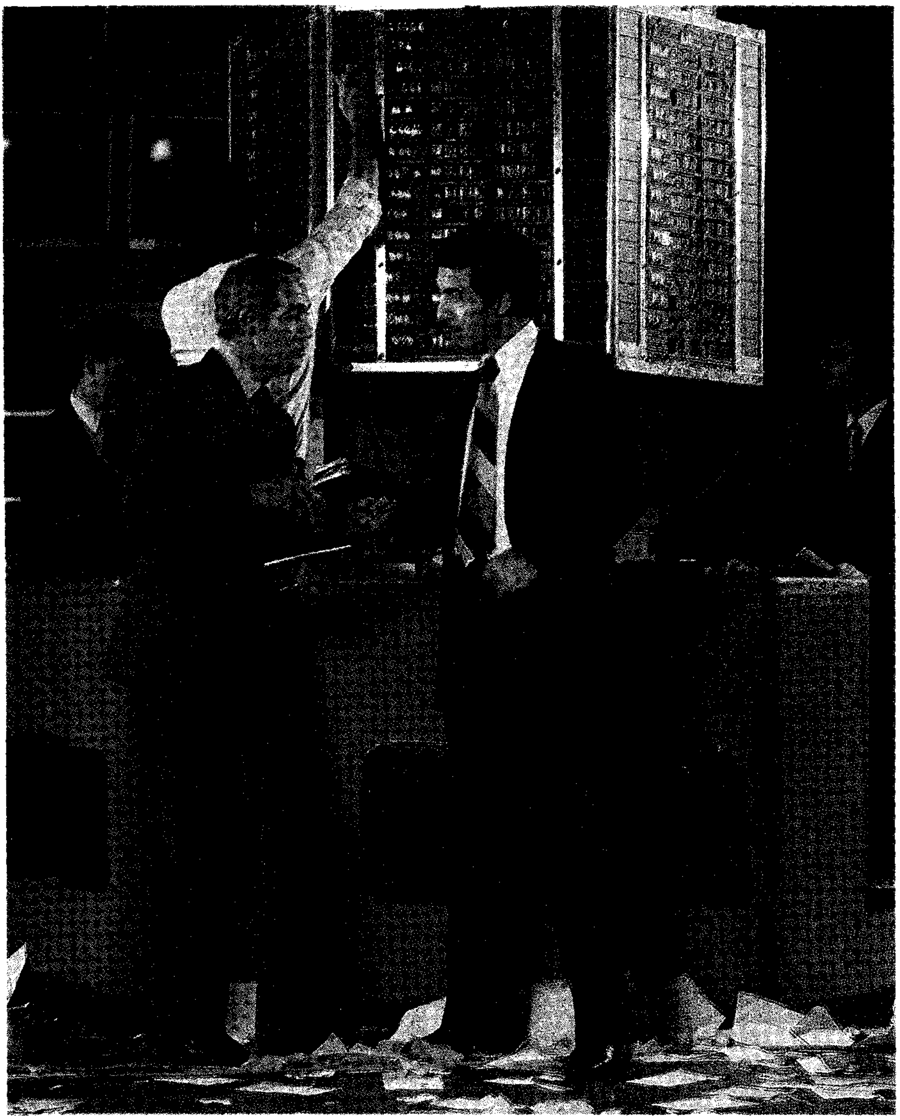
to say "I." I do not know whether Freud was familiar with Ortega y Gasset's statement that to create a concept is to leave reality behind, but he was certainly aware of its truth and tried to avoid this danger as much as possible. In creating the concept of the *Ich*, he tied it to reality by using a term that made it practically impossible to leave reality behind. Reading or speaking about the I forces one to look at oneself introspectively. By contrast, an "ego" that uses clear-cut mechanisms, such as displacement and projection, to achieve its purpose in its struggle against the "id" is something that can be studied from the outside, by observing others. With this inappropriate and—as far as our emotional response to it is concerned—misleading translation, an introspective psychology is made into a behavioral one, which observes from the outside. This, of course, is exactly how most Americans view and use psychoanalysis.

The word "ego" was used in the English language in a number of ways long before Freud's translators introduced it as a psychoanalytic concept. These uses, which are still part of the living language, are all pejorative, such as "egoism," "egoistic," and "egotism." (A slang expression of more recent origin—"ego trip"—is also pejorative.) This is likewise true of their German cognates—the noun *Egoist* and the adjective *egoistisch*. Freud, like all German-speaking people, was, of course, familiar with the derogatory connotation of selfishness that the root "ego" evokes.

When Freud named one of his major concepts the I, he brought his theories about the workings of the human psyche as close to us, his readers, as is possible through a choice of words. If anything, the German *Ich* is invested with stronger and deeper personal meaning than the English "I." When a speaker of English wishes to emphasize personal commitment, he is apt to use "me" rather than "I." For example, he'll say "That's me," whereas in German one would use "I," as in "*Ich bin es, der spricht*" ("That's me talking"). For that matter, a good case could be made that in some contexts "the me" might render Freud's meaning better than "the I." Where Freud selected a word that, used in daily parlance, makes us feel vibrantly alive, the translations present us with a term from a dead language that reeks of erudition precisely when it should emanate vitality.

The assertiveness we often feel



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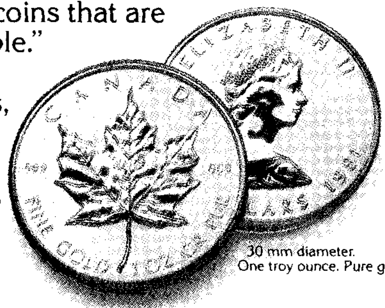

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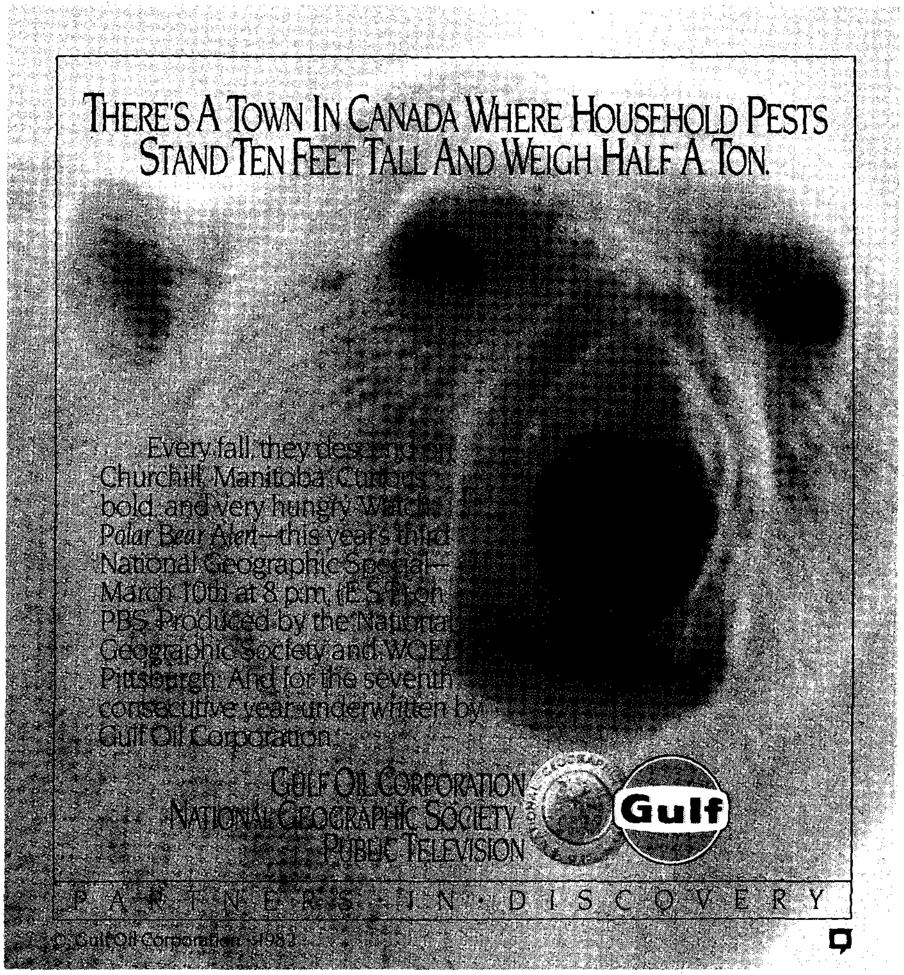
when we say "I" is an image of how the person's I tries to assert its will over what in the translations are called the id and superego, and over the external world. This *image* gets lost when we talk about an ego. When I say "I," I mean my entire self, my total personality. Freud, it is true, made an important distinction here. What he called the I refers primarily to the conscious, rational aspects of oneself. In a way, we know that we are not always reasonable and do not always act rationally; psychoanalysis, more than any other discipline, makes us aware of the irrational, unconscious aspects of our mind. So when Freud names the reasonable, conscious aspects of our mind the I, we feel subtly flattered that our *real* I is what we value most highly in ourselves. It gives us the intuitive feeling that Freud is right to name the I what we feel to be our true self, even though we know that we do not always act in line with that self. Since that part of us, psychoanalytically speaking, is named the I, we are enticed to side with it in its struggle against the irrational, infantile, *entirely selfish* aspects of ourselves. In a subtle way, this choice of name for the conscious aspects of our mind strengthens our determination to win the battle against the chaos caused by the irrational in us. During psychoanalytic treatment, that determination—that siding of the patient's I with the efforts of the therapist—alone can lead to success in dealing with the dark forces within us. The I, more than any other term of psychoanalysis, encourages us to make the unconscious become conscious and to think psychoanalytically.

We find it easy to say "I won't any longer be run by my irrational anxieties," and when we say it after becoming acquainted with psychoanalytic *thinking* we know that this I about which we speak is essentially only our conscious mind, which tries to control the anxious outcroppings of our unconscious. Nobody can say "My ego won't any longer be run by irrational anxieties" and mean it. When we say "I am trying to understand why I did this," our whole being is involved in the effort, although we know that it is our rational mind alone that is trying to understand why some unconscious pressure made us do something. In the most unlikely event that somebody said "My ego is trying to understand why I did this," no feeling of personal involvement would be communicated.

"Ego" and "id" are part of a theo-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retical lingo, but the main purpose of psychoanalysis is to help us deal with the *least* theoretical aspects of our mind—with that in us which is most primitive, most irrational, and can be expressed, if at all, only in the most ordinary, least complicated language. The distinction between the "I" and the "it" is immediately clear to us, and hardly needs psychoanalytic explanation, since we are aware of it from our way of talking about ourselves. For example, when we say "I went there," we know exactly what we were doing and why we did it. But when we say "It pulled me in that direction," we express the feeling that something in us—we don't know what—forced us to behave in a certain way. When a person suffering from depression says "It got me again" or "It makes life unbearable!" he gives clear expression to his feeling that neither his intellect nor his conscious mind nor his will accounts for what is happening to him—that he has been overcome by forces within him which are beyond his ken and his control. Still, even "the it" does not have the full emotional impact that *das Es* has in the original German. In German, the word "child" (*das Kind*) is of neuter gender. During their early years, all Germans have the experience of being referred to by means of the neuter pronoun *es*. This fact gives the phrase *das Es* a special feeling, reminding the German reader that this is how he was referred to before he learned to repress many of his sexual, aggressive, and otherwise asocial impulses, before he felt guilty or ashamed because of them, before he felt an obligation to resolve contradictions and bring logical order into his thoughts; in short, it reminds him of a time when his entire existence was dominated by the It. These memories, even when he is not conscious of them, permit a much more immediate empathy with what Freud meant when he used this term for the unconscious.

The concept of the *Über-Ich*, which Freud also introduced in "Das Ich und das Es," and which has become known to English readers as the "superego," combines two everyday German words. It is the second part of his compound noun that gives it its main significance, by emphasizing the point that the concept denotes an integral part of the person—a controlling and often overcontrolling institution of the mind which is created by the person himself out of inner needs and external pressures that have been in-

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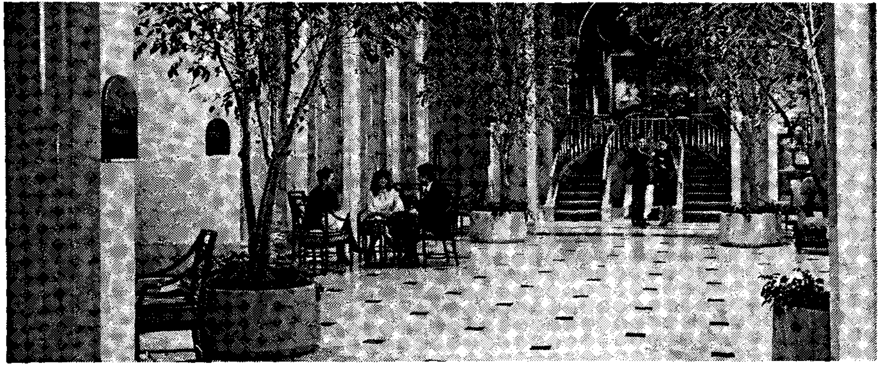

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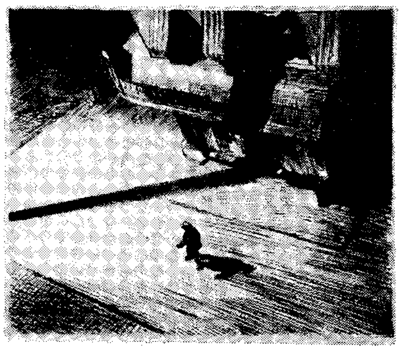

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ternalized. The preposition *über* ("above," "over") removes the realm of the *Über-Ich* from the sphere of the *Ich*.

As it happens, the English mistranslation of the Above-I soon became accepted and is now used in English more easily and frequently than either "ego" or "id." People who hardly ever speak about egos or ids do not hesitate to talk about their or others' superegos. The reason may be that there had been no name for that which includes not just the "conscience"—for this the old word did admirably well—but also that wider aspect of the psyche which comprises both its conscious and fairly reasonable controlling aspects and its unconscious, unreasonable, compulsive, punitive, and persecutory aspects.

In Freud's system, the "I," the "it," and the "above-I" are but different aspects of our psyche, each of them inextricably and permanently related to one another; they cannot be separated from each other except in theory. While each of them, in its own way, exercises an important and different—albeit overlapping—function in the psyche, there can be no doubt that Freud valued most highly the rational and conscious aspects of the psyche which he named the I. He confirmed this when he wrote, in the "New Introductory Lectures" and elsewhere, that a person's well-being increases as greater portions of his psyche become subsumed into the I. In English translation, it is not so much the "super" in "superego" that interferes with an emotional understanding of its meaning and its role in Freud's system; the problem, as before, is with the term "ego." The function of *Ich* as part of *Über-Ich* is to communicate as directly as a word can the idea that it is the person himself who created this controlling institution of his mind, that the Above-I is the result of his own experiences, desires, needs, and anxieties, as they have been interpreted by him, and that this institution attained its role of power because he, the person, internalized in its contents the demands he made—and continues to make—of himself. Through such a personal realization, it is readily understood that others have done the same, and that the Above-I plays the same role in their psyches. Had "I" been retained as the most significant part of the name given to what was instead misnamed "superego," a reader would find it much easier to get an immediate feeling that it is he who has to contend with this part of his psyche. All that the qualifying part of the compound word needs to convey is that it refers to those aspects of the psyche which attempt to rule the person through a claim of higher authority.

Translations of Freud into languages other than English show that there was no compelling reason—except an unconscious desire to create emotional distance from the impact that personal pronouns have, or to use as much as possible the special language of medicine—for having recourse to Latin pronouns in translating into English the German pronouns that Freud used. In French translations of Freud, *das Ich* is nearly always rendered as *le moi; das Es* is rendered as *le ça* or *le soi;* and the *Über-Ich* is *le surmoi*. In Spanish, *das Ich* is translated as *el yo*.

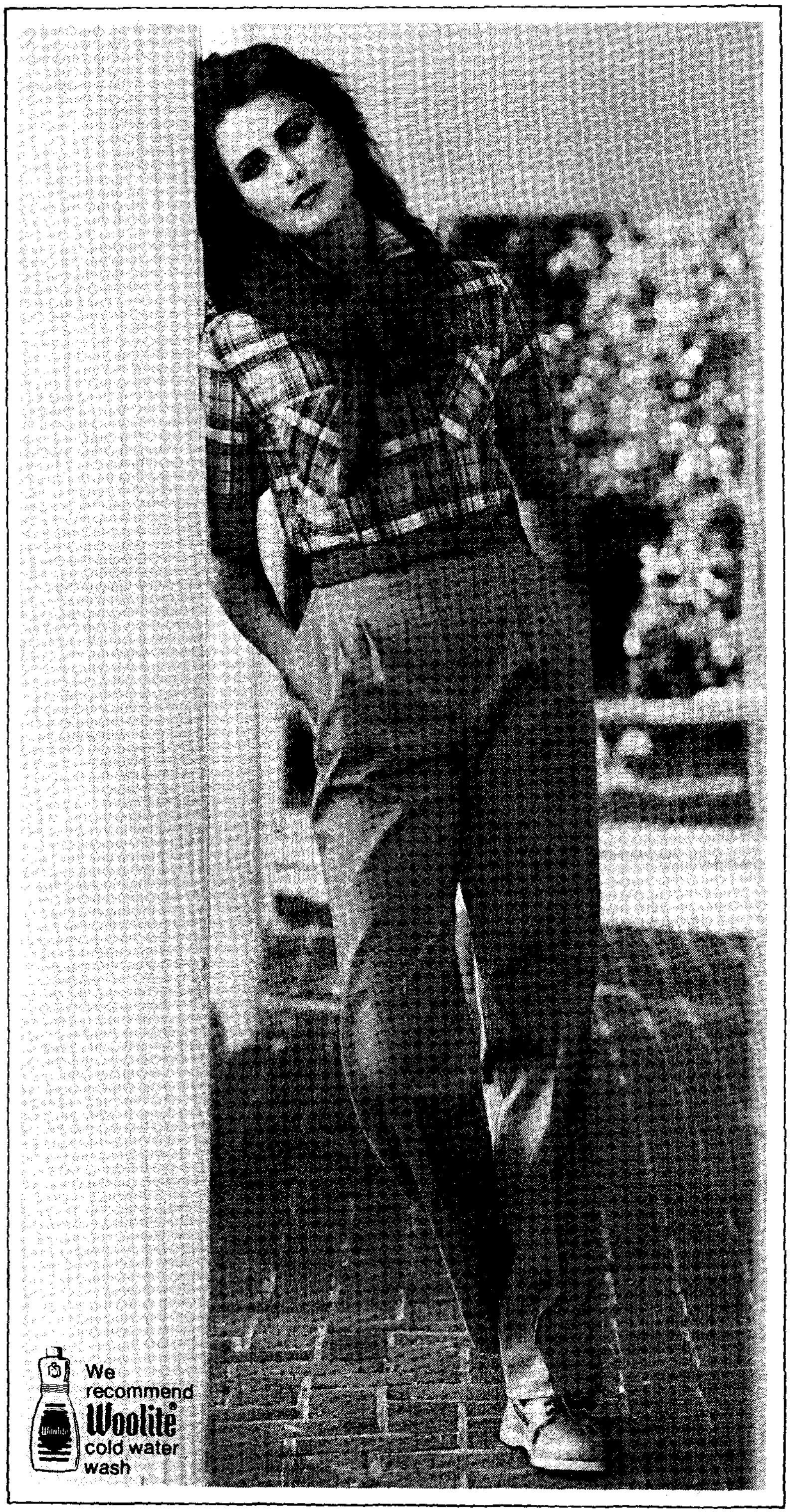
In "The Question of Lay Analysis," Freud defended his use of personal pronouns in naming the different aspects of the psyche, and gave his reasons for rejecting words of a classical language for this purpose. Speaking to an imaginary interlocutor, he wrote:

> You will probably object to our having chosen simple pronouns to denote our two institutions, or provinces, of the soul, instead of introducing for them sonorous Greek names. In psychoanalysis, however, we like to keep in contact with the popular mode of thinking and prefer to make its concepts scientifically serviceable rather than to discard them. There is no special merit in this; we must proceed in this way because our teachings ought to be comprehensible to our patients who are often very intelligent, but not always learned. The impersonal "it" is immediately connected with certain expressions used by normal persons. One is apt to say "It came to me in a flash; there was something in me which, at that moment, was stronger than me." "*C'était plus fort que moi.*"

OF all the mistranslations, not one has hampered our understanding of Freud's humanistic views more than the elimination of his references to the soul (*die Seele*). Freud evokes the image of the soul quite frequently—especially in crucial passages where he is attempting to provide a broad view of his system. For instance, in "The Question of Lay Analysis," where he is conceptualizing the workings of the psyche, distinguishing the conscious from the unconscious, and distinguishing the functions of the It, the I, and the Above-I, he uses the term "soul" to describe what he regards as the overarching concept that takes in all the others. It seems natural to Freud to speak of man's soul. By evoking the image of the soul and all its associations, Freud is emphasizing our common humanity. Unfortunately, even in these crucial passages the translations make us believe that he is talking about our mind, our intellect. This is particularly misleading because we often view our intellectual life as set apart from—and even opposed to—our emotional life, the life of our fantasies and dreams. The goal of psychoanalysis, of course, is to integrate the emotional life into the intellectual life.

In various places, Freud spoke about "the structure of the soul" and "the organization of the soul" ("*die Struktur des seelischen Apparats*" and "*die seelische Organisation*"). In the translation, these terms are almost always rendered as "mental apparatus" or "mental organization." Such substitutions are particularly misleading because in German the words *Seele* and *seelisch* have even more exclusively spiritual meanings than the word "soul" has in present-day American usage. The word that the translators substitute for "of the soul"—"mental"—has an exact German equivalent; namely, *geistig*, which means "of the mind," or "of the intellect." If Freud had meant *geistig*, he would have written *geistig*.

I will let a few examples speak for many. In the "New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis," in the chapter entitled "The Analysis of the Psychical Personality," Freud, speaking of the I, the It, and the Above-I, describes them as "the three provinces of the apparatus of the soul" ("*die drei Provinzen des seelischen Apparats*"). In the "Standard Edition," the phrase is translated as "the three provinces of the mental apparatus." Farther on in that chapter, Freud remarks on "*die Strukturverhältnisse der seelischen Persönlichkeit*." The phrase is admittedly difficult to translate; a literal rendering would require referring to "the personality of the soul." Probably the best way to convey Freud's meaning would be something on the order of "the structural relations of the innermost personality, or soul." The "Standard Edition" gives us "the structural relations of the mental personality." In the first chapter of the "New Introductory Lectures," Freud writes about the conflict that dominates the processes going on in our souls: "You know that the conflict between two psychical agencies which we—inaccu-



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rately—designate as the unconscious that is fended off and the conscious altogether dominates the life of our soul . . .” In the “Standard Edition,” “dominates the life of our soul” becomes “dominates our whole mental life.” Almost invariably, the “Standard Edition” (like the earlier English translations) either omits Freud’s references to the soul or translates them as if he spoke only of man’s mind. In the paper “The ‘Uncanny’ ” (1919), Freud’s phrase “*im seelischen Unbewussten*” (“in the unconscious of the soul”) has been translated as “in the unconscious mind.” In the same sentence, “*gewisse Seiten des Seelenlebens*” (“certain aspects of the life of the soul”) has been rendered as “certain aspects of the mind.”

Freud never faltered in his conviction that it was important to think in terms of the soul when trying to comprehend his system, because no other concept could make equally clear what he meant; nor can there be any doubt that he meant the soul, and not the mind, when he wrote “*seelisch*.” As early as 1905, in the opening passage of an article entitled “Psychical Treatment (Treatment of the Soul),” he wrote:

> “Psyche” is a Greek word and its German translation is “soul.” Psychical treatment hence means “treatment of the soul.” One could thus think that what is meant is: treatment of the morbid phenomena in the life of the soul. But this is not the meaning of this term. Psychical treatment wishes to signify much more; namely, treatment originating in the soul, treatment—of psychic or bodily disorders—by measures which influence above all and immediately the soul of man.
>
> (*Psyche ist ein griechisches Wort und lautet in deutscher Übersetzung Seele. Psychische Behandlung heisst demnach Seelenbehandlung. Man könnte also meinen, dass darunter verstanden wird: Behandlung der krankhaften Erscheinungen des Seelenlebens. Dies ist aber nicht die Bedeutung dieses Wortes. Psychische Behandlung will vielmehr besagen: Behandlung von der Seele aus, Behandlung—seelischer oder körperlicher Störungen—mit Mitteln, welche zunächst und unmittelbar auf das Seelische des Menschen einwirken.*)

In the “Standard Edition,” the title of the paper is given as “Psychical (or Mental) Treatment,” and the passage is translated:

> “Psyche” is a Greek word which may be translated “mind.” Thus “psychical treatment” means “mental treatment.” The term might accordingly be supposed to signify “treatment of the pathological phenomena of mental life.” This, however, is *not* its meaning. “Psychical treatment” denotes, rather, treatment taking its start in the mind, treatment (whether of mental or physical disorders) by measures which operate in the first instance and immediately upon the human mind.

In a footnote, the translators acknowledge that *Seele* is “a word which is in fact nearer to the Greek ‘psyche’ than is the English ‘mind.’ ” By failing to mention that the English word for *Seele* is “soul,” not “mind,” the footnote merely distorts Freud’s emphatic statement even further.

In “An Outline of Psychoanalysis,” written in 1938 and published posthumously in 1940, Freud emphasized that his life’s work had been devoted to understanding as fully as possible the world of man’s soul. He had repeatedly stated that the I is only one aspect of our psyche, or soul, and separated it from the two others, the It and the Above-I; perhaps at this juncture it seemed particularly important to him to make clear that when he was speaking of what pertains to the I he meant our conscious mental life, and that when he was referring to all three institutions, to the mind in its totality, to our conscious and our unconscious life, he spoke of our soul. “Psychoanalysis,” he wrote, “makes a basic assumption whose discussion is reserved to philosophical thought but whose justification lies in its results. We know two kinds of things about what we call our psyche (the life of the soul) [*Von dem, was wir unsere Psyche* (*Seelenleben*) *nennen, ist uns zweierlei bekannt*].” This passage makes it abundantly clear that for Freud the psyche and the life of the soul are the same thing. As usual, the “Standard Edition” translates the reference to the soul as if it referred to the mind: “We know two kinds of things about what we call our psyche (or mental life).”

In a chapter of an early version of “An Outline of Psychoanalysis” entitled “Some Elementary Lessons in Psycho-Analysis,” Freud wrote, “Psychoanalysis is a part of psychology which is dedicated to the science of the soul” (“*Die Psychoanalyse ist ein Stück der Seelenkunde der Psychologie*”). For Freud, psychology is the large discipline, part of which is the science of the soul; psychoanalysis is a special division of the latter discipline. It is hard to think of a statement that could more strongly assert that psychoanalysis is essentially concerned with man’s soul. In the “Standard Edition,” the sentence reads: “Psychoanalysis is a part of the mental science of psychology.”

Freud uses *Seele* and *seelisch* rather than *geistig* because *geistig* refers mainly to the rational aspects of the mind, to that of which we are conscious. The idea of the soul, by contrast, definitely includes much of which we are not consciously aware. Freud wanted to make clear that psychoanalysis was concerned not just with man's body and his intellect, as his medical colleagues were, but—and most of all—with the dark world of the unconscious which forms such a large part of the soul of living man—or, to put it in classical terms, with that unknown netherworld in which, according to ancient myths, the souls of men dwell.

Nowhere in his writings does Freud give us a precise definition of the term "soul." I suspect that he chose the term *because* of its inexactitude, its emotional resonance. Its ambiguity speaks for the ambiguity of the psyche itself, which reflects many different, warring levels of consciousness simultaneously. To have attempted a clinical definition of such a term—a definition that Freud's English translators would no doubt have welcomed—would have robbed it of its value as an expression of Freud's thinking. I should point out, however, that when Freud speaks of the soul he is talking not about a religious phenomenon but about a psychological concept; it, too, is a metaphor. Freud's atheism is well known—he went out of his way to assert it. There is nothing supernatural about his idea of the soul, and it has nothing to do with immortality; if anything endures after us, it is other people's memories of us—and what we create. By "soul" or "psyche" Freud means that which is most valuable in man while he is alive. Freud was a passionate man. For him, the soul is the seat both of the mind and of the passions, and we remain largely unconscious of the soul. In important respects, it is deeply hidden, hardly accessible even to careful investigation. It is intangible, but it nevertheless exercises a powerful influence on our lives. It is what makes us human; in fact, it is what is so essentially human about us that no other term could equally convey what Freud had in mind.

St. Jerome remarked about some translations of the Bible that they are not versions but, rather, perversions of the original. The same could be said of the way many psychoanalytic concepts have been translated into English. Particularly regrettable is the translation of *Trieb* as "instinct," because the concept it denotes has such

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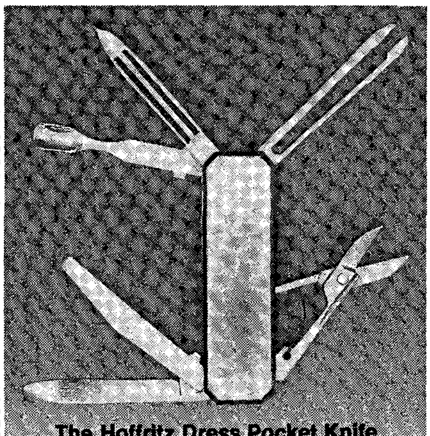

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an important role in the Freudian system. This is one of the few translations about which James Strachey felt uneasy enough to discuss it at some length in his notes for the "Standard Edition":

> "*Trieb.*" "*Instinct.*" My choice of this rendering has been attacked in some quarters with considerable, but, I think, mistaken severity. The term almost invariably proposed by critics as an alternative is "drive." There are several objections to this. First, I should like to remark that "drive," used in this sense, is not an English word. . . . The critics obviously choose it because of its superficial resemblance to the German "*Trieb,*" and I suspect that the majority of them are in fact influenced by a native or early familiarity with the German language. . . . [In] my choice of "instinct" . . . the only slight complication is that in some half-dozen instances Freud himself uses the German "*Instinkt,*" always, perhaps, in the sense of instinct in animals.

This is hardly a "slight complication." Freud used the German word *Instinkt* when it seemed appropriate to him—to refer to the inborn instincts of animals—and he shunned it when he was speaking of human beings. Since Freud made a clear distinction between what he had in mind when he spoke of instincts and what he had in mind when he spoke of *Triebe*, the importance of retaining the distinction seems obvious. The notion that "drive" is not an English noun is not very convincing, coming from translators who have created such terms as "parapraxis" and "scopophilia." Its obvious merit can be seen in the fact that in recent years it has become standard American usage. According to Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language, "drive" is both a noun and a verb. As a noun it means, in general, "the power or energy to get things done; enthusiastic or aggressive vigor;" and in psychology, in particular, "any of the basic biological impulses or urges, such as self-preservation, hunger, sex, etc."—exactly what Freud meant by *Trieb*. As a matter of fact, when we say that we are driven by ambition or fear we are using a verb form of "drive" to denote inner propulsion by a force corresponding to Freud's *Trieb*. It would never occur to us to refer to "instinct" in such contexts. It can be argued that "impulse" is a better rendering than "instinct" for *Trieb*. Webster's defines "impulse" as "an impelling force; a sudden inclination to act, without conscious thought; a motive or tendency coming from within." It would be difficult to come closer to Freud's

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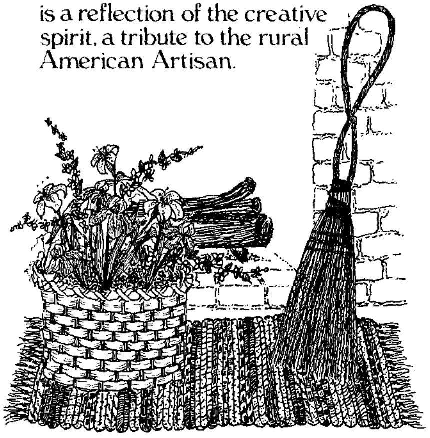

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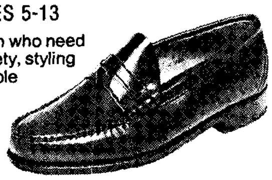

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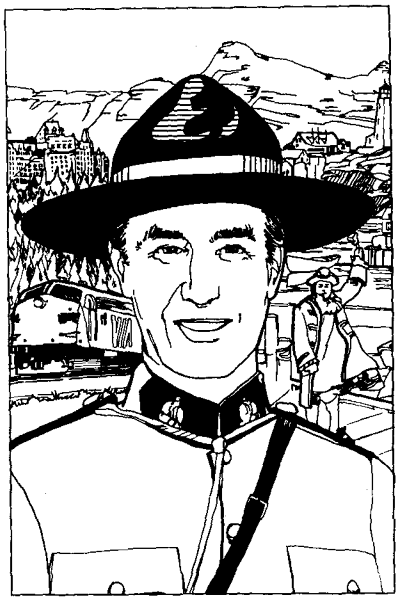
meaning, and, as a matter of fact, in French editions of his works *Trieb* is translated as *pulsion*. And "impulse" has the added advantage of offering the adjective "impulsive."

In the important paper "Triebe und Triebschicksale" (1915), known to readers of English as "Instincts and Their Vicissitudes," Freud set down his belief that impulses or drives can be changed in various ways: into their opposites; directed against the person himself; or suppressed; or sublimated. "Instincts" is the wrong word for what Freud had in mind precisely because instincts are inborn, unconscious, and basically unalterable. Freud never believed that the most important aspects of our behavior are determined by our instincts and are therefore beyond the reach of our influence. (If they were, psychoanalytic therapy would be an impossibility.) As he wrote in a famous passage in the "New Introductory Lectures," the purpose of psychoanalysis is "to strengthen the I, to make it more independent of the Above-I, to widen its field of perception and to extend its organization so that it can appropriate to itself new portions of the It," and he added, "Where It was, there should become I." Psychoanalysis attempts to demonstrate that our most basic motives *are* subject to conscious recognition and deliberate alteration. If "I" am driven by fear or ambition or greed, "I" can do something about it. Men and women, unlike animals, can change themselves in significant ways.

In no respect has the rendering of *Trieb* as "instinct" done more harm to the understanding of psychoanalysis than in its use in connection with the "death instinct." Indeed, there would be no point to a psychoanalysis that posited a death instinct, and for this reason American psychoanalysis rightly distances itself from the idea of a death instinct. But Freud never spoke of a death instinct—only of a mostly unconscious drive or impulse that provokes us to aggressive, destructive, and self-destructive actions. Some of us are certainly driven toward death—our own death or death inflicted on others. Otherwise, how could one explain suicides that are not due to an incurable sickness or some similar cause—suicides by affluent American adolescents, for example? Without the concept of a death drive, some events of recent history—German history in particular—are incomprehensible. To reject the idea of the death impulse is



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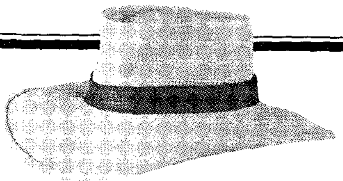

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to reduce Freud's dualistic system—according to which in our soul a passionate struggle raging between two contrary impulses determines what we feel and do, and which in large measure explains the difficulties from which we suffer—to a monistic system capable of supporting only the most placid view of our inner life.

Freud took care to emphasize the conflicts within the soul, and their consequences for an individual: how he could live well with himself despite these conflicts—or possibly because of them, since they also make for the richness of his inner life. If we disregard what he referred to, in "Civilization and Its Discontents," as the battle of "the two 'Heavenly Powers' "—of "eternal Eros" against "his equally eternal opponent"—then the crucial problem facing us is no longer how to manage our inner conflicts and contradictions (that is, how to get along *with ourselves*) but merely how to get along. That problem was of no interest whatever to Freud. Such simplification and reductionism opened the door to the interpretation of Freud's system as advocating "adjustment"—something that Freud never advocated—and to a disregard of his pessimistic and tragic view of life and its replacement by a pragmatic meliorism.

With the mistranslation of Freud's thoughts to make them fit better into a behavioristic frame of reference—a frame of reference completely alien to psychoanalysis—it is understandable that in the English-speaking world his concepts were not only examined in this light but found wanting. If behavioristic studies could prove Freud right, his would no longer be an introspective psychology that tries to elucidate the darkest recesses of the soul—the forces least accessible to our observation. Behaviorism concentrates on what can be seen from the outside, what can be studied objectively by an uninvolved observer, what can be replicated and assigned numerical values. In the "Outline of Psychoanalysis," Freud writes, "The starting point for this investigation is provided by a fact *that is unique* and defies all explanation or description—the fact of consciousness. Nevertheless, when we speak of consciousness we know immediately *and from our most personal* experience what is meant by it." In a footnote, he adds, "One extreme line of thought, such as the doctrine of behaviorism, which originated *in* America, believes it possible to construct a psychology which disregards

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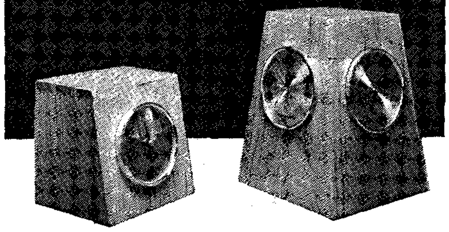

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this fundamental fact!" Psychoanalysis is concerned with what is unique to a person's life—with his unique life history, which makes him different from all other people—and it is an approach diametrically opposed to behaviorism. All this might have been obvious if Freud's references to man's soul and the conflicts within it had been retained in the English translation of his writings. Our everyday experiences would have made it easy for us to accept the idea that much of man's behavior is most readily explained by the assumption that very strong destructive impulses dwell in all of us. Because in translation Freud's statements about these aggressive impulses seem to show them as reflections or consequences of a "death instinct," his critics have found it easy to prove those statements wrong. As happened so often during his lifetime, he has continued since his death to be accused and found guilty of doctrines he never held.

For Freud, the I was a sphere of tragic conflict. From the moment we are born until the moment we die, Eros and Thanatos struggle for dominance in shaping our lives, and make it difficult for us to be at peace with ourselves for anything but short periods. Freud's system in its later development establishes the concept of an eternal struggle between the life and death drives in us and recognizes the need to help the life drive prevent the death drive from damaging us. It is this struggle which makes emotional richness possible; which explains the multifarious nature of a man's life; which makes alike for depression and elation; which gives life its deepest meaning.

To imagine, as many Americans do, that psychoanalysis makes it possible to build a satisfying life on a belief in the sexual, or life, drive alone is to misunderstand Freud completely. Just as an exclusive preoccupation with the death drive would make us morbidly depressed and ineffective, an exclusive preoccupation with the sexual, or life, drive can only lead to a shallow, narcissistic existence, because it evades reality and robs life of what makes every moment of it uniquely significant—the fact that it might be our last one.

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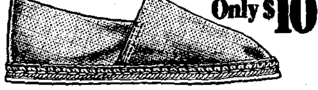

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us. Awareness of the dark aspects of life makes us keenly conscious of the need to secure a better life for those we love, and for those who come after us—not only our own children but the next generation as a whole. It was our love for others, and our concern for the future of those we love, that Freud had in mind when he spoke of "eternal Eros." The love for others—the working of eternal Eros—finds its expression in the relations we form with those who are important to us and in what we do to make a better life, a better world for them. The goal is not an impossible utopia, where there will no longer be any uneasiness or discomfort inherent in culture, but a culture that will ever better justify the price of uneasiness which we pay for the advantages it confers on us. The good life, in Freud's view, is one that is full of meaning through the lasting, sustaining, mutually gratifying relations we are able to establish with those we love, and through the satisfaction we derive from knowing that we are engaged in work that helps us and others to have a better life. A good life denies neither its real and often painful difficulties nor the dark aspects of our psyche; rather, it is a life in which our hardships are not permitted to engulf us in despair, and our dark impulses are not allowed to draw us into their chaotic and often destructive orbit.

Through recognizing the true nature of our unconscious, and the role it plays in our psyche, we may achieve an existence in which Eros, the life drive, maintains its ascendancy over everything within us that is chaotic, irrational, and destructive—in short, over the consequences of what Freud called the death drive, to which we are also heir. A reasonable dominance of our I over our It and Above-I—this was Freud's goal for all of us. Through his work and his writings, he strove to make a rational and feeling life possible. It would be to our immense advantage to heed these lessons he tried to teach us.

In his last great theoretical paper on psychoanalysis, "Analysis Terminable and Interminable" (1937), Freud wrote, "There can be no question of an antithesis between an optimistic and a pessimistic theory of life; only the simultaneous working together and against each other of both primordial drives, of Eros and the death drive, can explain the colorfulness of life, never the one or the other all by itself." Poets express the same insight in their own language. Faulkner, in the

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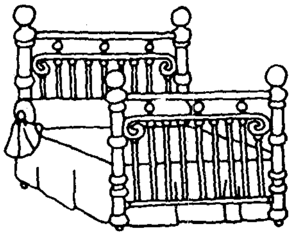

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speech he gave on accepting the Nobel Prize, said, "The problems of the human heart in conflict with itself . . . alone can make good writing." Not only good writing, he might have added, but all else that is best in man.

The conflict in our soul between Eros and Thanatos can bring forth the worst and the very best in our thoughts and actions. Recognition of the worst possibilities—the destruction of all mankind—led Freud to his tragic view of life. But the best possibilities inherent in our soul sustained him even in deepest adversity, and made his life not just bearable but worthwhile and, at times, truly satisfying. Freud knew few periods of complete ease in his life. That he, like all sensitive human beings, had to suffer from feelings of uneasiness was something he recognized and accepted as but a small price to pay for being able to enjoy the advantages of the culture that is man's highest achievement.

We should not see such malaise as anything unusual; Goethe said that in seventy-five years he had experienced barely four weeks of being truly at ease. An inescapable sadness is part of the life of any reflective person, but it is only part—by no means all—of living. In the end, Thanatos wins, but as long as there is life in us we can keep Eros victorious over Thanatos. This we must do if we wish to live well. The prime requirement for this is that we love well and live so that we are well loved by those who are most important to us. If we do, then Eros prevails and Psyche rejoices.

We owe much to those before us and around us who created our humanity through the elevating insights and cultural achievements that are our pride, and make life worth all its pains; and we must recognize, with Freud, what those creators of our humanity did not deny but accepted and endured in the realization that only in conflict with itself can the human heart (as Faulkner said) or the human soul (as Freud would have said) attain what is best in life.

—BRUNO BETTELHEIM

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The spokesman said the divestiture wouldn't apply to Cincinnati Bell and Southern New England Bell because those two companies are publicly owned with AT&T holding only minority interests in both. He added that it's not immediately unclear how those two companies would be affected.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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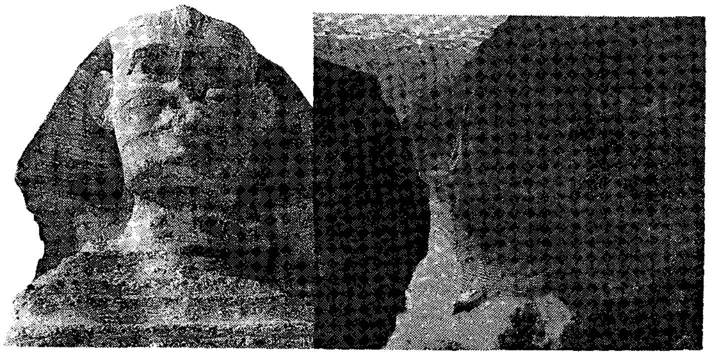

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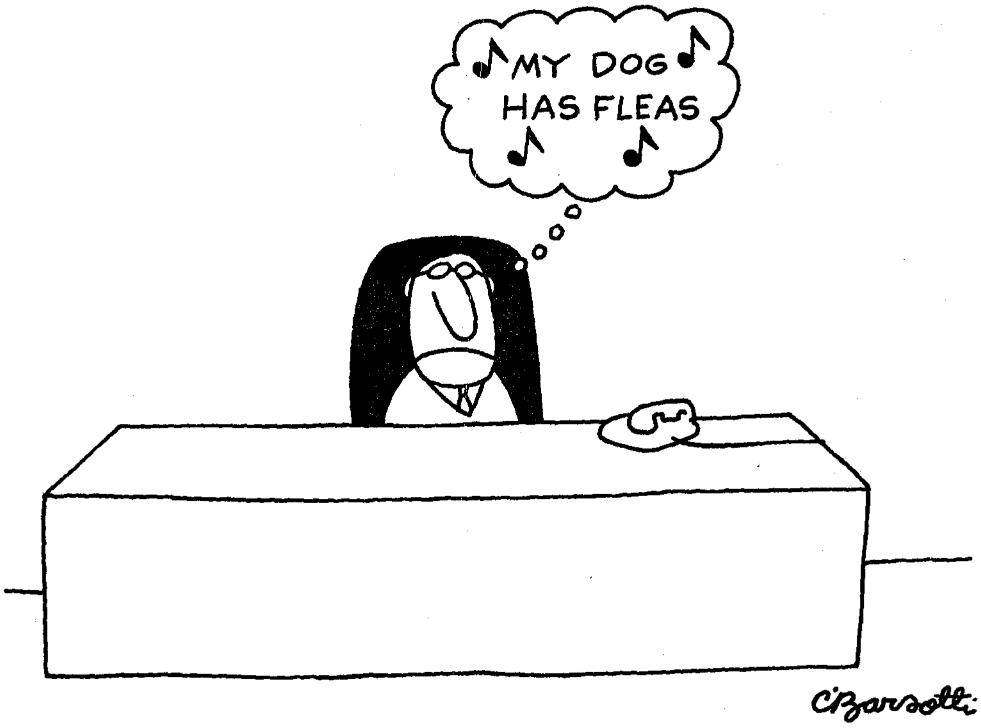
THE THEATRE

Borrowings

RARELY have I attended a play in which every line that was uttered struck me as ringing false. Such is the sorry state of affairs with “Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean,” by Ed Graczyk, at the Martin Beck. If the author has any talent at all, it is for imitation, but imitation of such ineptitude that it results in a series of mutilated parodies of far-off, worthy original works of art. There are echoes in “Come Back” of perhaps a dozen playwrights and novelists of the past couple of decades, and these echoes have the nerve-racking resonance of a squeaky chalk on slate; they serve to exacerbate the mind at the very moment that it is most in need of benign anesthesia. The scene of the play is a small town in Texas, and the time lurches sloppily back and forth between 1955 and 1975. In the former year, a group of giggling teen-age girls have started a club known as the Disciples of James Dean, that celebrated young actor being then engaged in shooting the movie “Giant” a few miles away. One of the girls, in 1975, claims to have made love to Dean and to have subsequently borne his child, named Jimmy. This amorous souvenir is possessively fretted over by his mother, who says he is mentally defective. She and several of her clubmates have gathered for a reunion at the soda fountain in Woolworth’s where the club used to meet, and, needless to say (for Mr. Graczyk is relentless in his determination to fulfill every single one of our worst fears), a number of predictably unpleasant revelations are made by all hands; even middle-aged Juanita, who doles out Orange Crushes at the fountain, has a few odious surprises in store for us. Many of the revelations have to do with the women’s bodies, which are described with a vulgarity less likely to be encountered in real life than in the fevered, laboring imagination of a male playwright.

The production is a match for the play. The cast is headed by Sandy Dennis, Cher, and Karen Black, and of the three only Cher discharges her acting duties with some distinction; she displays admirable presence in a preposterous role. Poor Karen Black plays a transsexual—male into female—and I speculate in vain on the means by which her agent persuaded her that she must seize this incomparable opportunity to return to the legitimate theatre. Miss Dennis, as the mother, runs through her usual repertory of stunts, none of which bear any relation to how ordinary mortals speak, smile, breathe, or walk. The setting, by David Gropman, consists of two awkward, back-to-back fountains instead of one—the 1975 fountain up front and the 1955 fountain to the rear—and the members of the cast fumble their way between them with evident difficulty and with no attempt made to change age, dress, or attitude. The costumes are by Scott Bushnell, the lighting is by Paul Gallo, and the miserable miking—loftily and absurdly billed as “sound design”—is by Richard Fitzgerald. The schoolboy direction is by Robert Altman.



“The World of Sholom Aleichem,” at the Rialto, is an assortment of short stories (not all by Aleichem), assembled by Arnold Perl, which was first put on here in the early fifties. We have been coaxed to believe that we don’t have to be Jewish to love Levy’s rye bread, but I suspect that one would have to be Jewish to draw much nourishment from these mildly jazzed up synthetic folktales. Though Jack Gilford is one of the most beguiling performers alive, his habitual look of dazed innocence is insufficient to support the evening. Joe Silver plays a deep-voiced, overhearty master of ceremonies known as Mendele, the Book Seller; I confess to preferring Books & Co. The sets are by Karl Eigsti, the lighting is by Robby Monk, the costumes are by Pearl Somner, and the direction is by Milton Moss.

A RUSTIC little musical called “Pump Boys and Dinettes” has moved uptown, from the Colonnades to the Princess, and it has survived that often difficult voyage with undiminished insouciance. My Off Broadway colleague described the production as merry, very musical, and irresistible, and I am content to repeat those adjectives. A portion of the Princess has been turned into a proper cabaret, so one can sit at table and enjoy a drink or two during the performance. As Housman noted long ago, “malt does more than Milton can to justify God’s ways to man.”

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

New England Interior

THE action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,’s entrancing “The Dining Room,” at Playwrights Horizons, is set in an elegant, old-fashioned dining room, with a long table surrounded by six brocade-covered chairs, presumably somewhere in New England (perhaps in a town near Boston), and, like his equally entrancing, and indelible, “Scenes from American Life,” the

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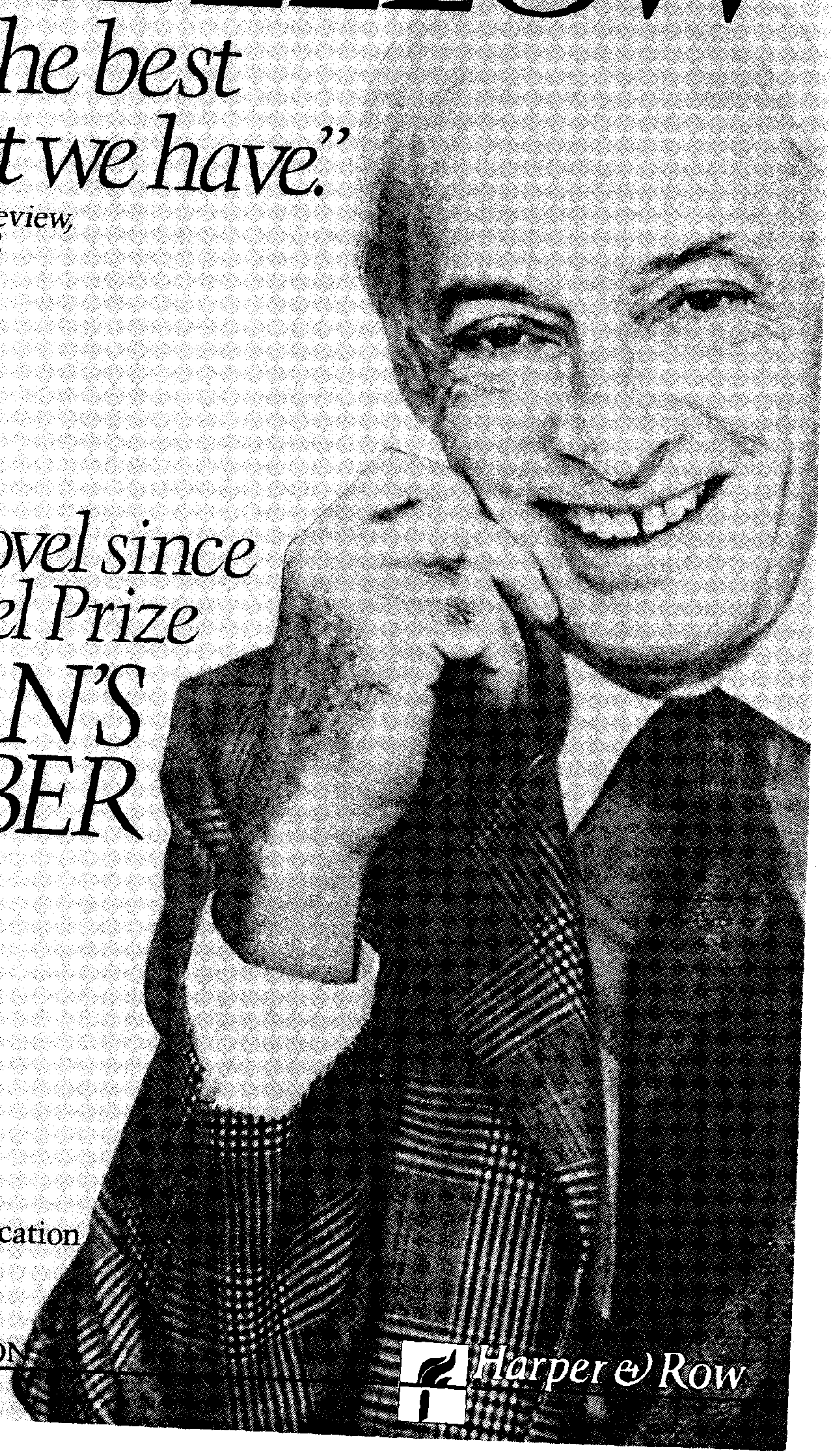

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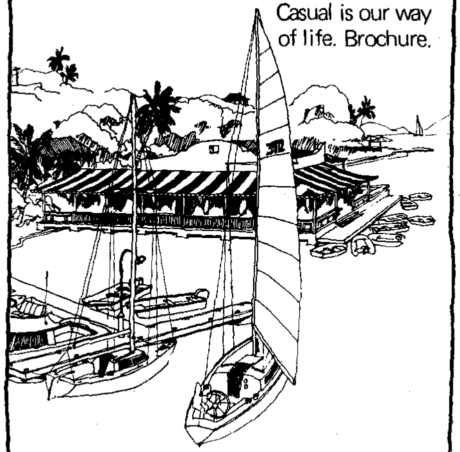

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play is made up of a cluster of scenes—a few as brief as sketches, a few longer and more thoroughly developed—that take place over the past fifty years or so. There is also, of course, a large cluster of characters, of all ages and types, clearly delineated by this witty, understanding writer. What is essential to an enterprise of this sort is a true company, and that has been achieved by the six fine actors who appear in the multiple roles, under David Trainer's direction. They are Lois de Banzie, W. H. Macy, Ann McDonough, Pippa Pearthree, Remak Ramsay, and John Shea, and most of the people *they* play are the wellborn and well-to-do, observed with considerable irony by Mr. G., and all of them are a joy to spend an evening with. At the beginning, a grown brother and sister who have inherited the house almost quarrel about which of them is to get the dining room, and quickly leave. Shortly afterward, a stern father, reading the morning paper at the breakfast table, tells his small son that the government is ruining the country; when the boy replies that his teacher has told his class that in Depression times the government must help the people, the father is so furious that he deliberately makes the boy late for school. Shortly after that, another small boy bursts into tears when the family maid tells him that she is about to quit domestic service to get married, and, he is sure, to have children of her own whom she will love more than she does him. A succession of maids named Norah or Aggie or Annie set the table or pass platters of food and reply "Yes, Missus" to their assorted mistresses as, through the years, the dining room, once the center of family life, becomes less so, with family life losing its cohesion. Meanwhile, there is, at least, quite a lot of activity there. Two schoolgirls, finding themselves unsupervised by parent or chaperon, mix gin, vodka, and Fresca and happily gulp the stuff down. A young woman defies her mother by electing to see "Saint Joan" with her aunt instead of attending an important dance, which might insure her popularity in the Junior League. A young man photographs *his* aunt displaying the family silver and china and demonstrating the use of finger bowls, and then explains that his anthropology class at Amherst is studying the eating habits of various waning cultures, and that he has chosen the Wasp culture of the Northeastern United States. Any assumption that the student is at that point the spokesman for the playwright is immediately belied by the furious response of the anything but waning aunt. There are family gatherings, one of the funniest of them being a Thanksgiving dinner, at the end of the first act, which is shattered by the behavior of incorrigible, dotty, senile Grandma. No more listing of contents, lest I spoil the many surprises. Not all of the play is funny, nor is it all meant to be. There are sad scenes, too, and large emotions are briefly and truly dealt with. Even in those, though, Mr. Gurney reminds us (as if we needed reminding) that sadness and humor are not incompatible. The tone is occasionally rueful but never elegiac, and the play is absolutely true to itself every step of the way, as was "Scenes from American Life" before it. Again, not enough can be said in praise of the actors, all of whom fully deserve the roles assigned them. The handsome setting was designed by Loren Sherman and lighted by Frances Aronson, and the especially good costumes were designed by Deborah Shaw.

"HOW I GOT THAT STORY," Amlin Gray's bitter comedy about our presence in Vietnam, which ran briefly Off Off Broadway last season and was reviewed then in these pages, has reopened for an unlimited run at the Westside. The play, now with Don Scardino as the American reporter, and again with Bob Gunton as everybody the reporter runs into, seems even better—even more startling and original—the second time around. The action is a matter of skits as brief as blackouts, and Mr. Gunton's quick-change artistry is no longer just a feat but a remarkable performance; Mr. Scardino is very good, too. Carole Rothman has repeated her shrewd, ingenious direction. —EDITH OLIVER

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Hope to receive other ideas.

VIOLE

—Letter in the "Confidential Chat" column of the Boston Globe.

Who could improve on those?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

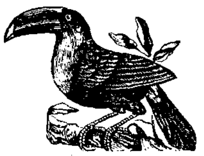
LEGAL SERVICES

IN 1974, Congress approved a bill, which had bipartisan backing, and which Richard Nixon signed into law, establishing a Legal Services Corporation to provide legal aid to the poor. The corporation evolved out of a program begun in the mid-nineteen-sixties by the Office of Economic Opportunity, which ran the old poverty program. The legal-services program helped poor people with such everyday matters as divorces, evictions, and repossessions, and also helped them obtain government benefits—Social Security, welfare payments, and the like—to which they were entitled. Sometimes it brought suits that resulted in a change in the policies of a government agency or of private interests. Inevitably, the program became controversial, taking on as it did governmental institutions and commercial interests, and handling as it did controversial issues and clients, and manned as it was by people who believed in the cause of helping the poor. One major figure in the early controversies was Ronald Reagan, then Governor of California. The idea behind placing the program in a congressionally created but theoretically independent corporation was to provide it with some protection from political buffeting. But since the government still funded the program, the politics and controversy followed the funding. Nevertheless, the program remained relatively secure through the Ford and Carter Administrations and enjoyed the support of the organized bar, including the American Bar Association. Since taking office, the Reagan Administration has been trying to abolish the program. Last year, it failed, and this year it is trying again. Along the way, it has used methods that are unusual and that some argue are illegal.

The theory behind the Legal Services program is that while legal help to the poor in civil matters has not been held to be constitutionally required, it is consonant with the principle of "equal justice under law." (In 1963, the Supreme Court held, in Gideon v. Wainwright, that the poor had a right to counsel in criminal cases and that the state was required to provide such assistance.) All the major Western European countries and Canada, Australia, and New Zealand provide legal services to the poor in civil matters. Moreover, while the private bar in this country had been providing pro-bono-publico work for a long time, it would not and could not meet the full range of the legal needs of the poor. Leaders of the anti-poverty movement in the nineteen-sixties reasoned that legal help should accompany the other services—health, education, job training, and so on—that were provided. In 1964, Sargent Shriver, then the head of the O.E.O., persuaded Lewis Powell, who was then president of the A.B.A. and is now a Supreme Court Justice, that there should be a government legal program, and the following year the A.B.A., not exactly a radical organization, reluctantly endorsed the idea. The A.B.A. backing gave the program an aura of respectability and some political protection.

The legal-services program, like other poverty-program projects, was to serve the poor by maintaining offices in their neighborhoods. A welfare mother, the theory went, might not find her way to a blue-ribbon Wall Street or Washington law firm, and if she did there might not be anyone on the premises who was familiar with welfare regulations. Private lawyers who did pro-bono work tended to be interested in the more glamorous issues. Existing legal-aid societies were underfunded and understaffed. In most rural areas, there were no legal-aid lawyers, and in some there were no lawyers at all. Sometimes existing legal-aid lawyers and societies were disinclined to take on local commercial interests or government agencies. Most of the work done by Legal Services lawyers has to do with helping otherwise helpless people cope with landlords, finance companies, and government bureaucracies and with other matters, like divorces, for which lawyers are often required. Of the cases dealt with by the Legal Services Corporation in 1980, about thirty per cent had to do with family matters, eighteen per cent with housing, seventeen per cent with income maintenance, fourteen per cent with consumer problems, and the rest with a variety of

"I'm getting sleepy, Ellen. I think I'll hit the sack."



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other problems. The eligibility of clients is set at a maximum income level of about $5,400 for individuals and $10,600 for a family of four—the so-called poverty level. Last year, sixty-two hundred Legal Services lawyers, reaching every county in the country, handled one and a half million cases. Staff attorneys work full time and are paid an average annual salary of about seventeen thousand dollars. The Legal Services Corporation estimates that it is meeting only between fifteen and twenty per cent of the legal needs of the estimated thirty million poor people in the country. By far the largest number of the cases taken on by the Legal Services program have been settled by offering the clients advice, or by phone calls, persuasion, or negotiation. In recent years, only about fifteen per cent of the cases have gone to litigation. In some instances, the Legal Services lawyers have not taken things on a case-by-case basis but have brought class-action suits to obtain certain government benefits for certain groups of citizens or to stop certain kinds of government action. The Legal Services lawyers have won about eighty-five per cent of all the suits they have brought. The Legal Services Corporation says that in recent years class actions represented less than two-tenths of one per cent of its suits. Some cases, especially in the early days, were brought deliberately to reform welfare law. Among the program's early victories were decisions striking down residency requirements and man-in-the-house restrictions in several states, and decisions requiring a hearing before welfare benefits can be terminated; it won suits establishing tenants' rights, the rights of aliens, the right of poor people to have access to federally funded hospitals, and the right of debtors to due process before their wages can be garnisheed.

Inevitably, especially in the sixties, the program drew activists who believed in the then-fashionable cause of eradicating poverty. Inevitably, some of these people said and did things that irritated established powers and those who were not so committed to the cause—and things that either were off limits or represented questionable political judgment. Some of the program's vulnerability has been self-induced. All these things led to a history of antipathy to the program, and of anecdotal criticism designed to discredit it.

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tele; there has been a high correlation between those who object to its methods of obtaining delivery of government programs to its clients and those who object to the programs themselves. Confrontation with the government was unavoidable. The new programs' clients, being poor, were on Social Security, were on welfare, were receiving food stamps, were living in public housing. Every one of the programs was established under a federal law, carried out through federal regulations, and administered by a federal, state, or local agency. Frequently, then, the clients' problems were with a government agency, and the legal-services lawyers were frequently suing federal, state, or local officials.

One official who was most upset by the program in the late sixties was Governor Reagan. The California Rural Legal Assistance program, or C.R.L.A.—one of the O.E.O.-funded poverty programs in California—successfully brought cases to protect farm laborers (requiring them to be paid the minimum wage, prohibiting certain working conditions for women and children, and blocking the importation of cheap farm labor); it brought other actions to protect Spanish-speaking Californians; it brought about an expansion of federal food programs throughout the state; and it forced the state to restore cuts totalling two hundred and ten million dollars in the California Medicaid program. The great bulk of the C.R.L.A.'s work did not involve either litigation or administrative hearings, and the great bulk of the administrative proceedings and court cases it did bring it won. In 1968, an O.E.O. advisory committee made up of leaders of the bar designated it "the outstanding legal services program of the year." In 1970, when the Nixon Administration was in office, its grant was renewed, and the O.E.O. called it "one of the best legal services programs in the nation." But the C.R.L.A. had angered California's growers and its Governor—who had called the C.R.L.A. lawyers "ideological ambulance chasers"—and shortly after the grant was renewed Reagan exercised a governor's right to veto the funding of a program in his state. The O.E.O., which had the authority to override a veto, appointed a panel of three state-supreme-court judges (each from a different state) to examine the charges against the program—a hundred and twenty-seven of them—drawn up by Reagan's state director of the O.E.O. The panel con-

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cluded that there was "no justification whatsoever for any finding of improper activities by C.R.L.A.," and that the charges brought by Reagan's state director "were totally irresponsible and without foundation." It recommended that the project be continued, and the O.E.O. agreed. These events were handled for Reagan by Edwin Meese, then his executive assistant and chief of staff. The state director, Lewis Uhler, who worked with Meese, was a former classmate of Meese's at college and law school, and also former state public-relations director of the John Birch Society. Uhler has said that when Meese brought him into the Governor's office to deal with the poverty program he asked him to focus particular attention on the legal-services program. After the judges issued their report and the project was refunded, Meese, at a news conference, said that Reagan had never wanted to end the program but had just wanted to change its direction. Meese also said that he had not read the judges' report, but that their findings were "quite immaterial."

THE Reagan-C.R.L.A. episode and certain moves in Congress led a number of the program's supporters to search for ways to make it less politically vulnerable. The Nixon Administration, tired of being caught in the middle of fights over the program, was looking for a way out, and in 1971 Nixon introduced a bill to turn the program into an independent corporation. But Nixon and the Congress were unable to agree on the terms. After Nixon's reëlection, in 1972, the Administration moved to break up the poverty program, distributing its components among Cabinet offices to bring them under closer political control. Howard Phillips, a young conservative and one of the founders of the Young Americans for Freedom, who had been an associate director of the O.E.O., was named "acting director" of the agency. Nixon did not submit Phillips' name to the Senate for confirmation. Actually, Phillips believed that the entire poverty program should be abolished, rather than dispersed, and was conducting his own battle to that end within the Nixon Administration. Phillips' appointment was later declared illegal by a federal judge, because it had never been submitted to Congress, and some of Phillips' actions were overturned. Phillips had set out to abolish the legal-services program in particular, and Vice-President Spiro Agnew had attacked it as "tax-funded social activism," but after receiving strong pressure from the A.B.A. Nixon again proposed a legal-services corporation. He signed the bill into law two weeks before he resigned from office, in 1974. In order to get the bill through Congress, its sponsors agreed to a number of restrictions on the activities of legal-services lawyers, including prohibitions on handling cases involving school-desegregation suits, "nontherapeutic" abortions, and draft evasion.

Placing the program under a supposedly independent corporation failed to insulate it from politics. There is a question whether a government-established corporation can be truly independent: a President appoints and the Senate confirms its board, and public funds are appropriated for it. There is also a question whether such an institution *should* be independent of the political process; in theory, every government agency is to be accountable to the executive or Congress, or both. A degree of independence can be sought—for a regulatory agency, for the Federal Reserve Board, for a government corporation—by having its members serve for fixed terms, but total independence cannot be guaranteed. The goose-gander theory applies here: the side that cries "political interference" with a certain agency is altogether likely to try to affect its course when the other side is in control.

The new Legal Services Corporation was immediately subjected to a dispute over appointments to its eleven-member board: three of President Ford's nominees came under fire from the program's defenders on the ground that they were not supporters of it. Two of those nominees withdrew. The third, sponsored by Governor Reagan, had been a critic of the idea of a corporation and an opponent of the C.R.L.A., and his nomination was not approved by the Senate committee. Finally, a board was established under the chairmanship of Roger C. Cramton, a traditional Republican and former official of the Nixon Justice Department and then dean of the Cornell Law School. Cramton emerged as a strong proponent and protector of the program.

Through the Ford and Carter years, the critics, including Phillips, did not let up. A number of conservatives, in Congress and out, simply argued that the government should not

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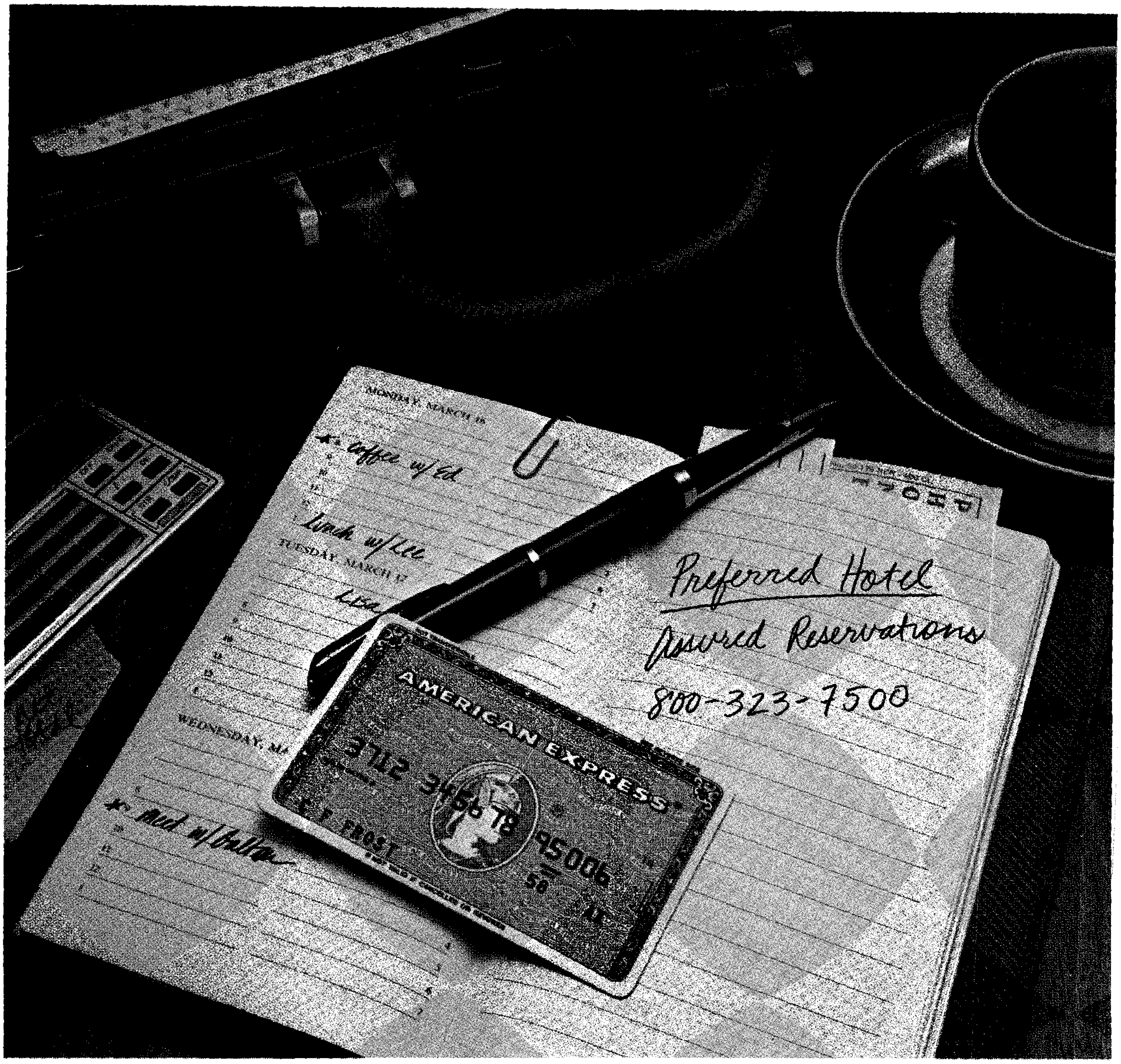
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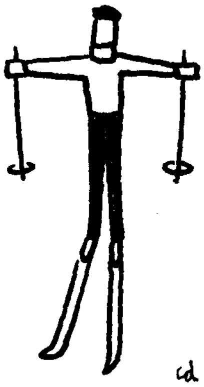
pay people money to sue the government. There was continuing objection to class actions. Cramton explains that class-action suits are an efficient way of avoiding litigation over the same issue again and again. It is a remedy that attorneys for private interests regularly employ. In enacting social-welfare statutes, Congress has often passed a law that established a right but was deliberately vague about how that right was to be obtained. A number of the class-action suits have been over the interpretation of what Congress intended. Critics of the program also dislike the fact that it funds what are referred to as backup centers, which specialize in the problems of particular groups—welfare recipients, tenants, the elderly, migrants, Indians, and so on. The centers train lawyers, handle appellate litigation, and keep the neighborhood lawyers (many of whom are young and inexperienced) apprised of what's going on in the field. What drives the critics of the program—Phillips in particular—crazy is that sometimes these centers, by notifying clients or an organization of clients (such as tenant groups or welfare-rights groups), will cause a suit to be brought. (Under the law, the Legal Services lawyers are permitted to represent not only individuals but also organizations composed of poor people.) Phillips sees the centers as populated by "social activists" trying to reshape society, and Legal Services lawyers as stirring up cases. Dan Bradley, now the president of the Legal Services Corporation, replies that just as a Washington law firm will apprise its clients of a change in government policy that might affect them, Legal Services should do the same thing. He says, "What Phillips would prefer is that we wait until a client, who may be illiterate, reads about a new regulation in the Federal Register or the New York *Times*." Bradley says that if, for example, the Housing and Urban Development Department issues a new regulation that Legal Services lawyers believe is inconsonant with the law and will hurt the poor, they will notify clients, or a tenants' organization, and ask them if they want to bring suit. The welter of federal regulations is at least as nightmarish for the poor as it is for those better situated—many of whom are in a position to obtain legal help. (Legal expenses incurred by corporations are, of course, tax-deductible.)



Another criticism of the Legal Services program is that it is a manifestation of our excessively litigious, overlawyered society. The reply that is offered is that we may well be too litigious and overlawyered, but until other means of settling disputes are established the poor should have their chance. Another criticism has to do with lobbying activities by Legal Services lawyers. The law restricts the lobbying to representation of clients or to matters concerning the corporation itself. Defenders of the program say that the argument that Legal Services lawyers should not lobby is another attempt to prohibit lawyers for the poor from doing for their clients what other lawyers do for theirs. In fact, they argue, the statute governing the corporation requires Legal Services lawyers to follow the Canons of Ethics of the A.B.A.'s Model Code of Professional Responsibility, which state that a lawyer's duty is "to represent his client zealously within the bounds of the law," and also that "if a lawyer believes that the existence or absence of a rule of law, substantive or procedural, causes or contributes to an unjust result, he should endeavor by lawful means to obtain appropriate changes in the law." Steven Engelberg, a Washington attorney and Carter-appointed member of the Legal Services board, says, "It's outrageous to say that a lawyer representing a poor person or group of poor persons cannot use his or her skills before a legislature or a city, state, or federal agency. Lobbying is a traditional and well-recognized aspect of lawyering. Not only do thousands of lawyers in Washington do it—I will find you lawyers in any city of the United States who do it. It's an essential aspect of private lawyering to represent clients before legislative and administrative bodies. Anyone who argues against it misunderstands the nature of the legal system."

Cramton, while defending the program, says that there is a point to one criticism—that the program gives leverage in potential litigation to public-service lawyers in that they are not deterred by the cost of what they do. Another valid point, Cramton says, is that taxpayers' funds that support the program should be spent on politically

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neutral activities. He and a number of those trying to protect the Legal Services program say that there are certain things they wish had not been done, not because they were beyond the corporation's authority but because they are embarrassing. They point out, however, that the program is a prime example of local control, for local Legal Services boards set the priorities—under guidance from Washington to make sure that the statute is being adhered to—and that all complaints by members of Congress or local politicians are investigated by the national staff, and on occasion a local program is defunded. They also point out that of the million and a half cases Legal Services handles each year, a few are bound to be embarrassing.

Those embarrassments have been a specialty of Howard Phillips in his continuing crusade to end the Legal Services program. Phillips now heads the Conservative Caucus, which concentrates on rallying conservative grass-roots strength on certain issues, and, along with his New Right allies, such as Richard Viguerie, he has made opposition to Legal Services part of a drive to "defund the left." As this group sees it, the federal government is granting funds to organizations—Planned Parenthood, civil-rights organizations that have received money for job-training programs, and so on—that have liberal goals. Phillips says that the Legal Services program is devoted to social change, and that it "bypasses the electoral process by using federal funds to impact on the bureaucracy and the judiciary." He objects to a system of staff attorneys whose full-time occupation is to do such work. He says, "These people have a keen sense of justice; so do I. Our ideas differ. It angers me that I pay for it." Phillips' style—in testimony, conversation, debates, mailings, ads—is to spray anecdotal criticism (some of the anecdotes check out and some do not), misleading information, exaggeration, and guilt by association. For example, a full-page newspaper ad that Phillips ran last year asked, among other things, "Do you support the continued assignment of L.S.C. funds to recipient organizations which assign policy board authority to representatives of activist groups such as the American Civil Liberties Union, Welfare Rights, the National Lawyers Guild, the National Organization for Women, and the like?" In conversation, Phillips mentions the Lawyers Guild frequently, and points out that

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the director of the National Center for Immigrants' Rights, one of the backup centers, is a member of the Lawyers Guild. (The Lawyers Guild is an organization that has defended leftist causes. It came under attack during the McCarthy period for having some Communist members, but it was not put on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations.)

Phillips' ad also asked—and the questions in the ad were incorporated in testimony he gave before Congress last year—"Do you believe the provision of federal funds for sex change operations and homosexual rights law suits are an appropriate priority in seeking aid to the poor?" Legal Services lawyers have in fact brought two suits on behalf of clients seeking Medicaid coverage for sex-change operations. One of the suits was won, and one was lost. The sex-change suits are among the things that supporters of the program find, if technically permissible, embarrassing. After repeated requests for examples of legal aid for suits establishing homosexual rights, Phillips' office came up with one case involving custody for a lesbian mother, one in which disability payments were won for a transsexual undergoing treatment and unable to work because of trauma, and an instance in which a Legal Services backup center offered advice to the Veterans Administration on drawing up rules for denial of benefits to veterans discharged for homosexual acts. Bradley says that he knows of no instance in which Legal Services helped homosexuals obtain benefits and rights they had been denied because they were homosexuals, but that qualified homosexuals were given help with the same sorts of problems that others are helped with. In 1980, just to make sure, Congress prohibited "legal assistance for any litigation which seeks to adjudicate the legalization of homosexuality."

Phillips frequently mentions that the organization has represented the Ku Klux Klan. The Legal Services Corporation says that the only example of this is that the Chattanooga program was appointed by the court to represent an indigent who is a member of the Klan in a civil suit alleging violation of the civil rights of two black plaintiffs. Phillips' ad asks, "Do you believe that pro-Castro activist groups like the Gray Panthers should receive taxpayer-subsidized assistance from L.S.C.-funded attorneys?" The Gray Panthers is an organization that lob-

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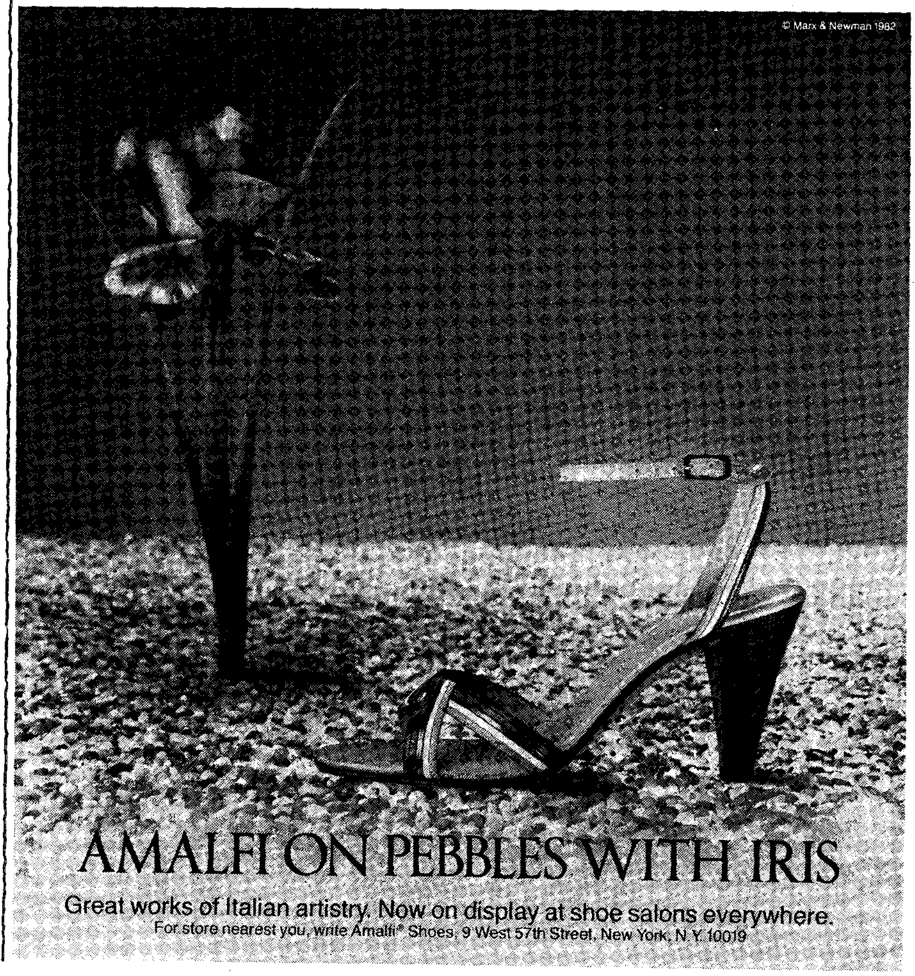
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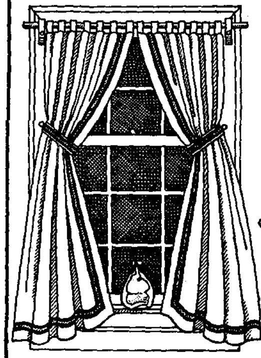

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bies for old people's rights and benefits. Phillips' characterization of the group as "pro-Castro" is apparently based on an announcement of a trip to Cuba that the group planned to sponsor in order to study Cuba's treatment of the elderly. A spokeswoman for the organization says that the trip never took place, for lack of enough interested people. Maggie Kuhn, the founder and leader of the Gray Panthers, was deemed respectable enough to attend the White House Conference on Aging late last year. A charge that Legal Services employees "participate in raising funds for the anti-American Castroite terrorists and guerrillas in El Salvador" thins out under questioning. Phillips' ads carry the following quotation from a National Public Radio broadcast last March: "Several hundred protesters gathered early outside the theater demonstrating against United States policies in El Salvador, against proposed cuts in Legal Services and funding for the arts and medical aid in welfare. They represented groups as diverse as the United Auto Workers, the Legal Aid Society, the Marxist-Leninists of New York, and the Yippies, who dressed in army fatigues and tutus." His ads also ask how conservative the A.B.A. (which supports the "left-wing Legal Services Corporation") really is, since it has supported legislation for federal and state financing of abortions for indigent women, ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment, decriminalization of sexual conduct between consenting adults, gun-control legislation, and the metric system.

SOON after the Reagan Administration took office last year, it recommended in its preliminary budget proposals for fiscal 1982 that Legal Services be among forty programs put into a block grant to the states and that its budget be cut by twenty-five per cent. Legal Services supporters were alarmed, for they assumed that the states would be less than eager to continue the program, and that in being so dispersed it would be destroyed. Putting the program in a block grant would mean delivering it into the arms of government agencies it has opposed and making it compete with a large number of programs for which funds were growing scarcer. When the Administration's formal budget recommendation went to Capitol Hill in March, it included no funds at all for Legal Services. Legal Services supporters were relieved, because at least the issue was clarified: Reagan was trying to abolish the program. The A.B.A. and other supporters of the program rallied, and, after some struggle, Congress granted funds for the program but reduced the amount by twenty-five per cent, from three hundred and twenty-one million dollars to two hundred and forty-one million.

Meanwhile, the program's statutory authority had run out. Three Republican members of the House Judiciary Committee—Tom Railsback, of Illinois, Caldwell Butler, of Virginia, and Harold Sawyer, of Michigan—called on Reagan to ask him to keep the program going. Meese, now the President's counsellor, informed Congress that the President remained opposed to the corporation and that he himself would recommend that Reagan veto an extension of it. After several days of debate, the House, with bipartisan support, reauthorized it. However, some thirty new restrictions were attached. Among them were a total prohibition of class-action suits; tightened restrictions on abortion cases, lobbying, and help to aliens; and a provision prohibiting Legal Services lawyers from taking any case "to promote, defend or protect" homosexuality. There was much carrying on in the House debate about Legal Services' supposed help to homosexuals in obtaining their rights, but no examples were offered. A motion to fold the program into a block grant was rejected. In the Senate, which Republicans control, the Labor and Human Resources Committee approved a bill authorizing the program—two Republicans voting with the Democrats. The authorizing bill is pending on the Senate calendar, and the program has been maintained through funding under the "continuing resolution" by which a large number of federal programs are being continued and funded. Senator Jesse Helms, Republican of North Carolina, with whom Howard Phillips has worked closely on the issue, was one of the leaders in the fight against continuing the program. Helms called Legal Services "an outlaw program running wild."

Key Reagan officials made their opposition to the program clear last year. David Stockman, the director of the Office of Management and Budget, said on the CBS Evening News last April, "I don't believe there is any entitlement, any basic right to legal services or any other kinds of services." A week later, on "Meet the Press," Stockman mitigated this bit of candor by saying that the Administration wasn't proposing to abolish the Legal Services program—just to fund t differently. Meese, in an interview with *U.S. News & World Report*, said that the Administration was "very much in favor of providing legal services to everyone who is in need of them, regardless of their economic situation." The Administration just didn't feel that the Legal Services Corporation was the best way to go about this, he said, and the Administration was "talking about stimulating new programs to go beyond what the Legal Services Corporation has been willing to do and promote a greater involvement of the legal profession." He added, "We don't want money going for promotion of social causes." He went on, perhaps reminiscing a bit, "Frankly, there are real questions about whether it has been the best use of federal funds to sue the state."

Having failed to kill the Legal Services Corporation last year, the Reagan Administration next tried to take control of it, by taking over its board—and walked right into another bruising, and unnecessary, fight. The Administration was within its rights in trying to take control of the corporation, but the manner in which it has chosen to do so raises a number of questions. As it happens, the terms of all eleven members of the corporation's board had expired by July of last year. Five members' terms had expired in July of 1980, and Carter had resubmitted their names, but Congress had not confirmed them before the election; the terms of the six other members expired last July. Under the law, the old board members serve until they are replaced. The Reagan Administration had at first decided not to name its own board, because it was planning to abolish the corporation—to nominate new board members at the same time would confuse the issue. Then, after it became clear that Congress would fund the program for another year (Phillips was extremely annoyed with Reagan for signing the continuing resolution that contained funding for the program), the Reagan White House scrambled to name board members before the year was out, in order to get new members in place before the corporation granted funds to its local projects for 1982. White House aides say they started on the nominations so late that they were not able to complete

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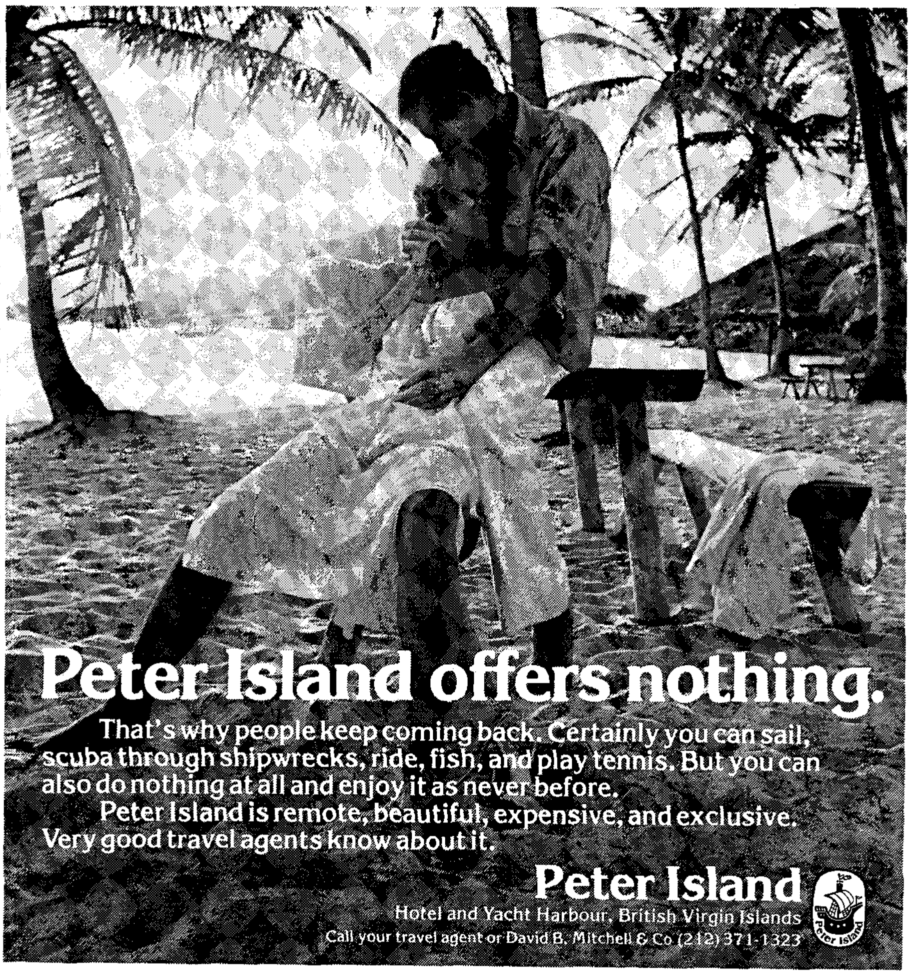

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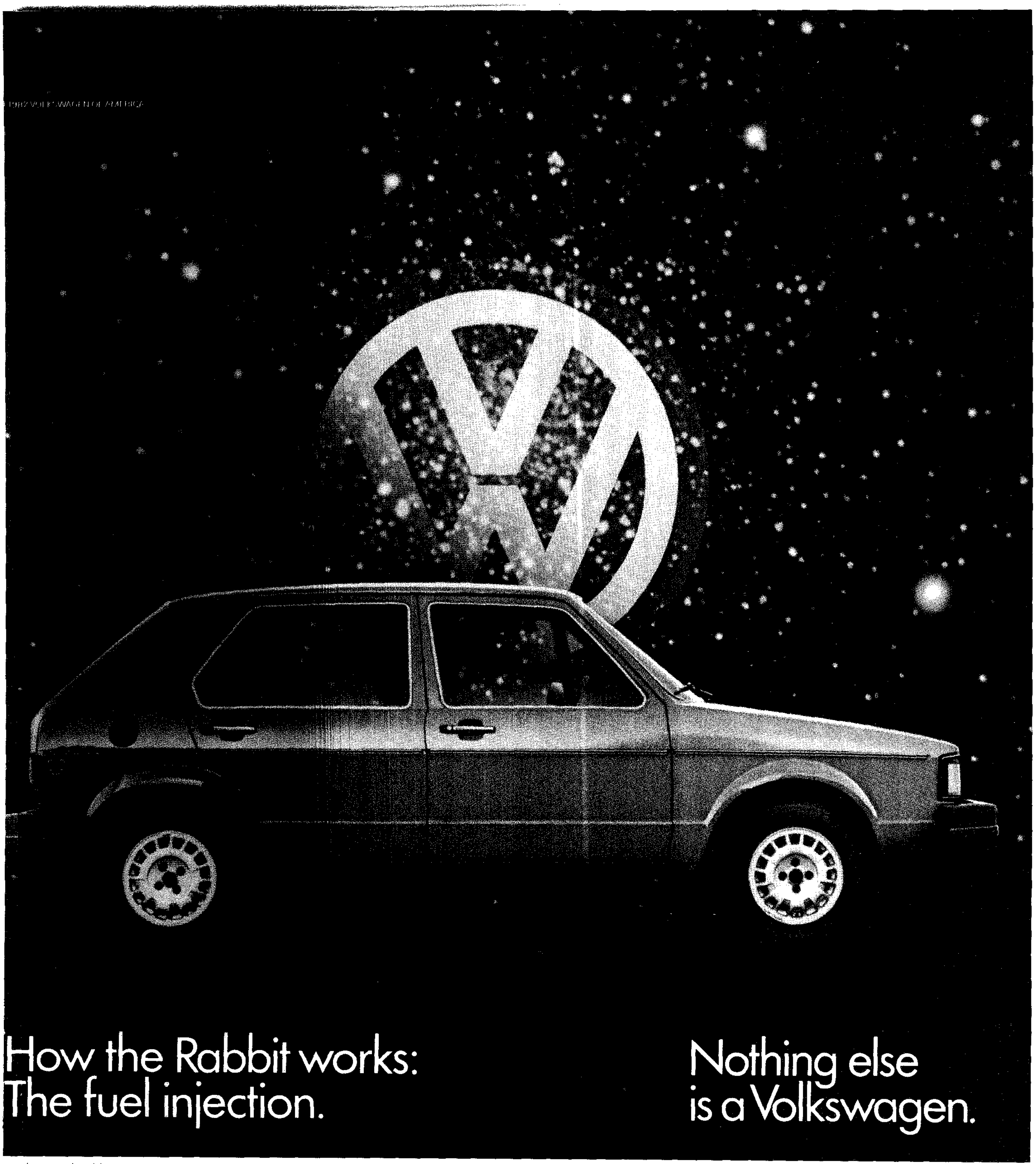
the "paperwork"—background checks, and the like—before Congress adjourned, on December 16th. Phillips, by his own account and that of his allies, worked virtually around the clock to persuade the White House to get the new appointments made by the end of the year. On December 30th, the White House named seven people to be given what are called recess appointments to the board. And on the next day, New Year's Eve, William Olson, one of the new appointees, whom the White House had designated acting chairman, suddenly called a meeting of the board for that afternoon. The Reagan appointees were now in the majority. Six board members were out of town and had to confer by telephone. Steven Engelberg, the only Carter appointee present, objected to the meeting on the grounds that it had not been called with the legally required notice and that the recess appointees were not authorized to act. The purpose of the meeting was to elect Olson chairman and to put a freeze on the new funding, pending a review of the contracts. One problem with this was that, as was customary, the projects for the next year had been approved earlier in December and funds for the first two months had already been sent out. Moreover, the corporation's statute says that once a project has been funded it cannot be cut off without due process. Olson says that whether these grants will be continued "is still to be resolved." Another problem is that the whole thing may have been illegal—or, at least, an abuse of the recess-appointment power. (Under the Constitution, an appointee named during a recess of the Senate may serve through the entire next session of Congress without being confirmed by the Senate.) According to this view, corporation board members are not, strictly speaking, government officials, because the statute establishing the corporation, in an attempt to guarantee it some independence, says that "officers and employees of the Corporation shall not be considered officers or employees, and the Corporation shall not be considered a department, agency, or instrumentality, of the Federal Government." Therefore, the argument goes, the authority to make recess appointments does not apply in the case of corporation board members. The old board members, headed by their chairman, William McCalpin, a Republican and secretary of the A.B.A., are preparing a suit arguing that the Reagan Administration has violated both the statute and the Constitution. A regular board meeting is scheduled for March 5th, and a collision between the old board and the new appointees is possible. The point of the argument is not that Reagan cannot make his own appointments to the board but that he must do it in conformity with the law, and that it is illegal for board members who have not been confirmed by the Senate to start directing the program. (As it happens, Jimmy Carter made five recess appointments to the board in late 1977, but, some of the old board members argue, this took place under different circumstances. The nominations had been submitted to the Senate before it recessed, and were resubmitted shortly after it reconvened. Although the new members did attend a scheduled board meeting shortly before they were confirmed, the old board members argue that this was different from what the Reagan group did, because the Carter recess appointees had already been approved by a Senate committee, because the five were not in a position to take over the board, and because the existing board members raised no objections. Cramton, the Republican chairman at the time, says that there was no fuss about the meeting then because there was no question the nominees would be approved.) In January of this year, before Congress reconvened, the Reagan Administration announced three more recess appointments. One old board member, an unemployed woman who had been a client of the program—the law requires that the program's "clients" be represented on the board—was left in place temporarily. People in the Reagan White House tell me that they are planning to send the nominations to the Senate, but, even if they do, the legal question of whether the nominees can act before they have been confirmed remains. Once again, the Administration's confrontational style may bring it grief.

BY making these moves suddenly on New Year's Eve—when they could be expected to get little press attention—the Reagan people handed the program's supporters an issue. They handed them another one in the appointments they made. There is a question whether some of the nominees would be confirmed. As it has done elsewhere, the Reagan Administration has moved to put people in charge of a program who are opposed to its purposes. Naming people who wish to adjust a program's direction is one



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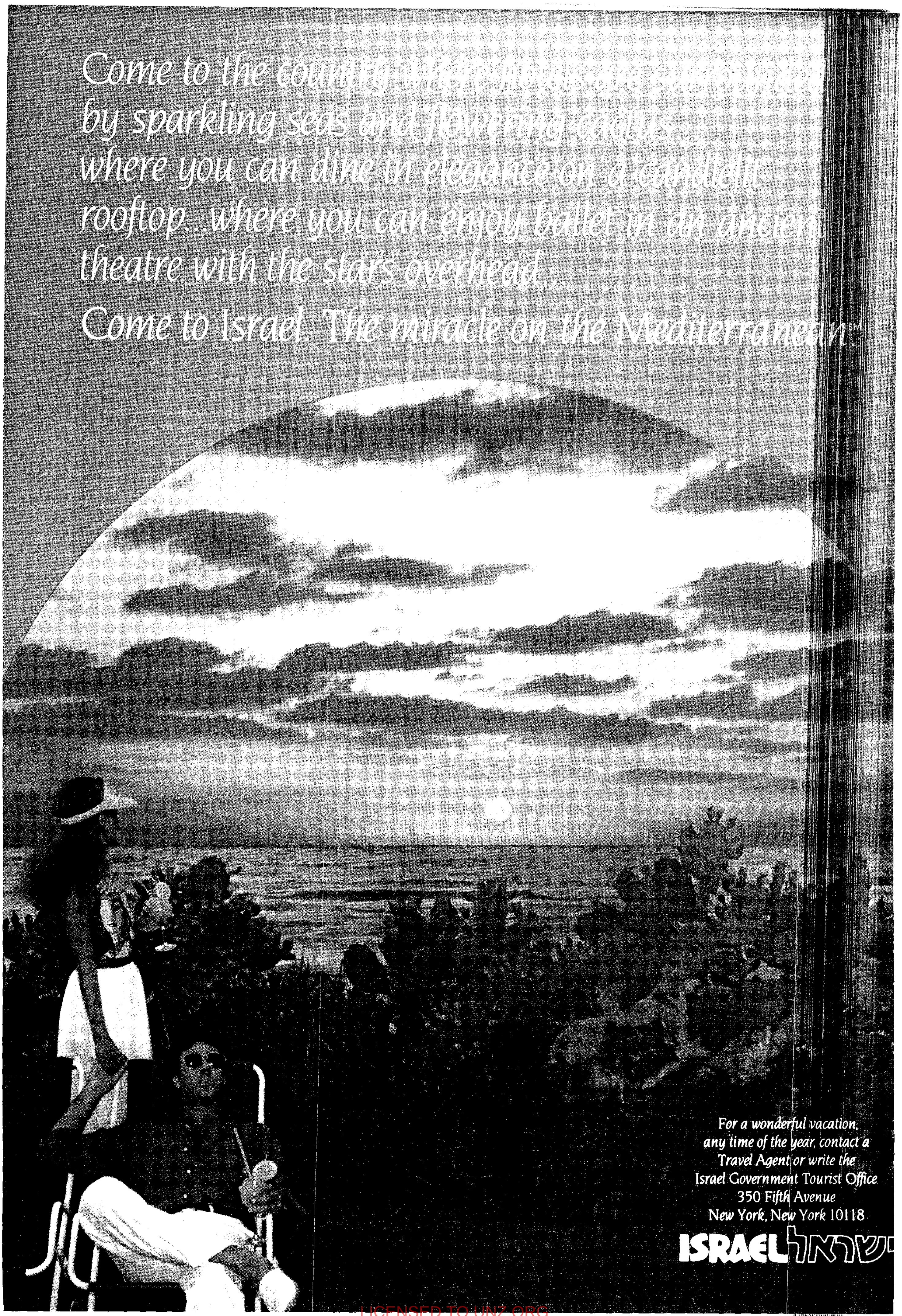
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hing; naming people whose mission nay be to effectively end it is another. The legislative history of Legal Ser- ices states that Congress, in examin- ng the merits of nominees to the oard, is to be satisfied that they "un- erstand and are fully committed to he role of legal assistance attorneys nd support the underlying principle of this legislation: that it is in the na- ional interest that the poor have full ccess under law to comprehensive and effective legal services." Some of the Reagan appointments have already tirred controversy. Olson, a young onservative attorney, a former mem- er of the Young Americans for reedom, and an associate of Phillips' t the O.E.O., headed the Reagan ransition team on Legal Services and, ccording to a number of reports, ecommended that the program be bolished. Olson declines to comment n this, on the ground that the transi- ion reports are confidential. The ransition report itself recommended hat the program be continued, with s funding and its role reduced. By far he most controversy has surrounded he name of Ronald Zumbrun, who as rumored last fall to be the Reagan dministration's choice for chairman f the corporation's board (actually, he board itself is supposed to select the hairman), and who, even though he not among those named thus far, ccording to White House sources will ill be appointed. Olson tells me that e is chairman only temporarily. A Vhite House aide told me that since e paperwork on some names had not een completed in time, some people ho had been cleared for other jobs ere temporarily tossed onto e board. Phillips believes at the reason Zumbrun's ame was not included in the rst list was that the Admin- tration wanted to protect im from the controversy sur- ounding the recess appointments—and is is one of the few matters on which hillips and supporters of the Legal ervices program agree. Phillips tells e he believes that Zumbrun would be a good chairman of the board."

The fuss over Zumbrun has arisen ecause he is president of the Pacific egal Foundation, based in Sacramen- , which was established to bring ses reflecting the conservative and ro-business point of view. The acific Legal Foundation also main- ins an office in Washington, and it as the forerunner of and consults ith like-minded groups, such as the Mountain States Legal Foundation, which used to be headed by Interior Secretary James Watt. In fact, the Pacific Legal Foundation last year joined with Mountain States in bringing a suit against Watt to get Watt to do something he wanted to do—open a Montana wilderness area to oil and gas drilling—but had been barred by Congress from doing. Zumbrun wrote the Justice Department that he was trying to help Watt achieve his "objectives." A George Washington University Law School group has brought charges of collusion. Last year, the Mountain States Foundation filed a brief in federal district court charging the Legal Services Corporation with lobbying in its own behalf. The court dismissed the charges. The Pacific Legal Foundation has opposed the C.R.L.A. in some cases, and, in fact, before Zumbrum formed the Pacific Legal Foundation, he had served under Governor Reagan as deputy director of legal affairs for the California Department of Social Welfare, which had a number of battles with the Legal Services program. And the Pacific Legal Foundation was created, with corporate and conservative-oriented foundation backing, explicitly as a result of the experiences of the Reagan governorship with legal-services challenges. We have come full circle. Meese, before he came to Washington to join the Reagan Administration, served on one of the Pacific Legal Foundation's advisory boards. Two other men associated with the foundation have also been named to the Legal Services Corporation's board. One, Marc Sandstrom, a vice-chairman of the foundation, is executive vice-president and general counsel of the San Diego Federal Savings & Loan Association, which has contributed funds to the Pacific Legal Foundation and has been involved in a number of cases brought against it by Legal Services lawyers on charges of illegal foreclosures. Another appointee is William Harvey, a law professor and former dean of the Indiana University Law School, who serves on a Pacific Foundation advisory committee.

Another Reagan appointee to the Legal Services board, George Paras, resigned last summer as a judge on the California Court of Appeal, denouncing the state supreme court as a "left-wing junta." Paras subsequently made news when he opposed the nomination of Cruz Reynoso, who had

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been the director of the C.R.L.A. while Reagan was governor, to the state supreme court. Once again, we have come full circle. C.R.L.A. is still an emotional term in California. Reynoso, who is considered a distinguished man by a large segment of the bar, had served on the appeals court with Paras. When Paras resigned, he wrote to Reynoso—and later made the letter available to a commission that approves court nominations—accusing him of espousing "a nice socialistic philosophy first proclaimed by Karl Marx," of uttering "gibberish," and of feeling it "your obligation to be a professional Mexican rather than a lawyer." (A commission appointed by the California bar to examine judicial nominations found Reynoso qualified for the post.) Harold DeMoss, a Houston attorney named to the board, has said he shares the Reagan team's "overview and approach" to the Legal Services program. Annie Slaughter, a black woman named by Reagan, has served with Meese and Olson on the board of an organization called Crime Victims Legal Advocacy Group. Meese, Olson, and Mrs. Slaughter were all founders of the organization. Mrs. Slaughter told me recently, "I'd have to read more about the Legal Services program to find out what my views are on whether it should be abolished."

THIS February, the Reagan Administration proposed in its budget that the Legal Services Corporation be abolished outright. Making no bones about it, the Administration said that no further funds should be provided, and that the program should be shut down by the time the continuing resolution expires, on March 31st. It said that the states may use money from block grants for legal services if they wish to do so. This, of course, they are most unlikely to do. The budget message also says that private lawyers "can and should do more to fulfill their obligations through pro-bono-publico services." People on both sides of the argument over Legal Services agree that the private bar could do more than it does now to provide services to the poor, but defenders of the program, and also some disinterested lawyers, say that it is unrealistic and absurd to expect the bar to be able to meet the needs that the program has been trying to serve. Not every lawyer is sitting in a well-appointed office in Washington or New York, earning a fortune, and

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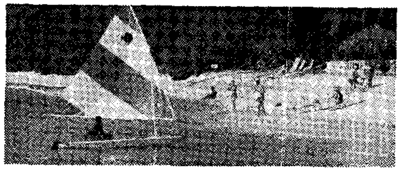

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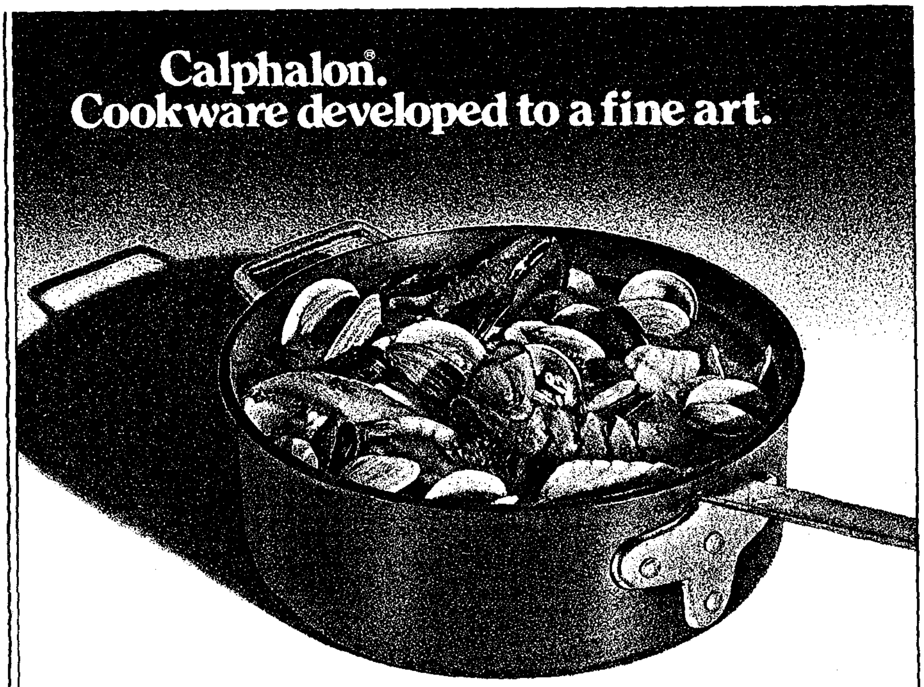
ome areas still don't have lawyers at ll. Lawyers are not likely to behave ith the saintliness that is being asked f them. Doctors, of course, are reim- ursed for the services they provide to e poor under Medicaid—which last ear cost the federal government about venteen billion dollars. Meese and thers talk about extending existing judicare" programs. Legal Services as experimented with the idea, under system in which private lawyers rovide help, at reduced fees, for poor ients referred by the Legal Services rogram; the fees are paid by the egal Services program. But if there is o program, there is the question of ho would pay the fees. The Legal ervices program has found that the ccess of judicare and other methods involving private attorneys varies om place to place but that such sys- ms would not be cost-effective on a ational basis. Even if a large part of e Legal Services program could be ansferred to the private sector, there ould be problems of distribution, or- anization, and expertise.

If the program closes down, a large umber of people, who also have other w problems, would be left without lp. The effect of last year's twenty- e-per-cent cut in the program is al- ady being felt; Legal Services centers some areas are shutting down, and others some clients are being turned way. The Legal Services program is inexpensive, low-overhead pro- am. So the issue for the Reagan dministration is not really money. nd it may be that in this area, as in me others, it has underestimated the pth—and also the nature—of the position. Roger Cramton, the Re- ublican, Ford-appointed head of the st Legal Services board, says of the eagan Administration's approach to e program, "It's irrational be- avior for a politician. This is not a cial-welfare program; it's an enforce- ent-of-rights program. It tells us at our ideals of freedom and equality e there. Alienating the American ar Association in the way that they e doing is not sensible. They risk avely alienating an entire segment the population—lawyers, many of em conservatives. Some of us are etting hot under the collar—and it rries over to other issues." But the eagan Administration's approach to e Legal Services program has its vn rationale: These people are carry- g old grievances and their own eology to their logical conclusion.

—ELIZABETH DREW



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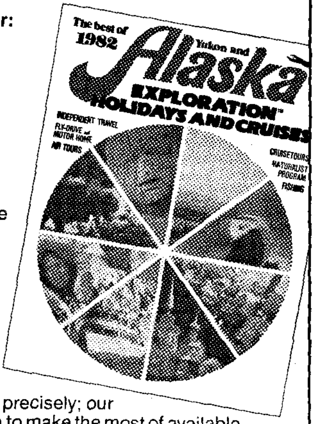


MUSICAL EVENTS

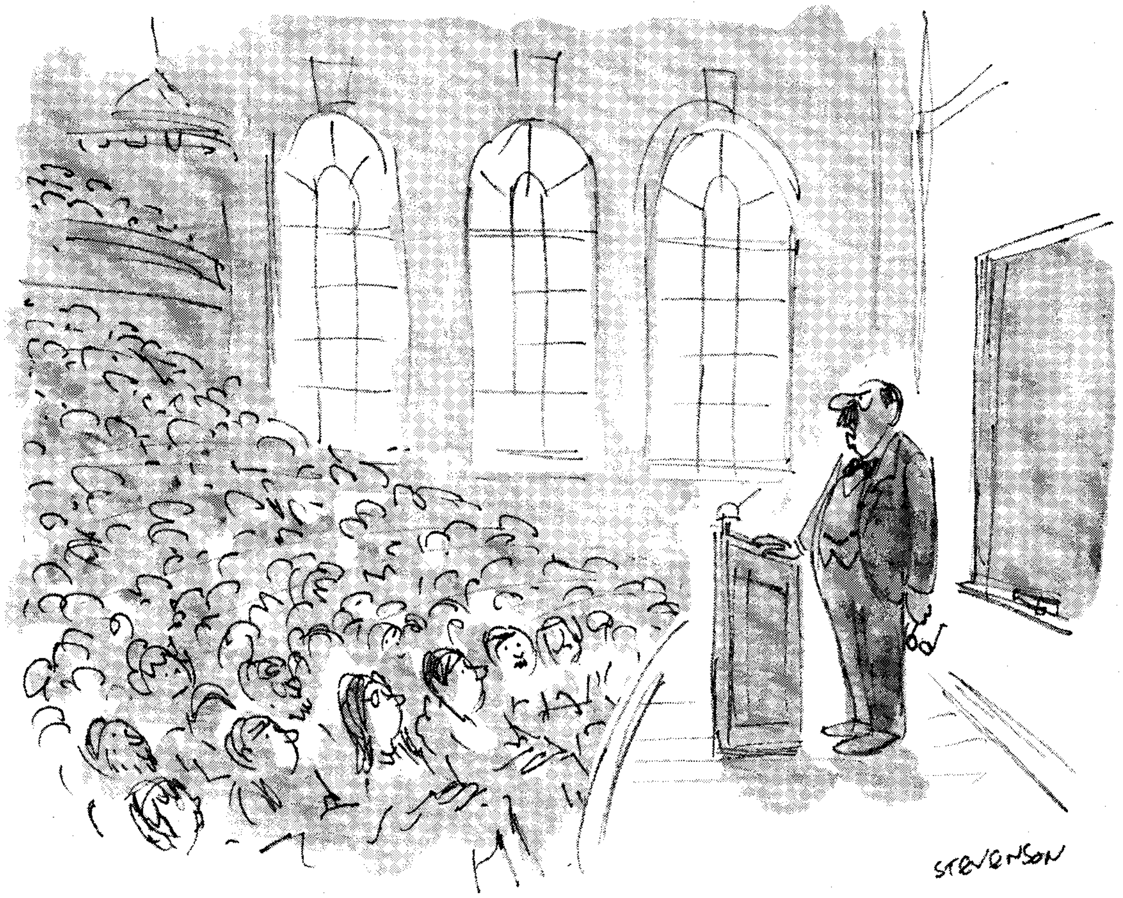
Soldiers

J. M. R. Lenz's "Die Soldaten," written in 1775 (the year of Mozart's "La Finta Giardiniera") and published in 1776, is a remarkable play. With its short scenes, ellipses, "jump cuts," and ta'azieh-like techniques for bridging space and time, it seems more advanced than Büchner's "Woyzeck" and Wedekind's "Lulu" plays—on which it plainly left a mark—and than most of Brecht's dramas. The terse, vivid tragedy traces the degradation of a middle-class girl into a soldiers' whore. The main characters are officers in Armentières, Marie, her family, and her bourgeois betrothed, who enlists, becomes a batman, and poisons the soup of the officer chiefly responsible for Marie's fall. In the penultimate scene, Marie, now a drab, solicits, unrecognized, her own father. (The confrontation recalls Henryson's "Testament of Cresseid" and adumbrates one in Schreker's "Der Ferne Klang.") In the final scene, a colonel and a countess coolly debate the advisability of establishing official military brothels.

"Die Soldaten" remained unstaged, it seems, until Max Reinhardt produced it during the First World War. In 1930, Manfred Gurlitt, who four years earlier had set "Woyzeck," made an opera of it, which played in Dusseldorf, Prague, and Berlin. Then, in 1965, in Cologne, Bernd Alois Zimmermann's "Die Soldaten" appeared—an opera, the New Grove rightly declares, "widely acknowledged as the most important in German since those of Berg." Other productions followed—in Cassel, Munich, Dusseldorf, Nuremberg, Hamburg, most recently Frankfurt—and German troupes took the piece on tour, to Britain, Italy, Holland, Sweden. The Cologne production was recorded, by Wergo. Opera companies less firmly grounded and solidly subsidized than those of Germany looked eagerly at "Die Soldaten" but fought shy of it, for it is a hard piece to perform: the
Munich production is said to have ha
three hundred and seventy-seven voc
and thirty-three orchestral rehearsal
Last month, the American première
"Die Soldaten" was presented by tl
Opera Company of Boston.

Sarah Caldwell both directed an
conducted. The show demonstrated
once her ambition and adventuresom
ness, the vitality that informs all sl
does, and the unsatisfactory nature
American operatic life, which makes
first-rate performance of such a wor
as "Die Soldaten" all but impossibl
European productions are usually lon
rehearsed, with a stable cast and o
chestra, and are then played for seas
after season. The Boston "Soldaten
was put together in a matter of week
with singers and players assembled f
the occasion, and only a preview ar
three performances were schedule
(In the event, as a result of an orche
tral dispute a week's rehearsal and o
performance were lost.) So, on the o
hand, it was underprepared; on tl
other hand, weeks of intensive ha
work, difficult roles newly learne
and an elaborate set were put to b
brief use. The Met or the City Ope
should have undertak
"Die Soldaten" yea
ago, should have r
vived it regularly, a
should have played
the length and bread
of the country. It is
work that both pe
formers and audienc
need to grow into.

Zimmermann w
drawn to Lenz's pla
he said, less by its soci
content than by i
treatment of time a
"timelessness." In
written introduction
the opera, he cited se
tences of Joyce ("Put
space in a nutshell"
Pound ("All ages a
present. The future sti
in the souls of few"
and Lenz himself ("
will give you one hu
dred instances whi
still remain one"). T
epoch of the opera's a
tion is "yesterda
today, and tomorrow
and visual and music
imagery of all ages
drawn upon. The pl
expands and is charg



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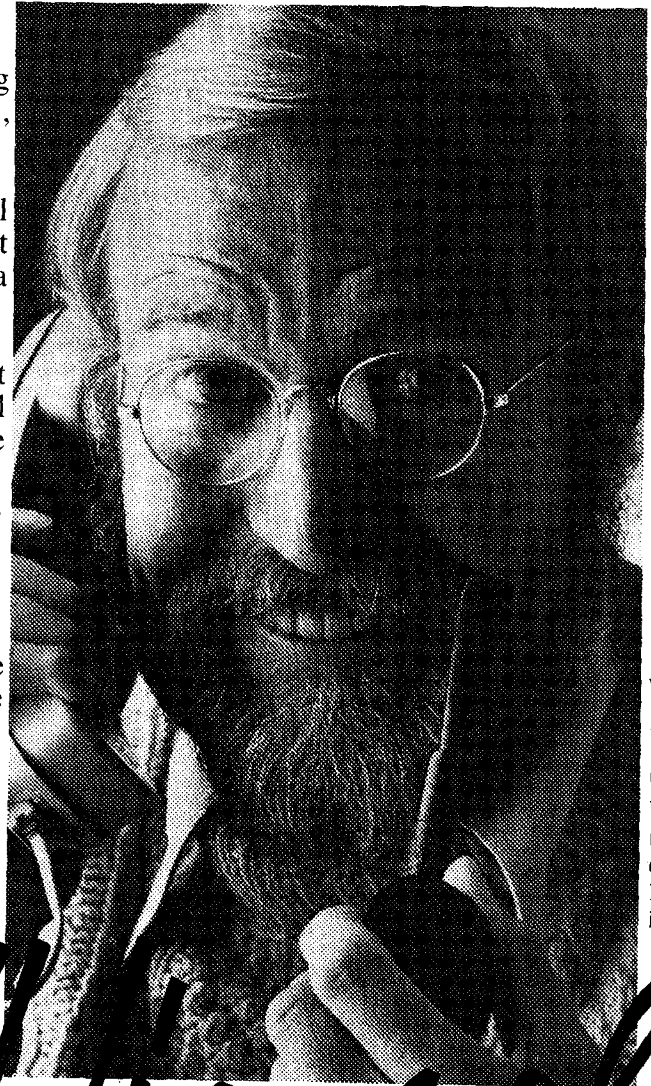

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with the large, despairing tragic vision that filled Zimmermann's later works. The opera ends with a world destroyed: the dust from an atomic explosion settles, and a chant of "But deliver us from evil" fades into darkness and silence. The piece is "total theatre." In the composer's words, "architecture, sculpture, painting, musical theatre, spoken theatre, ballet, film, microphone, television, tape, and sound techniques, electronic music, concrete music, circus, the musical, and all forms of motion theatre combine to form the phenomenon of pluralistic opera," and the composer's task is " 'merely' . . . to concentrate and intellectually coördinate the new discoveries of recent years." "Die Soldaten" was initially conceived for performance in a theatre where twelve stages, each with its attendant musicians, surrounded the audience. Cologne, which had commissioned the piece, declared it unperformable, and Zimmermann made the current "performing version," which still calls for an orchestra of over a hundred (fifty-four independent string parts), for seventeen soloists, for actors and dancers, for films projected on three screens. One café scene is accompanied by a percussion toccata provided by soloists and chorus as, in strictly notated rhythms, they tinkle cups, clink glasses, slam down cards, chatter. Three cadets tap out or stamp out a dance glorifying military life in contrapuntal rhythmic patterns notated in 7/8 broken by bars of 1/8, 5/8, and other metres. The vocal lines are hard to pitch and hard to time. All forms of utterance from full-throated song to naturalistic speech are employed, and the singers must be able to pass from one to another not only within a phrase but even between syllables of a word. "In some scenes of this opera," Zimmermann wrote, "I have employed speech, singing, screaming, whispering, jazz, Gregorian chant." In an extended lyrical trio for three women, almost every note carries its own dynamic indication. Most productions have simplified the composer's more elaborate scenic requirements. Those for the start of Act IV—a phantasmagoria of multiple, simultaneous scenes, in which all the principals appear and some of them are doubled by actors, and again by dancers, and again on three simultaneous films—are particularly intricate; I doubt whether any theatre could compass them fully, or whether any audience, except after studying the libretto and the original play, could follow what happens in more than a genera way.

Zimmermann's musical complexities do not seem unnecessary. As Lord Harewood writes in Kobbé, "what impresses the listener at the end of a performance is the clarity of organization, the audibility of the text, the subtlety of the sounds he has heard." The vocal lines, for all their angularity and awkward leaps, prove eloquen—at any rate, in the original German. The sounds and inflections of the words apparently determine the melodic contours. The Boston "Soldaten," however, was sung in an English translation that was excellently audible but often seemed forced and unnatural in declamation. Miss Caldwell had engaged a cast of able singers. (Outstanding were Phyllis Hunter as Marie, Beverly Morgan as her sister, Joseph Evans as her betrothed, Richard Crist as her father and Timothy Noble, John Moulson and John Brandstetter among the officers.) Everyone—down to three perky tap-dancing cadets—seemed perfectly confident. How accurate the performance was I cannot say; to judge of that one would have to listen to a tape while following the score But the effect—unlike that of the def Dusseldorf production I heard in 1971, which was conducted by Günther Wich, or that of the Cologne recording, which is conducted by Michael Gielen—often suggested an enthusiastic approximation. Severa episodes were impressive, moving beautiful. Others seemed imprecise. I heard the preview and the first performance. I wish one could have returned to, say, a tenth performance, in which the ensembles had settled, the balances had been adjusted, and what was sketchy had become sure. Miss Caldwell evidently has a vision of what "Die Soldaten" might be, and she earns our gratitude for a remarkable achievement—even if it was a bold vivid stab at, not a finished rendering of, Zimmermann's lucid and overwhelming masterpiece.

IN New York, the Met has come up with a leaden new production of Rossini's "Il Barbiere," redeemed in part by the performance of its heroine Marilyn Horne. True, she looked matronly and in Act II suggested the Zia Principessa in Puccini's "Suor Angelica." Her acting was broad, but it was irresistibly naughty, mischievous, and alive. And her vocalism was prodiious. In true Rossinian style, she kept s guessing what the next notes might e. Would she leap an octave, plunge n octave, add a trill, fly into inventive ivisions, or even sing a passage familir from the score? The twinkling of is star was filled with delightful surprises.

Around her, the Met had assembled cast of what sounded like comrimarios—men whose singing might ass muster in some dim provincial ouse. John Cox's stage direction was usy but humorless. Andrew Davis's onducting was lyrical in intention but eavy. Robin Wagner's revolving déor added two sets to the three Rossini alls for: the prettiest of them was seen nly in transitions, and the most elabrate was used only to accompany the nal passage of the Almaviva-Figaro uet. Has the "Barber" ever seemed so ong and, except when Miss Horne as singing, so shapeless and dull?

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Name Day

THE Ensemble for Early Music made an important contribution o the current celebrations of the twoundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of laydn's birth with a concert of his usic last month in Alice Tully Hall. f special interest was a performance f the cantata "Qual dubbio ormai," vhich was written for the name day of rince Nicholas Esterházy in 1764. laydn's autograph manuscript is in he Library of Congress. (The autoraph of the final chorus, which was old separately in 1889, has since vanished; the chorus is preserved in other opies.) It has been prepared for publiation by H. C. Robbins Landon, but he edition is still in the press: the nsemble's account was probably the rst modern hearing of the cantata. ike two other cantatas from 1763-64, 'Qual dubbio ormai" features brilliant isplay passages for a solo soprano, vhich were sung cleanly and brightly, hough not without some strain, by ally Sanford, and an extensive obbliato for keyboard, which was played y the Ensemble's director, Frederick enz. The sentiments of the text, in wo recitatives and an aria and chorus, re undistinguished, yet Haydn seems o have been inspired: the fierce orhestral introduction to the cantata is ery fine, and the serene, arching heme of the aria sounds like Ferando's "Una bella serenata," from a irst-act ensemble in Mozart's "Così

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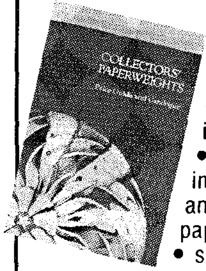

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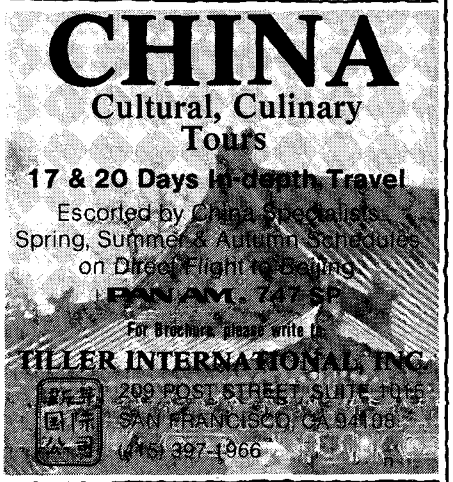

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Fan Tutte.” The coloratura seems more extended and more demanding than that in Haydn’s operas—perhaps a particular singer was on display—while the gentle sequences and orchestral figurations of the final chorus recall Haydn’s church music more than his secular works.

The concert ended with an interesting, exploratory account of the great “Trauer” Symphony, No. 44. The Grande Bande Chamber Orchestra used original instruments: six violins, one viola, one cello with bassoon, and one double-bass, with pairs of oboes and horns. At Esterháza, Haydn probably used more string players. (There are detailed discussions of such problems in the fascinating conference report “Haydn Studies,” published by Norton.) But here the balance was excellent, though one more viola would have been welcome; it was good to hear the horn doubling so prominent in the Minuet’s trio. The playing for the most part was incisive, and just occasionally (as in the passage for strings alone that opens the Adagio) eloquent. A tauter attack would have helped the extraordinarily concise first and last movements to cohere: Mr. Renz conducted neatly but introduced a crude rallentando on the finale’s climactic diminished-seventh arpeggio which spoiled one of the symphony’s most splendid surprises. Though the interpretation was scarcely subtle, the playing showed the considerable possibilities of original-instrument performances in this repertory. Unfortunately, that was not true of the concert’s first half—a jumble of two arias, a concerto, and a divertimento—which sounded underrehearsed.

MARTIN BEST, who appeared in the series “Music Before 1800” at Corpus Christi Church the following day, is a versatile and skillful singer who accompanies himself on plucked instruments. He used to work with the Royal Shakespeare Company and has acquired the ability to range widely over the solo song repertory: his recordings, for EMI, include troubadour songs, Shakespearean songs, and the guitar songs of the eighteenth-century Swedish composer Carl Mikael Bellman (which have made Mr. Best famous in Sweden). Samples of all these were included in the concert, which perhaps ranged too far in a search for novelty. But Mr. Best characterizes each idiom precisely: his way with the Elizabethan songs is flexible, and shows an apt feeling of fantasy and imaginativeness—rhythms ar bent and melodies are swept into dramatic, convincing lines. In the troubadour songs, he experiments with spoken texts and with translations tha are declaimed in the course of th singing. He gave a group of piece by Guillaume de Machaut; in th two-part numbers his full, stron voice overwhelmed his accompanimen but in an unaccompanied *lai*, “J’ai la flour” (which, admirably, wa presented uncut), he used the text t mold a beautiful, hypnotic sculpture i sound. To Machaut’s contemporarie singing was but an intensification o speaking. (In the fourteenth centur Eustache Deschamps wrote of “*mu sique naturelle*,” or the recitation o poetry, and “*musique artificielle*,” o the singing of poetry.) Mr. Best use the words to intensify the effect of th melodies, which is perhaps the wron way round. Nevertheless, it was refreshing to have such pieces presente in something approaching their orig nal form. There is more to be done i this direction; on a remarkable recen recording of Machaut’s “Le Livre d Voir Dit” (Mirror Music), the alt René Jacobs can be heard declaimin most of Machaut’s long lyric poem—takes him over an hour—and the mus cal pieces emerge naturally from th spoken word.

THE Arch Ensemble for Exper mental Music, from San Fran cisco, visited The Kitchen last mont and drew a good crowd for a progra that was certainly arch but only inter mittently experimental. There we pieces by Don Buchla, Gerald Oshit Blue Gene Tyranny, and Rober Erickson. I heard Mr. Tyranny’s ex trovert, jazzy “Country Boy Countr Dog Variations 1,” with the trombon ist Dan Livesay. And I enjoyed M Erickson’s “Night Music,” which un folded over a static pedal note and ex plored clear, open textures. The twen ty-three-piece ensemble played wit panache and skill. But I found muc more stimulating another Kitchen con cert, a couple of months ago, in whic the blind saxophonist Earl Howar presented solo, taped, and ensembl compositions of his own—cogent, in tense explorations of very limite material.

—NICHOLAS KENYO

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

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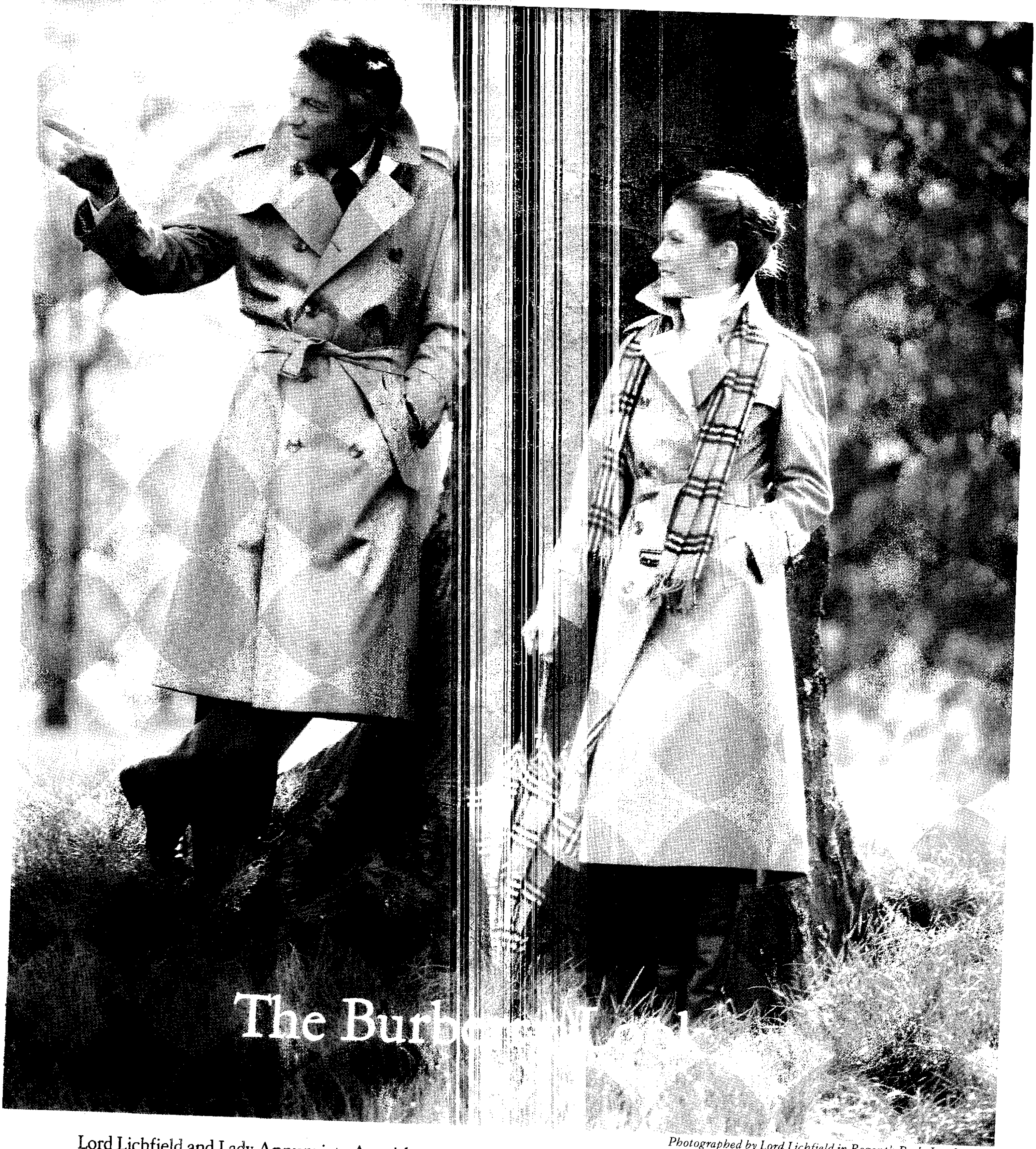

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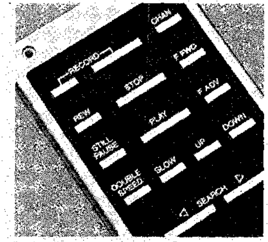

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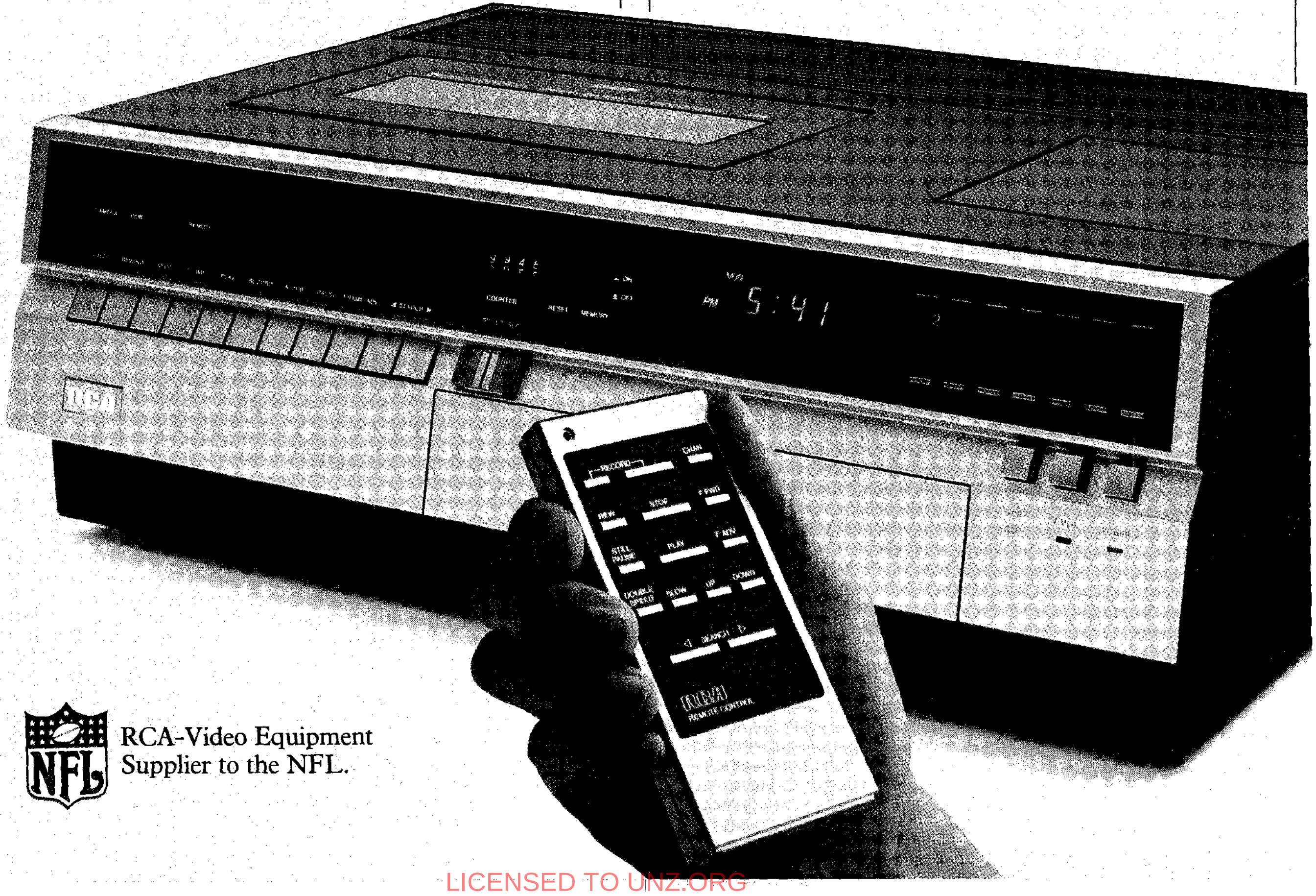

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

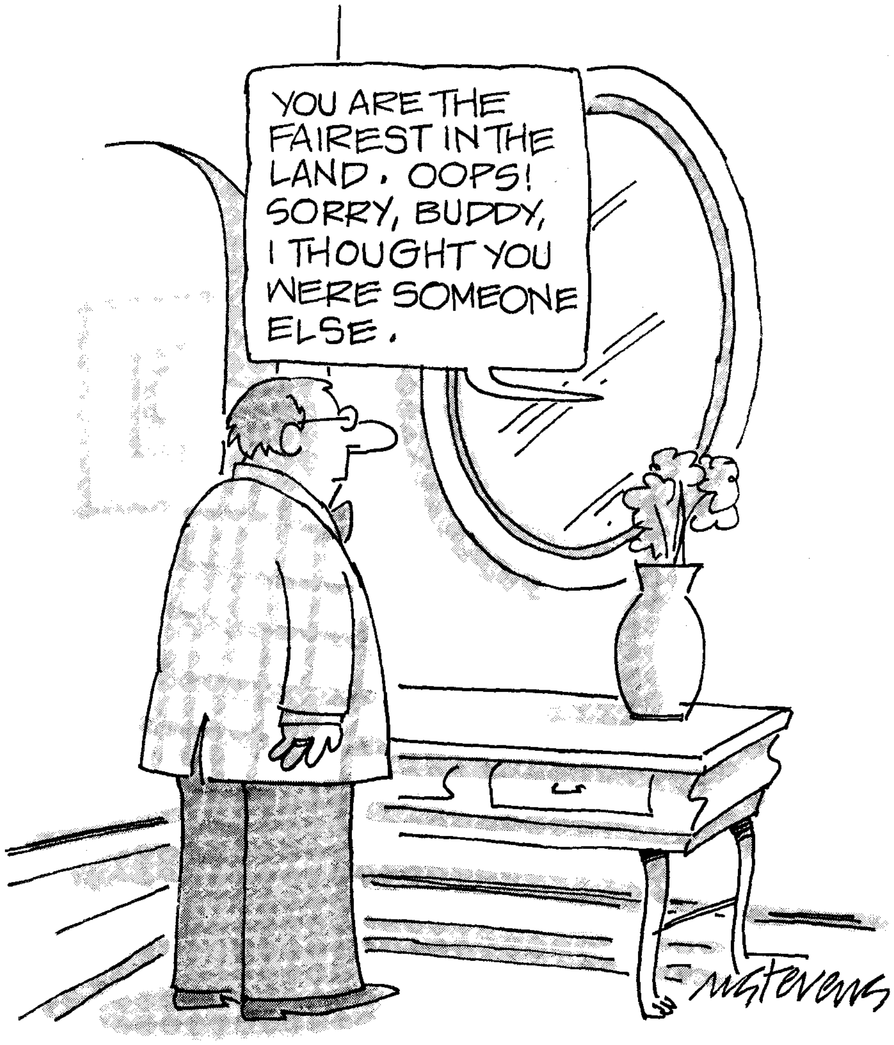
PARIS, FEBRUARY 17

MME. GONÇALVES, my concierge, wants to boycott the gas company. She has been stopping everyone in the courtyard to say that, as a decent Catholic woman, a mother of sons, our own diligent custodian, she cannot in conscience coöperate with a government that plans to buy its gas from the Russians—by which she means that we should not expect her to deliver our bills from Gaz de France, or the little reminders that follow them, or even the last warnings that come a week before the company turns the gas off. Mme. Gonçalves wants to send them back with the postman, marked "Address Unknown" or "Please Return" or "Dead," or whatever happens to sound right in the French-Portuguese patois she started improvising for herself—a kind of private lingua franca—the day she and M. Gonçalves arrived in Paris, seven years ago. Mme. Gonçalves is a cheerful and discreet woman, but she hates Russians. She associates Russians with the fiends and demons who are so busy torturing sinners in the lower left-hand corner of the Last Judgment calendar she always receives at Christmas from her sister in Trás-os-Montes.

Back home in that remote and fairly medieval corner of Portugal, Mme. Gonçalves learned about Russians even before she learned about Protestants. The first Protestants she actually saw were a family of Baptist missionaries—and that was in Angola. She and M. Gonçalves had emigrated to Angola when they married, and they stayed there for twenty years and raised their two sons and kept a little dairy farm, outside Luanda. Mme. Gonçalves was invited to the mission once, on a Sunday, and was astonished to discover that a family pretending to Christianity should sit down to Sunday dinner with a dour prayer and no wine on the table and a meal that smelled, she says, like the municipal swimming pool. When she learned that the missionaries had "purified" the salad and the vegetables in chlorinated water, she concluded that Protestants were peculiar people, and possibly retarded, but of no real consequence.

Communists, on the other hand, were of considerable consequence. When Mme. Gonçalves was a girl, her parish priest saw two Communists at the jail in Bragança while he was administering last rites to an old peasant who had been caught poaching so often that, at the age of seventy-five, he had decided to move to jail permanently and spare himself the inconvenience of being arrested again and beaten and put on trial. The priest told the parish children stories about red devils who came at night and kidnapped naughty boys and girls from their beds and ate them up at a long banquet table in a pagan fortress called the Kremlin. Years later, on her dairy farm near Luanda, Mme. Gonçalves repeated those stories about Communist bogeymen to her own boys when she tucked them in at night, and they shivered in their beds, terrified and delighted, and asked for more. Everybody in Angola said that it was the Communists in Russia, sending Agostinho Neto their guns and their money, and the Communists in Cuba, sending him their best soldiers, who finally stole beautiful, bountiful Angola from the Portuguese. Mme. Gonçalves herself blames the Communists for the fact that she had to abandon her dairy farm; for the fact that there were no jobs in the new, free Portugal when she came home to Trás-os-Montes after the revolution; for the fact that Portuguese soldiers put red carnations in their rifles and never stopped the strikes and the shortages and the mysterious fires that ruined the harvests that year in provinces where peasants still kept tinted photographs of Antonio Salazar on the kitchen wall; for the fact that the province was disrupted by groups of rich young students driving up from Lisbon in their sports cars and demanding that families that had been feuding comfortably for centuries organize into coöperatives and share their land and tractors, and even the little money they had.

When the Gonçalveses finally took up residence in the concierge quarters that run the length of our cobblestone courtyard—starting with the outdoor taps, where servants washed the dishes and the sheets a hundred years ago, and ending at the row of privies, where tenants now store everything from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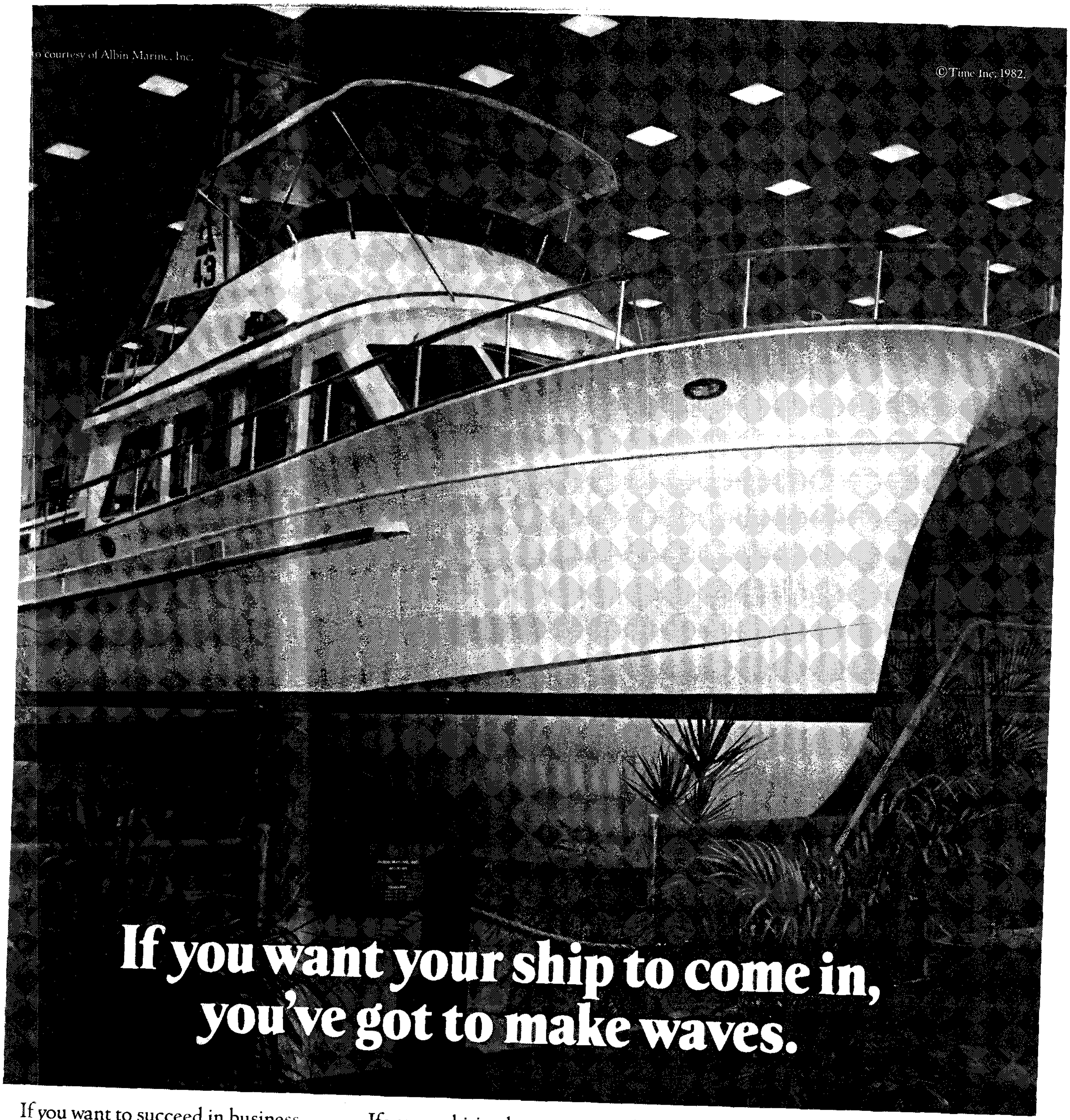
firewood to inflatable motorboats—she consoled herself with the thought that here, at last, was a respite from the problem of Communists. True, there were strikes in France, just like the strikes at home, and people here also tended to blame the Communists, but the strikes here never really interfered with the life of our quarter, with its busy shops and markets, or with Mme. Gonçalves' own new sideline—taking up the neighborhood's hems and letting down its hems, tightening its trousers and loosening its trousers, padding its shoulders and narrowing its shoulders, according to the season's fashion. Mme. Gonçalves has doubled her spending money since Christmas shortening bluejeans for the teen-age girls on the block, not one of whom will leave her house this winter without a pair of little red pumps and jeans shortened to display the appropriate amount of Argyle socks—synthetic Argyle socks that the Americans have been producing for the French market in combinations of pinks and purples and turquoise blues which would certainly alarm any Scot who saw them.

Mme. Gonçalves is careful to leave a big hem in the jeans she shortens. She is a mother herself, and sympathizes with the mothers here and their expenses. Besides, she considers the French a people of helpless frivolity. She fusses over her tenants, and over the diplomat around the corner whose house she cleans, and the neighbors anguishing about their hems and their heels, and spending more money on their lunches than on their churches. She thinks of them as children themselves—children who could not get by without her common sense and her indulgent services. She is a woman of such extravagant experience—a Portuguese peasant who lived for twenty years like a châtelaine, with a cook and a maid and a gardener and a houseboy of her own, and then ended up as maid, concierge, and seamstress to a lively old Left Bank neighborhood just as it was being taken up by moneyed intellectuals looking for "authenticity"—that she takes a long view of their circumstances and her own. It has saved her from bitterness. It has turned humiliation into a kind of maternal exercise, though it did not stop her from losing everybody's telephone bills after President François Mitterrand had four Communist ministers named to the Cabinet. The telephones in the building went dead, mysteriously, one by one last fall. And one by one the tenants talked politics and telephones with Mme. Gonçalves: the Niçoise student from a converted *chambre de bonne* on the sixth floor who sells vegetables at the street market to pay her way through a doctorate in Japanese; the Italian plumber from the third floor; the retired general from the wing across the courtyard; the young man on four who recently turned his apartment into a combination ashram and crash pad for local Krishna worshippers and needed a working phone to keep in touch with his guru, in Key West.

This time, they are talking in advance, hoping to intercept next month's mailings from Gaz de France in a way that will not compromise Mme. Gonçalves's principles. Most of them, in fact, agree with her that it was somehow shameful for France to sign a trade agreement with the Soviet Union only a month after the military coup in Poland—especially an agreement that runs well into the next century, committing France to buy from the Russians as much as a third of all the gas it is going to use for twenty-five years. And Mme. Gonçalves, holding forth at her doorstep, nods and reminisces with them about how well the building behaved at Christmastime, when nearly all the tenants put candles in their windows for Catholic Poland and attended demonstrations and made sure that none of their children scribbled on the poster that went up across the street—a weeping face turned sidewise to become a map of Poland. Last week, someone pasted a notice over that poster—a big *affiche* purportedly coming from Gaz de France and urging everyone to phone in the make and model number of his gas stove and heating system, because the gas company was about to start adjusting or replacing them, free of charge, to receive the "new" gas from Russia. Evidently, not very many people stopped to consider why gas piped in from Siberia would require a different kind of stove from, say, gas piped in from Algeria or the North Sea or any of the other French sources. They simply started calling, and the number they called turned out to be the Russian Embassy, which did not find the joke as amusing as the people who thought it up did. The Russians disconnected their phone.

THE gas treaty was signed in Paris on a Friday night, after the weekend papers had gone to press and



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the Soviet negotiators had got back from a ski holiday in Val Thorens, in the French Alps. There was something furtive about the way the agreement was ratified—as if even the government had forgotten that negotiating had been going on for nearly two years, and that it was President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, not Mitterrand, who had done the talking about "economic frontiers," and French conservatives, not Socialists, who claimed to have "involved" Russia in the West through trade that it could not afford to jeopardize. It was a deal that grew partly out of ten years of energy anxiety in Western Europe, partly out of common sense, partly out of an eager naïveté among businessmen who wanted their fuel guaranteed and politicians who wanted the credit for providing it. Mainly, though, it had to do with the fact that Russia needed to sell a lot of gas to finance (with French loans for French equipment) a three-thousand-mile pipeline from Siberia and was willing to sell it fairly cheap—at a price that gave France leverage with other big suppliers, like Algeria, which had to lower its own prices in the end.

France already buys some fifteen per cent of its natural-gas supply from the Russians. Nearly every country in Western Europe buys gas from Russia; in fact, Germany and Italy had already signed their own new contracts for Siberian gas when the military took over Poland, on December 13th, and everybody said then that business was business, and congratulated the Germans, especially, on a good bargain. The argument in Germany has always been that the country, to survive, must make its economic peace with Russia and at the same time keep its politics under American protection. France has never made that argument. And sixteen months of Solidarity managed to convince the French (the way it convinced most of us in the West) that Russia would somehow have to let the Poles go, and now the French feel betrayed and want to see Russia punished for their own innocence as well as for its cruelty. Some French Socialists were appalled that the agreement was signed at all. Most people at the Quai d'Orsay were at least offended, because —while Mitterrand would surely have bought the gas sooner or later—they thought that the President looked bad buying now. But Mitterrand's own people at the Élysée complained that they could not be expected
to sacrifice France's economic interes
to sanctions that would be meaningle
as long as America kept selling whe
to the Soviet Union and extendir
Soviet credit.

Eventually, of course, France wou
have got the gas it needed somewhe
else. Eventually, the Russians wou
have met their deficit some other w
and paid for their pipeline. People he
know this. They have stopped spe
ulating about the economics of t
agreement. They speculate instead
what kind of effect it may have
French policy. They wonder ho
Mitterrand would respond now to
Afghanistan or a Poland. They wa
to know just what—in a country
concerned as Mitterrand's France
with its civilizing mission and its hi
torical integrity—the practical mora
ity should be. Not Mme. Gonçalve
She *knows*. She is the Solzhenitsyn
the block. She will not listen to t
commentators on the TF 1 night
news who try to persuade her th
France will end up controlling Russ
with its hard, Western currency. S
is convinced that Leonid Brezhnev
going to turn the gas off the first tin
Mitterrand dares to cross him. S
imagines Brezhnev sitting in the sno
in Urengoy with his hand on an eno
mous faucet.

THERE has been a lot of ta
about popular culture here sin
the Socialists took over. Mitterra
wants to "include" the people in the
culture. The government wants
support them. Intellectuals are bu
trying to decide who "the people" c
be, since they are rarely taken to i
clude the several million Frenchm
who do go to the theatre or look
sculpture at the Grand Palais or list
to Mozart or read good books at nig
instead of watching television. T
Pompidou Center—Beaubourg
everybody here—was built much
the spirit of a people's museum. A
the people loved it. It was fun to visi
like the Eiffel Tower; it was an Ere
tor Set of bright-colored pipes, a ca
nival ride up a wall in a long gla
tube. Inside, Beaubourg is shoddy, an
the materials are poor, as if somewhe
along the way it had been decided th
the people who liked the place so muc
were certain to abuse it. But outsid
with the fire-eaters and street m
sicians and tumblers, the hawkers
cheap silver and roasted chestnuts, t
whores and queens parading, even t
garbage piled up the way it was la
month, when the janitors struck—i

hort, with everything a good bour-
eois from the Ministry of Culture
ould object to—Beaubourg is a
lamorous, almost medieval street
heatre. The good bourgeois prefers
is theatre at the Comédie-Française.
Ie prefers a proper classic performed
1 high declamatory style, and an
ntermission of whispered apprecia-
ion of the history and splendor of the
all.

The Socialists regard the deadlier
orms of *bon goût* usually associated
vith official culture as the prerogative
f conservatives. They think they can
o much better, because the tendency
f French politicians is to identify au-
hentic culture with their own particu-
ar practices and enthusiasms. At one
ime, the enthusiasms of the left had to
o with cultural centers. The left saw
o it that a cultural center went up in
very workers' suburb around Paris,
nd the center was invariably the sort
f stripped-down, black-walls-and-
aked-light-bulbs place that corre-
ponded to fashionable notions of the
roletarian aesthetic and administered
'culture" like a good rap across the
nuckles. The workers for whom the
ultural centers were intended decided
hat they were not nearly as interest-
ng as a night out in the middle of
'aris—a fancy, expensive night that
vould mean something to the neigh-
ors who had stayed home. The people
vho go to performances in workers'
uburbs these days are Parisians; they
et their cars out, and their maps of
he *banlieue*, and head, grumbling,
oward the *périphérique* because some-
hing they want to see or do has been
fficially "decentralized."

The most important performance in
'aris this winter actually took place
ut of town, in the Quartier Karl
Marx of a *ville nouvelle* on the way to
Charles de Gaulle Airport, in an audi-
orium that looked like a communal
auna. It was the French première of
Pierre Boulez's "Répons," a work in
rogress for chamber orchestra, six
oloists, and a computer. "Répons" is a
rilliant piece of musical geometry—
ucid, intense, intelligent. And that
ight it was brilliantly performed—in
o small part because the auditorium
vas the right size and shape for the
omplicated acoustical interplay of
Boulez's synthesizers and amplifiers
nd instruments. But in an audience
hat included, to take just one row of
t, the Mayor of Paris, the Minister of
Culture, President Georges Pompi-
dou's widow, Rolf Liebermann, and
Patrice Chéreau, the only person who

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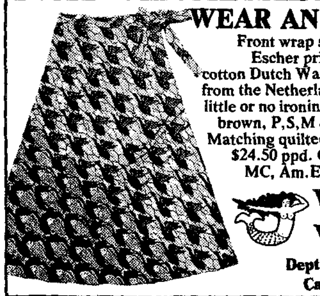

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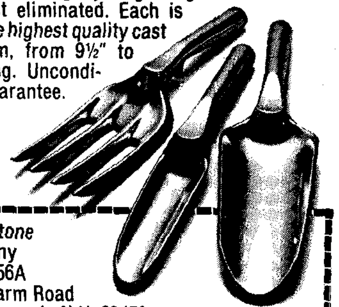

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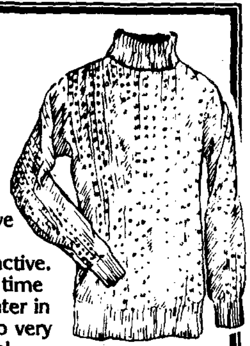

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could get home without a map was the local mayor.

There is no one in Paris, with its two hundred and seventy theatres and its dozens of museums, who would dispute the state's responsibility for its artists. Patronage by the state is a European tradition. Pompidou, for all his faults, was a patron in the grand style, and people here were genuinely astonished when Giscard's patronage, over the years, turned so petty, so punishing. They are astonished now that the arts in America should be losing so much of their subsidies under Ronald Reagan's government. The new French government has been lavish with subsidies. It has doubled its budget for culture. It has distributed spoils: the director and actor Antoine Vitez got the theatre at Chaillot and immediately miscast himself as Faust; Chéreau, who had staged "Lulu" at the Paris Opéra and the "Ring" at Bayreuth, got the big theatre in Nanterre while he was putting on an extravagant "Peer Gynt," at the Théâtre de la Ville, featuring a vast silky drop that was made to billow at some moments and collapse at others. The government has designated a kind of official avant-garde (a contradiction in terms, to begin with), which for the moment seems more inclined to extend its credit than its sensibility. French theatre, suddenly, is thriving, but the official homage to popular culture, in the end, was a dreadful "Carmen" at the Palais des Sports played to four thousand people at a time.

THERE is another "Carmen" here this winter—a simple and immensely moving deconstruction of the cliché which becomes a rediscovery of Bizet's music and Merimée's story. It is a homage to the work, not to the politics of "popular" performance. It is clear in its affection, completely original in its clarity—in its own way, a definitive production. People have started calling it not "Carmen" but "the Peter Brook Carmen," after its director.

Peter Brook leads what is really an expeditionary force into the possibilities of contemporary theatre. His company, the Centre International de Créations Théâtrales, is by any standards tiny—fifteen permanent actors, one musician-composer, and one writer-in-residence, Jean-Claude Carrière. It has been based in Paris for about ten years and actually installed in its own theatre for seven—an old neighborhood variety theatre, back of the Gare du Nord, called the Bouffes du Nord. But Brook's productions in that dilapidated and entirely congenial space, with its crumbly walls and peeling paint, its little arena stage and its little ballooning balconies, already constitute a kind of œuvre unique to Paris theatre. He has directed "Timon of Athens," "The Ik," "Ubu," "Measure for Measure," "The Conference of the Birds," and "The Cherry Orchard" at the Bouffes du Nord, and—as an Englishman in France, blessedly free from that stale reverence for the dignity of the national past that bedevils so many French directors—he has managed in the process to free his audiences, too. His influence has been enormous. Ariane Mnouchkine, who has staged some remarkable theatre histories ("1789," "1793," "L'Âge d'Or") and is now directing a dazzling "Richard II," performed much in the ritual tradition of Noh and Kabuki, certainly owes to Brook some of her own passion for craft, for praxis, for discipline that is like the discipline of a martial art or a Noh play, freeing the soul of the player from the fake discipline of its conventions. Jean-Claude Penchenat, whose revue "Le Bal"—really a story in dance about being French over the past forty years—was probably the most original piece of French theatre this past season, was an actor for fifteen years with Mnouchkine's troupe before he left to form his own company. These directors share Brook's aversion to the protocol of *grande salle* theatre and his instinct for eccentric but appropriate space—Brook has his Bouffes du Nord; Mnouchkine, for her Théâtre du Soleil, restored an abandoned Army cartridge factory in the Bois de Vincennes; and Penchenat is busy converting a Front Populaire swimming pool in Châtenay-Malabry and recruiting the neighbors to contribute to a continuing oral history of their quarter that he calls "une ville se raconte."

In a way, Brook's "Carmen" is the director's answer to all the arguments about authentic popular culture. He creates his southern Spain using a dusty floor with a couple of carpets and pillows on it, four small campfires, and a gypsy's magic circle traced in ochre around the doomed lovers. He figures that by putting on the opera six times a week every week for six months in his little theatre he will accumulate an audience of some eighty-five thousand —and make his "Carmen" just as

ıpular" as anything at the Palais
Sports.
Brook started his career in opera, at
vent Garden. He has always been
:inated by the idea of demystifying
nd opera—nineteenth-century bra-
a opera, where singers in fierce
ıpetition with their last best notes
: the joy of song in the fear of
ging badly. He says he wanted to
e his singers, as much as his audi-
e, that experience of something
ly, something ordinary and contin-
g and open-ended. It is amazing to
young singers relax under his tute-
e. He alternates three Carmens and
ee Don Josés (who occasionally
.nge partners), not because he is ex-
imenting with contrast but because
ra convention has it that a singer
not properly perform more than
ce a week. My favorite couple—
rybody who sees Brook's "Car-
n" has a favorite couple—are a
:nch mezzo-soprano named Hélène
lavault and an English tenor named
ırence Dale. Both of them are fine
ıng singers and surprisingly fresh
l affecting actors, and both of them
v say that, whatever their old no-
ıs about saving voice, they could go
singing this "Carmen" forever—
t the play carries them. There are
y six voices in Brook's "Carmen"
:our singers and two actors—and a
ıll orchestra, which plays in the
ıgs for most of the performance.
ɔok worked for a year with Carrière
l with the composer Marius Con-
nt to pare the traditional "Carmen"
what he likes to call its "lyric trans-
ency." His "Carmen" becomes a
ry sung. And it is curious to note
.t, for all the opulent theatre in
:ialist France this year, the produc-
ıs that people truly loved have been
.t story sung and Penchenat's story
ıced—danced to the music that "the
ɔple" chose when nobody else was
tching. —JANE KRAMER

•

12:30 A.M.
), 11—TOMORROW
est: Rex Reed, Ali McGraw, Donna
lls, Mel Torme. Debate on the future of
han Sirhan. (Repeat)—*TV listing in
Pittsburgh Press.*

Don't miss it.

•

Rainfall across the area was at record
els, but the uneven typography caused
storm to drop more moisture in some
ces than in others.—*The Times.*

Like on West Forty-third Street,
, *Times*?

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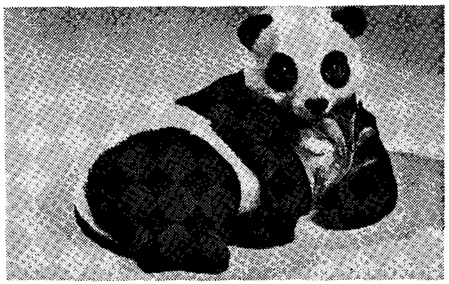

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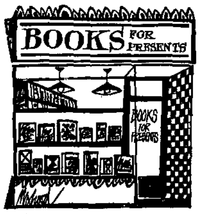
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

STORIES UP TO A POINT, by Bette Pesetsky (Knopf; $9.50). These fifteen very short stories—always spooky, sometimes funny—have as their narrators various eccentric middle-aged women whose strange upbringings ("Between the ages of eleven and seventeen, only three persons voluntarily spoke to me") among strange relatives ("During the Thirties my aunt would hang down from a window to tap electricity to run a hot plate") do not prepare them for marriage: one of them tries it five times. All the stories have the flat, blunt tone of someone used to talking to herself but not to others, and this quality enhances their deadpan humor. Some of the best selections describe bad-dream predicaments brought on by the women's hapless attempts to please everyone—as when one tries to read all the books recommended by her mother, husband, lovers, daughter, and professor ("Halfway through 'Deerslayer,' three chapters of 'Age of Innocence,' and promised Mother before sleep to read de Maupassant")—or to please themselves: with solitary strolls through Manhattan, inevitably spoiled when a familiar-looking figure turns up in the crowd.



THE WEATHER TOMORROW, by John Sacret Young (Random House; $11.50). A short first novel, set in grubby, blue-collar Los Angeles, about two almost over-the-hill Hollywood stunt men working at whatever they can, both afflicted with broken marriages and abandoned children, and trying to stay the rush of time with drinking, womanizing, and brawling. Mr. Young is a writer of effortless dexterity and a true, entirely unaffected originality. The story he tells is slight, not much more than an exercise, but it cuts to the bone.

GENERAL

WITNESS TO POWER: THE NIXON YEARS, by John D. Ehrlichman (Simon & Schuster; $17.50). Mr. Ehrlichman gives us here a mea culpa, with reservations. He wishes us to believe (as his title suggests) that he was merely a witness
events in the Nixon White Hou
merely an observer—a privileged
on the wall of the Oval Office.
not entirely. He also wishes us
know that he was not without
thority—that he, too, was able
shape important events. His acco
is roughly chronological, mov
from his first meeting with Nix
in the 1960 campaign,
Watergate and its aft
math, but it is also roug
categorized by subject
Congress, the White Ho
staff, the campaigns,
Nixon family, the Supre
Court. He is usually int
esting and informative on th
counts, but the real interest lies
his depiction of the people w
whom he worked. He is, like
former boss, a good hater. He sho
us Nixon drunk and clumsily flir
tious, and, often enough, a li
Also: "It made Nixon feel good
issue . . . orders. [He] didn't c
whether they were followed or no
Ehrlichman found Jerry Ford
be "vague and unfocussed much
the time," and he is satisfied t
Nixon had Ford's pardon in
pocket when he resigned. He s
Chief Justice Warren Burger as
man with aggrandizing tend
cies." Bebe Rebozo is "a genial, d
creet sponge." He was revolted
J. Edgar Hoover: "In general,
F.B.I. investigative work I saw
of poor quality. The Bureau de
excessively in rumor, gossip,
conjecture." As for his role
Watergate, he confesses, he m
gates, he denies—and it must
said that much of what he has to
for himself has the sound of tru
A selection of the Book-of-th
Month Club.

NOTE: "Solidarity," an account,
Lawrence Weschler, of recent eve
in Poland, has been published
Fireside/Simon & Schust
($16.50). Much of the conte
originally appeared in *The N
Yorker.*

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The test is simple and consists of ho
ing one's breath for twenty-five minutes
—*Our To*

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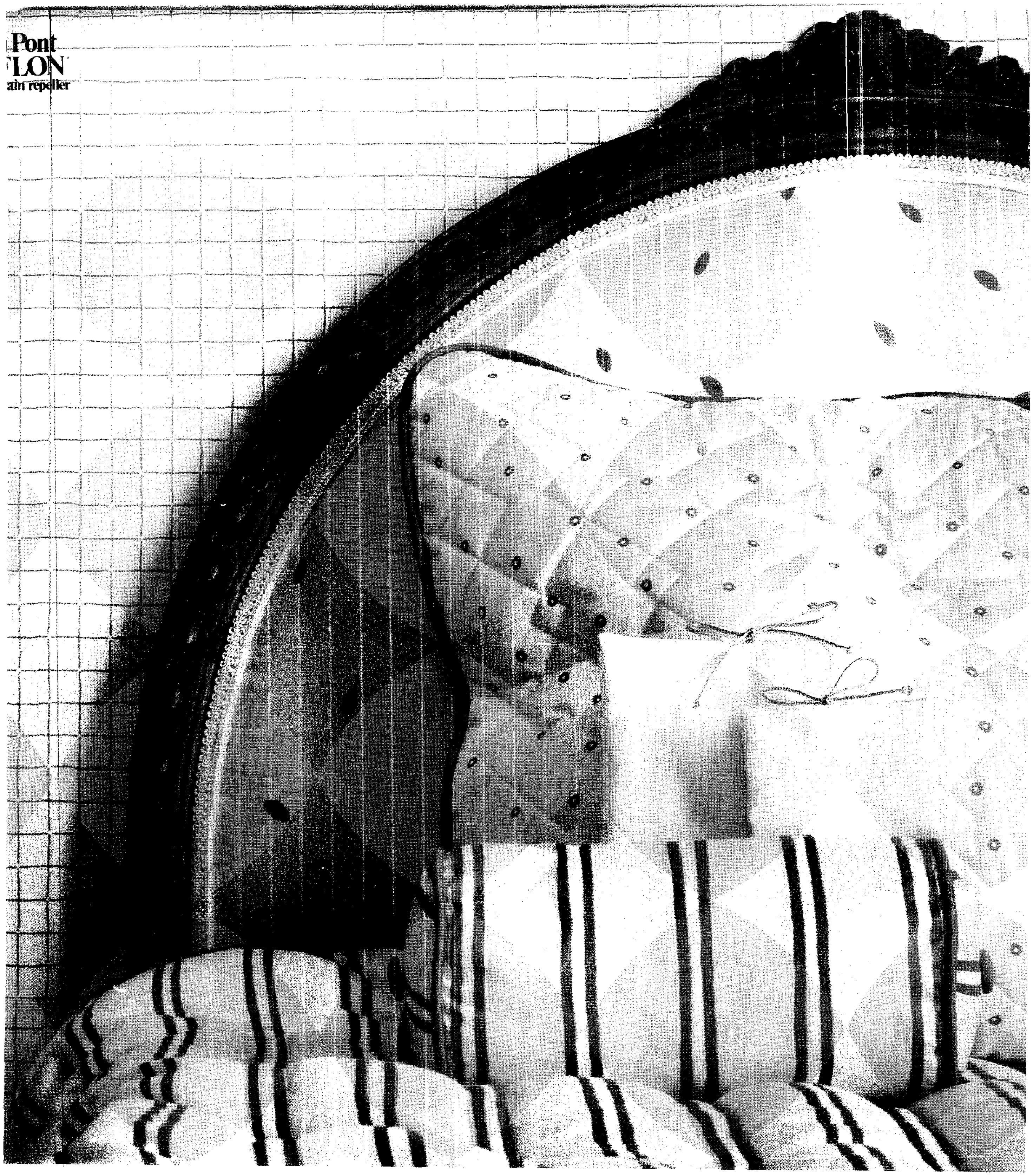
clusive.



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